Saturday Review

December 3, 1966 35¢

CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND RECORDINGS

Pulsating muscle fibers, tinted blue, turn wheels for Weizmann Institute Professor Aharon Katchalsky in Israel (see Science).

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

MAN'S FIRST ROBOT WITH MUSCLES

By John Lear

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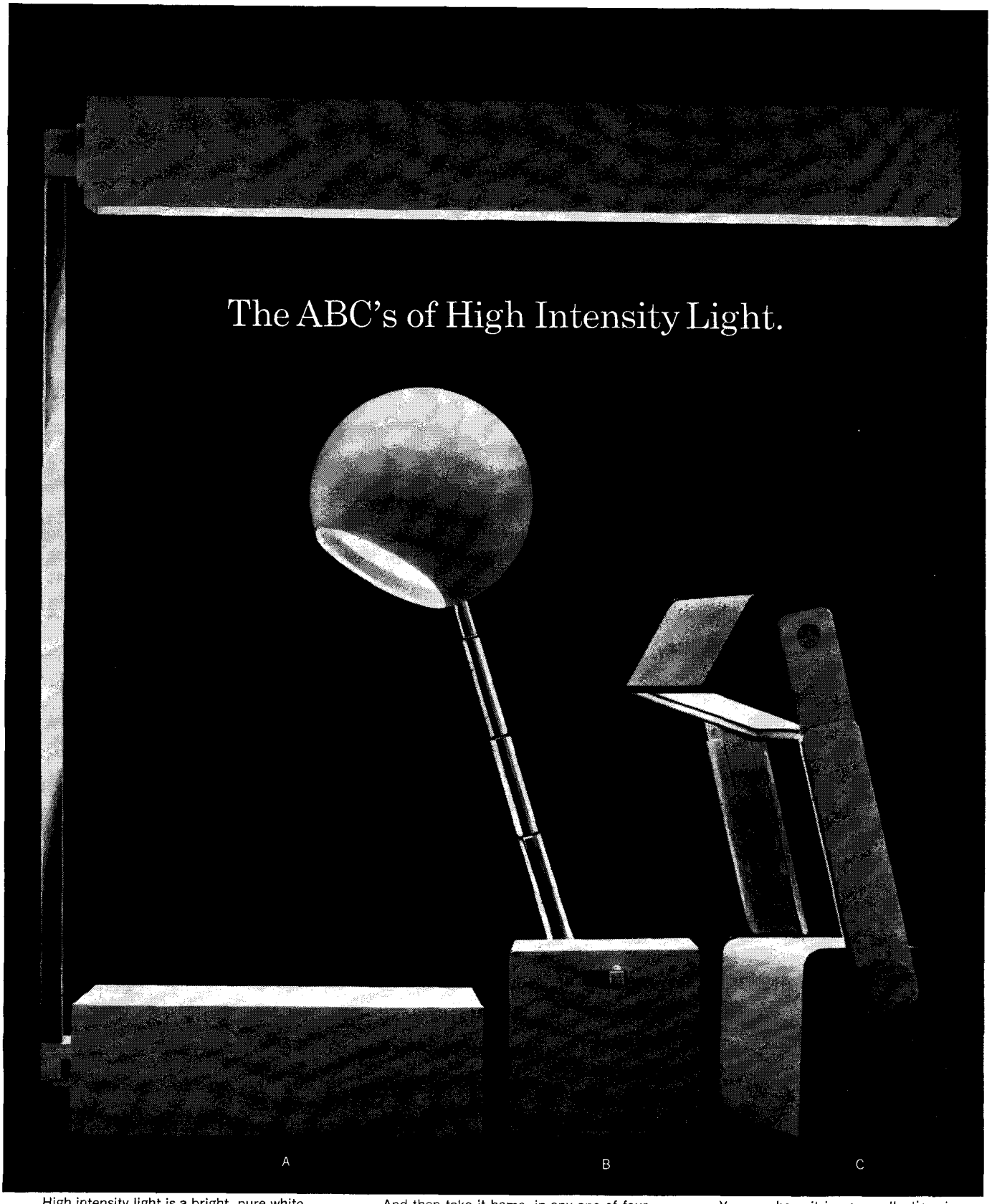

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In publishing, we learn to practice a calculated cruelty. If our emotions were engaged by every one who wants to write a story of sorrow or need or terror, we would publish little else. After a crisis, we over-publish. Then follows a period of tough-minded negativism. WW II? Cuba? JFK? Race Problem? Bay of Pigs? The question becomes not "What happened and why?" but should there be more books on it. What can a new one say, how much does it make us care, what does it add?

Yet the detachment does not last. A manuscript arrives and makes its impression. A face, looking at us from across the desk, has its own eloquence. People and stories get through to us—and should.

One of the themes which has been done to death (an inelegant but hideously appropriate phrase) is that of the people in the camps: the displaced, the dispossessed, the never-possessing. We've heard it before, buddy. And then we realize that the story has to be told again, and again.

Such a novel is the supremely powerful *Night*, by Edgar Hilsenrath. This big book contains people, hundreds of thousands of human beings, huddled together in a Ukrainian ghetto, amid the rubble of a railway station, a coffee house, a brothel. Reading it, you know how, when suffering, each of us can be bestialized out of our barely-gained civilization; and how some of us will survive, perhaps even with honor.

A man named Ranek. His sister-in-law, Deborah. Read of them. Edgar Hilsenrath has written (in the subway, in a furnished room, in cafeterias on upper Broadway) what he calls "a hopeful book." It brims with agony, deprivation, and death. Yet it is a eulogy to life.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Night ($5.95), by Edgar Hilsenrath, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Fisher Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

Saturday Review

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Cover photograph by David Rubinger for the Weizmann Institute of Science

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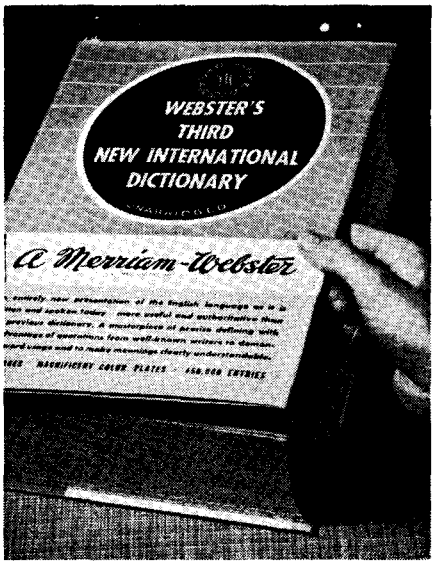

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First of the Month

NOVEMBER WAS the month of the GOP and the GI, of the Irish and the Spartans, of the polyp and the ombudsman, of housewives "girlcotting" around the country, and topless waitresses in New York. And, on the matter of the latter, we liked best the suggestion of Frank Hogan of New Jersey radio station WPAT. "I'm waiting to see the night," he said, "when a very respectable, middle-aged, middle-income couple from, say, Scarsdale, will come into one of these places. I hope they will take their seats, look around and then quietly, and without fanfare, strip to the waist."

• • •

As for the elections, well, the returns are in and the networks have spoken. NBC no longer has a clear majority—in fact, there were times during the long night when CBS elected just as many Senators as NBC did. As for ABC, obviously, from now on it is going to give increased loyal opposition. It made strong gains—particularly in the grass roots *Peyton Place* areas, where the expected *Batman* lash did not materialize. All in all, if some of the old-fashioned, personal-type voters seemed to feel that Bartlett of Alaska, say, should not have been elected on the basis of fifty-eight votes for him and thirty-four against, these were obviously the die-hards. Soon the day is coming when nobody will have to vote at all in the old sense—we'll all be plugged in, electronically, to a great mother tube which every four years will produce a little voter profile analysis, no bigger than the nail on your finger, which will tell you how it all came out an hour before the polls open.

Won't it be a wonderful with, say, an NBC President and a CBS Congress—with the statehouses dotted with ABC governors? Won't it make you proud to know your own Senator from CBS and your Congressman from your own local channel? We can see the campaigns now. "He Can Do More For Channel Four!" "The Moderate View—Vote Channel Two!" "Your Welfare from Cradle to Heaven—Channel Seven!"

Look back. What did our forefathers want? A three-network system, right? A system of computer checks and program balances. Right again. What does it mean? One network, under advertising, indivisible, with laugh track and crime time for all.

But now, for this fall, it's all over. The machines have spoken. And now we should all realize we're no longer NBC-ers or ABC-ers or CBS-ers. We're all just plain viewers. And we should go ahead together, unmindful of sponsor identification or network affiliation, planning new seasons without fear or rating favor, to build a new and better soap screen for our children—regardless of our set's make, color, or previous condition of servitude.

• • •

On the book front, the most interesting party of the month was a surprise party, thrown by what seemed to be the entire book business, in honor of the trade's ace publicist, Elliott Graham. Mr. Graham, celebrating twenty years of servitude with E. P. Dutton, not only publicizes books but also reads them—in English, French, and Latin. His vice: playing the trotters. "He's the only man I ever knew," said Barbara Bannon of *Publishers' Weekly*, "who walked out of the National Book Awards to a daily double."

Maureen McManus recalled inviting Graham, along with Jay Tower and others, for a beautiful summer weekend at Quogue, Long Island. Early one morning, much to Graham's dismay, they all went down to a long, lovely, completely empty stretch of beach. For a long time, out of half-closed eyes, Graham regarded the scene. Then he spoke softly. "When I was a boy," he said, "this was all built up."

On another occasion, Graham, while serving overseas in the war, was asleep in a foxhole and had a terrible nightmare. His screams woke everyone, and an officer promptly came over and shook him. What, he wanted to know, was the matter? Graham, roused, saluted. "I dreamed, sir," he said, "I was back at E. P. Dutton."

• • •

On the lecture front during the month, safety man Ralph Nader came to town to lecture at the New School. Among those in attendance was none other than Vincent Gillen, the head of the detective agency formerly hired to investigate Mr. Nader. During the question period, Mr. Gillen raised his hand. "Do you own a car?" he asked. "It was one thing we were never able to find out." Replied

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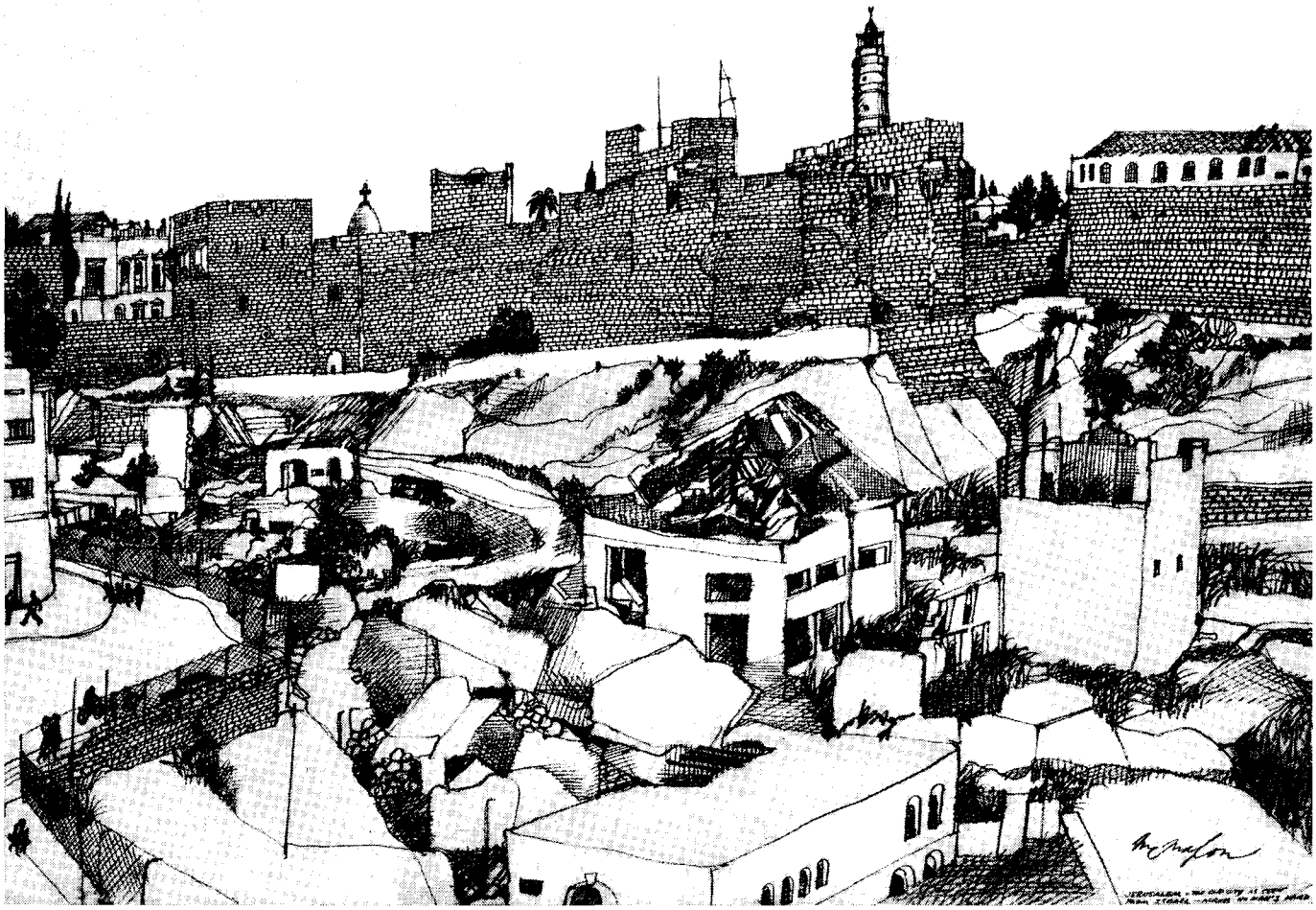

No Man's Land, Jerusalem

Gates for Jerusalem

Holy city for Christians, Jews and Moslems, Jerusalem is a symbol both of the barriers that afflict mankind and the efforts being made today for peace and unity among nations and religions. Efforts such as these are dependent upon the timely exchange of knowledge, which is Rand McNally's business. By publishing books, maps, and atlases, and manufacturing books for other publishers, Rand McNally helps open the gates a little wider.

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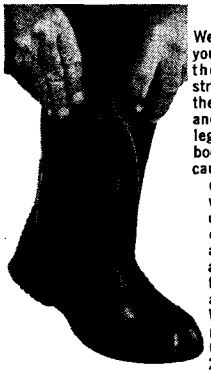

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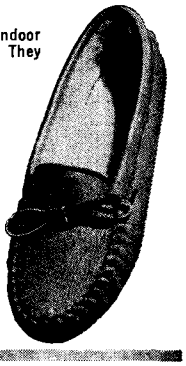

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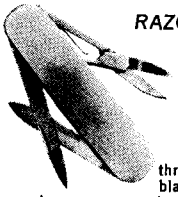

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Nader: "All you had to do was ask me. Because of my position, I have not owned a car since 1956. Whenever I need one, I rent one."

• • •

On the magazine front, an article appeared in *Harper's* entitled "Scientists vs. Animal Lovers," which surely ranks as one of the most scurrilous hatchet jobs ever done on humane work. It was written by Mrs. Lucy Eisenberg, wife of a Cal Tech chemist, a lady who, says *Harper's*, "confesses interest in animal care on two counts: she has done physiological research in the U.S. and in Britain and she comes from a large family of poodle lovers. . . ." By the same token, we suppose, we should say we come from a large family of doctor lovers—our grandfather was a doctor and our sister is married to a surgeon and we brush our teeth after each meal in a carefully approved program of oral hygiene.

We hope, for the sake of Mrs. Eisenberg's physiological research, that facts are not too important. "The revival of anti-vivisection sentiment," she writes, "is due largely to an organization called the Animal Welfare Institute, and to its director, Mrs. Roger L. Stevens." Actually the facts are: 1) no organization has fought against anti-vivisectionism more strongly than Mrs. Stevens's; 2) no anti-vivisection society has supported any laboratory regulation bill. All this could have been learned by Mrs. Eisenberg had she taken the trouble to interview: a) any anti-vivisection society leader; b) Mrs. Stevens herself; or c) had she read an article about Mrs. Stevens entitled "That Mrs. Stevens, The Animals' Best Friend," which was published in July 1962 in, of all places, *Harper's*. Apparently not even *Harper's* writers read *Harper's*.

For another example of Mrs. Eisenberg's "research," she writes—again on the subject of anti-vivisection—that Oliver Evans, president of the Humane Society of the United States, told her that "the Movement was dying out until we discovered this was the angle to take." The facts are that: 1) Mr. Evans says he never made, to Mrs. Eisenberg or anybody else, any such statement, and 2) the exact opposite is the truth. The humane societies have grown in power and influence (as witness the 85-0 Senate vote on the pet-stealing bill) in almost exact proportion to their willingness to cooperate, not with the Mrs. Eisenbergs of this world, but with an ever increasing army of humanely oriented scientists and researchers who are seriously concerned with the appalling lack of standards prevailing not just in medical research but in the far less defensible field of purely commercial research.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.

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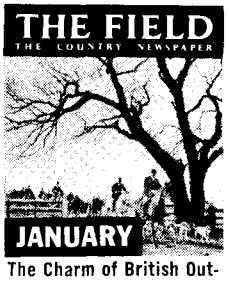

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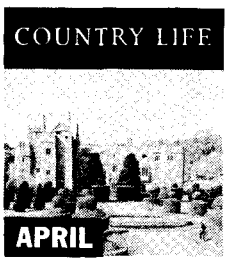

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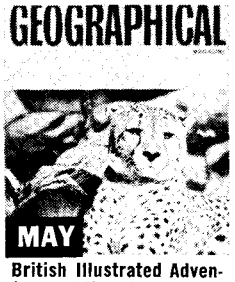

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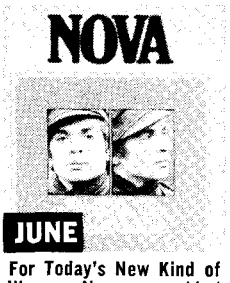

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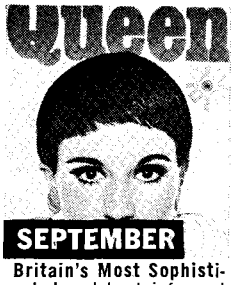

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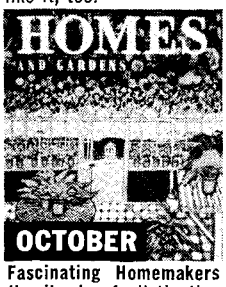

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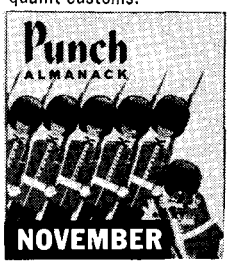

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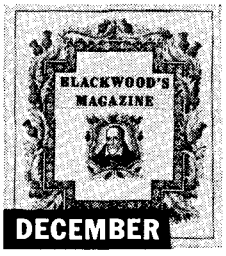

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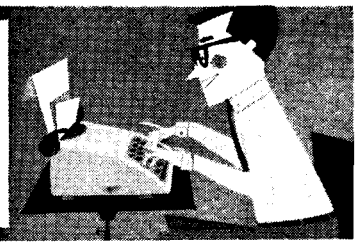
Top of My Head



Ho, Ho, Ho

MAN'S NATURAL ENEMY is the Bank. And it is never more conspicuous than in the weeks just before we approach the Christmas holiday. The first of every November come your statements from the banks. It is bad enough to see in print how depleted you are, but along with these statements are some gayly colored invitations in living red and green inviting you to become a member of a Christmas Club Plan, 1967.

Rosy-cheeked Santa Clauses "Ho-Ho-Ho" cheerfully at you as if personally endorsing these plans, and you are swept away in the holiday spirit to become a member of this money-saving gimmick which ensures your having enough cash with which to buy Christmas presents next year.

You are swept away until you read the fine print. I have two such invitations from banks, and I have just read—with the aid of a magnifying glass—what they give us. They allow us to deposit our money in these clubs and at the end of twelve months they agree to return our money. This is a "money saving plan" in its purest and most literate definition.

One of the banks offers two separate and equally magnanimous schemes. The first is called The Automatic Christmas Club Plan. In this plan the bank will take out from my checking account a sum of money—$10 minimum—every month. It will transfer this to my Automatic Christmas Club Plan. This is how my bank describes automation. At the end of the year it will return all my money. Or as the fine print puts it: "You will see how fast your money mounts up at The First National City Christmas Club."

Just how fast is that? Is that faster than, say, the Manufacturers Hanover Bank? When one bank multiplies my $10 a month by twelve, does it come out $121.78, while the other banks make it only $120? Will it grow faster than saving my money in a tin can? Two interesting questions. But not interest bearing.

However, there is one saving grace. The fine print says: "A check for the total amount ($120) in your Automatic Christmas Club Plan will be mailed to you early in November . . . and this service doesn't cost you a cent." That's a nickel you make right there. If the bank mails it first class.

Now as to the Regular Christmas Club Plan, as opposed to the Automatic. The bank promises it will accept your weekly payments to the Regular Plan when you come into the bank personally with the money. But the bank does not agree to mail it to you at year's end. You must appear at the bank and it will give you back your own money. To the penny. There is only one catch. If you decide to do your Christmas shopping early, say in July, you can get your money out of the Regular Plan, but you are charged $1.

This differs from the Tin Can Plan mentioned above. There you reach in and grab a handful of money without any charge. Of course, to be fair to the banks, a tin can isn't federally insured against loss of your money. On the other hand, if you want to borrow from the can to pay your July rent or an insurance premium the can doesn't charge 6 per cent interest.

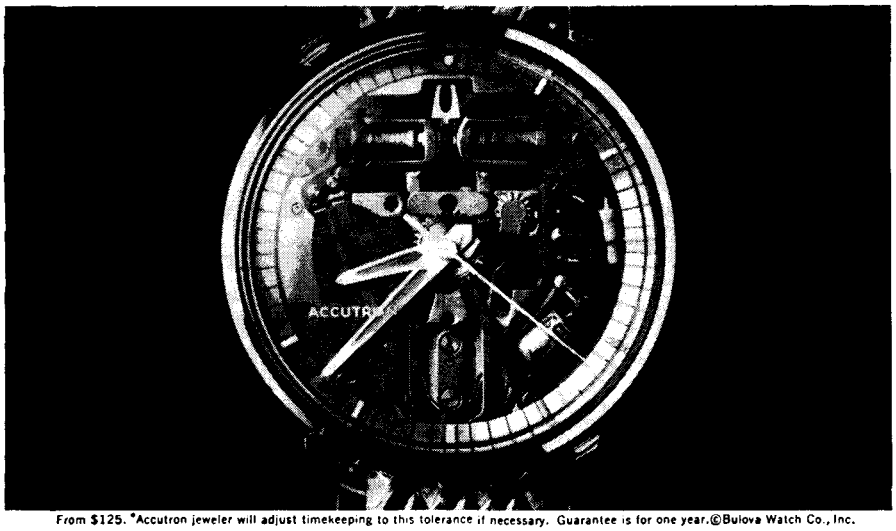
During all the months that you are saving for Christmas you live comfortably in the knowledge that you at least have money lying around in the bank waiting for you. But is it just lying there?

If I know banks, your money has been building condominiums, buying cars, adding wings to homes, and defraying costs of foreclosures so that all may partake of our multi-billion dollar economy and enjoy the cheer of the next Yuletide season.

The invitation from the other bank encloses a gayly festooned special. If you join that Christmas Club Plan you may have a long playing, high fidelity recording of some beloved Christmas Carols and hymns. The price is $1. Add 25 cents for mailing. The record is narrated by Lionel Barrymore, with Mr. Barrymore also in the Dickens character of Scrooge. The pin-up boy of all ye merrie gentlemen at the banks.

These are the Christmas Club plans—in the year of our Lord, 1967. Our Lord Whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas day. He Who drove the money changers from the temple.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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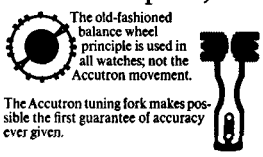
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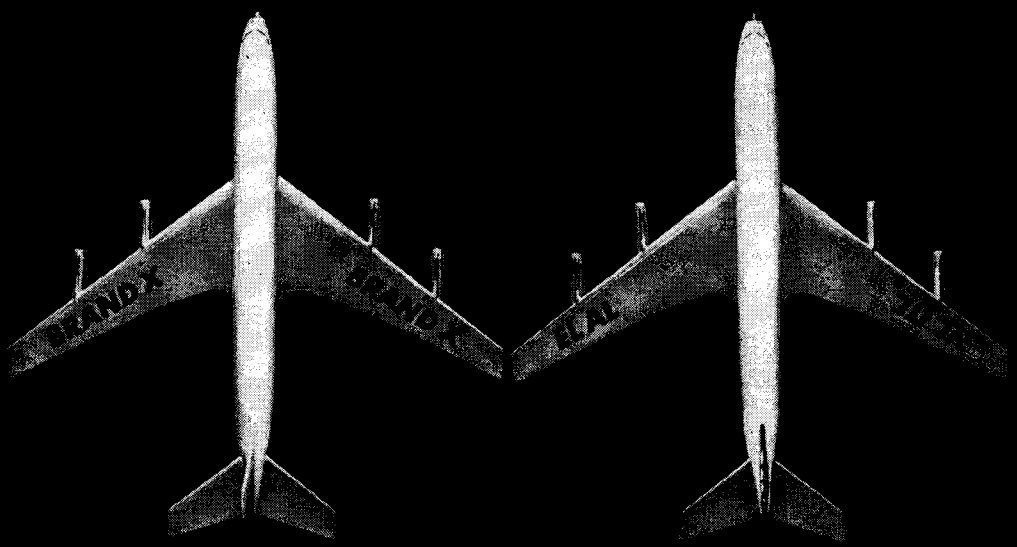

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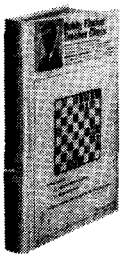

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State of Affairs

The Republican Challenge

AMERICAN POLITICS is again a suspense story. This is better for the health of the political system, certainly preferable for the Republican party, and of course also for political commentators. It is not something President Johnson is likely to relish, because he "has had it so good" until now. There has been a tendency to ascribe his legislative successes too much to his ability to "manipulate" the Congress or to his "professionalism" and not enough to the fact that he had an absolute majority in Congress. Thus it remains to be seen how much he can achieve when the political constellation is more normal. The real test of his professionalism is still to come.

Fortunately for him, he pushed ahead while the going was good and has by now accumulated a legislative record to which he can point with pride when the real challenge comes in 1968. He has already said in private that the legislative basis for his Great Society has virtually been completed, that he will not need to press Congress for any new major bills to complete his scheme, and that he will concentrate on putting the legislation already on the record into practice. He will try to get some Republican support in his scheme of things and he probably will. But if he does not and his Great Society is starved of funds and suffers a serious setback, he will blame the Congress for it.

The most important result of the election is that American politics are back in balance; the Republican party has recovered from its Goldwater binge and, as a consequence, President Johnson cannot be so certain of victory in 1968 as he was before November 8, when he really lived in an unreal political world. It is easily forgotten that John F. Kennedy won only narrowly over Nixon, and President Johnson's smashing victory in 1964 was attributed too much to his generalship and not enough to the fact that he was aiming at a sitting target.

Still, just as it was rash to claim that after the catastrophic experience of 1964 the Republican party was dead, it is rash to say now that the roots of Democratic strength, which Roosevelt planted, were torn from the earth on November 8 and that the party has lost its moorings. A Congressional election, after all, is much more influenced by local issues and local choices than is a Presidential election, when national issues dominate and the Presidential candidates overshadow the scene so much that the various interest groups coalesce.

Much, of course, will depend on whether the Republican party selects a moderate or a conservative candidate. Governor Romney is the current choice of the moderates. What remains to be seen is whether, beyond being a local vote-getter and a man with a strong, handsome, photogenic face, he can reassure people as to his capacity to be a national leader. To date his chief problem has been an inability to get away from generalities and to focus on concrete issues. He likes to talk about principles, but not their application, and he finds it difficult to bridge the gap between the parochial interest he is used to and the national interest. For instance, during his first public performance after the elections on *Meet the Press*, he succeeded in using many words but saying very little, very emphatically. Though it is known that he is basically a "dove" on Vietnam, it seems that he has not yet decided if and how he will qualify this position, so he did not show his hand on that subject. If Romney retains his "dove" position, he is likely to find himself in juxtaposition with Governor Ronald Reagan, who believes that the war could be brought to a quick end by the full application of American power, and with Mr. Nixon, who has indicated that he favors escalation.

AS to the respective chances of these men to head their party's ticket in 1968, it must be said that with so many new faces on the Republican horizon, Richard Nixon suddenly looks as if he belonged to an earlier political generation, and the natural tendency of the party will be to give preference to a new face symbolic of a new style Republican leadership. Ronald Reagan, whose views most closely resemble those of Nixon, is his most obvious competitor on the conservative side. There is no doubt that his ambitions reach beyond California. He has often been described as a cardboard figure, but it would be dangerous to underrate him. He is a skilled performer and he knows how to take care of himself in the clinches. He is also quite capable of being politically flexible, whatever his basic views. He is, after all, only a re-

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cent convert to the Republican cause—since 1962. He is certainly not an admirer of Governor Romney and would be much more inclined to promote another Nixon candidacy, especially if his own does not look promising. During the campaign, in discussing Nixon's chances he said to me that it is a great handicap in American politics to have lost once (a point many others make).

The fact that Nixon lacks a geographical base today is much less a drawback than it used to be. Goldwater and Eisenhower had none, Stevenson almost none. What has happened is that the ideological base has assumed greater importance in American politics than the geographical. One thing is certain, though—Nixon is politically much more skillful than all the newcomers taken together. None of his rivals has any knowledge to speak of in foreign affairs, while his is considerable. But the "experience issue" at which he hammered in his campaign against John F. Kennedy did not make enough of an impression then and is unlikely to help him now unless his competitors prove themselves blatantly incompetent in this field.

For President Johnson this election has come as sheet lightning across the political horizon: a warning that the Democratic party machine needs more fuel and oil and that he should not overrate his own popularity—his own ability to pull the party's chestnuts out of the fire. For the Republicans have laid a fire, and it remains to be seen whether the choice of candidates at their disposal—almost an embarrassment of riches—will feed or dampen it.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Its bottom is fully sealed. So the outside takes a beating from bad weather instead of the inside.

Its front brakes are disc (the kind that won't fade).

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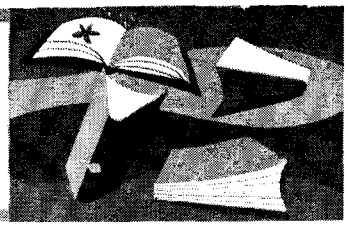
Trade Winds



Here is news for the new management in the state of California. A supplement to the *Dictionary of American Slang* will be published in a few months by Crowell. This is the book which first came out in 1960 and which was discovered by politicians in California to include *all* the four-letter words.

There are 20,000 definitions in the dictionary, most of them non-taboo. But the censorship forces in that great state decided to make their point by mimeographing and printing the taboo words only and circulating the lists by the thousands. What happened was that these printings became the most sought-after bit of pornography since *Fanny Hill*. Hardly anybody looked at the dictionary, for there were comparatively few copies, sprinkled here and there in libraries. But most of the population of California got the sex-list—particularly kids, who had no access to the dictionary itself.

Now that Stuart Flexner has compiled a supplement, it should be pointed out to Californians that there are no taboo words in it: They are all in the original edition. (And on your mimeographed list.) Flexner's main problem has been to keep up with the swift changes in slang that have taken place since he and the late Harold Wentworth first did the book. New military jargon, for instance, calls an aircraft carrier a *birdfarm*. No more flattop. Birdfarm comes from the word *bird* for aircraft. Even that calls for more definitions, because *bird* is also slang for a young female, and that's where *chick* comes from—natch.

Abroad, the same slang has come about. The French call a girl *oiseau* (bird), and in England that has become *wuzzy*, and we are back to chick.

Flexner says that in the Sixties there has grown up a huge, new slang backlog. The Peace Corps, the Civil Rights movement, and the drug addicts each have their own lingo. A new use is the word *bag* for racket or way of life, coming from the original meaning: an envelope containing a narcotic. An addict is in the cocaine bag, or the heroin bag. Now, you can be in the Madison Avenue bag, or in the column-writing bag.

How to decide what is legitimate slang is a problem, and Flexner's criterion goes something like this: If in a period of five years a term is used by three varied sources—such as *Vogue*, Walter Cronkite, and *Saturday Review*—then it's acceptable. It's slang if you don't say it at a formal party. For example, the word *bones* for dice will always be slang. It always has been slang, ever since Chaucer used it.

The wife of Arthur Murray, who taught a lot of us to two-step, has just had a book published which includes stories by famous people about their families. It's called *Family Laugh Lines*, and in it Kathryn Murray relates a story by Art Linkletter which illustrates how attitudes toward our children change.

When the Linkletters had only one child and he had a nosebleed, there was pandemonium. Frantic phone calls to locate the doctor, wet compresses, stand the kid on his head, press ice to his upper lip, etc.

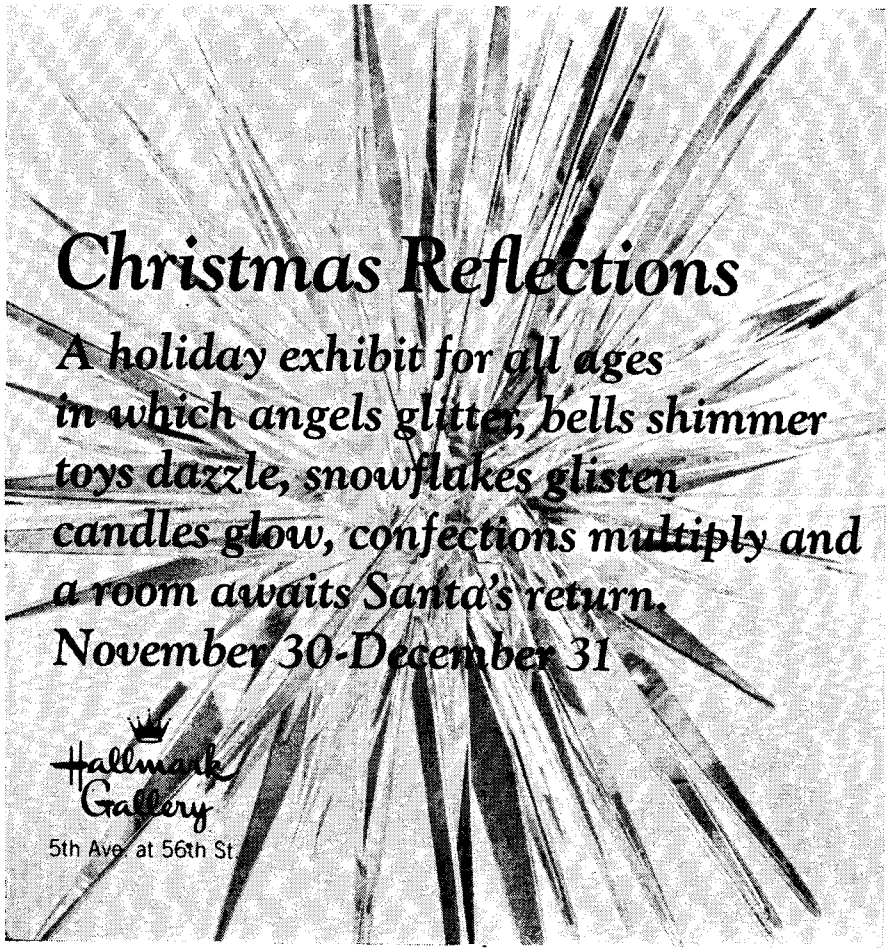
Recently, Linkletter was sitting in his wall-to-wall-carpeted living room when his fifth child, Richard, rushed in with his nose pouring forth red. His father looked up and yelled:

"Don't bleed in here!"

For twenty-three years, from 1913 to 1936, Frank Crowninshield edited what to many observers was the most literate, exciting, sophisticated, and original periodical ever published. It was called *Vanity Fair* (except for the first four issues, when it was *Dress and Vanity Fair*). *Vanity Fair* is a magazine you can pick up today and read with nostalgia, enjoyment, and amazement for the way it holds up in 1966.

I say you *can* pick it up—if you can find a copy. They are rare, mighty rare. Art directors, editors, writers, and others have a few copies hidden in their shelves; they have been picking Crowninshield's brains for years. An old *Vanity Fair* is a gold mine for modern ideas as well as for a social history of the period when it was in existence.

But now Conde Nast, the publishing house that still owns the magazine, has commissioned Arno Press of New York to reprint all of *Vanity Fair*—282 issues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Take this list to your favorite television set and have a Merry Christmas all through December.

Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer
Animated musical fantasy. Sunday, Dec. 4 (5:30-6:30 pm).

The Cleveland Orchestra
Bell Telephone Hour shows how George Szell shapes the orchestra. Sunday, Dec. 4 (6:30-7:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents
Marian Anderson, Van Cliburn, Andres Segovia, Isaac Stern and others salute the impresario, Sol Hurok. Tuesday, Dec. 6 (9:30-11 pm).

Blithe Spirit
Noel Coward's comedy starring Rosemary Harris, Dirk Bogarde and Rachel Roberts. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (7:30-9 pm).

Christ Is Born
Saga of Western Man recreates the Nativity story. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (8-9 pm). Repeated on Dec. 25 (4-5 pm).

On the FLIP Side
Stage 67: A musical look at the present and future pop music scene, starring Rick Nelson and Joanie Sommers. Wednesday, Dec. 7 (10-11 pm).

The Glass Menagerie
Tennessee Williams' drama starring Shirley Booth, Hal Holbrook, Barbara Loden and Pat Hingle. Thursday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas
Charlie and his friends in the Peabody Award-winning cartoon. Sunday, Dec. 11 (7-7:30 pm).

The Hill Country: LBJ's Texas
President Johnson tours the Texas Hill Country of his childhood. Sunday, Dec. 11 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The Hidden World
National Geographic Society special explores the insect world. Tuesday, Dec. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Long Childhood of Timmy
The sensitive, intimate story of a retarded boy and his family. Tuesday, Dec. 13 (10-11 pm).

The Brave Rifles
Arthur Kennedy narrates a moving documentary on the Battle of the Bulge on Stage 67. Wednesday, Dec. 14 (10-11 pm).

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
Animated version of Dickens' classic. Saturday, Dec. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Christmas with Lorne Greene
Lorne Greene and the UNICEF Choir in a musical tribute to the Holiday season. Saturday, Dec. 17 (8:30-9 pm).

How The Grinch Stole Christmas
Animated musical based on the Dr. Seuss characters and narrated by Boris Karloff. Sunday, Dec. 18 (7-7:30 pm).

A Christmas Memory
Geraldine Page and Donnie Melvin star in Truman Capote's drama. Wednesday, Dec. 21 (10-11 pm).

L'Enfance du Christ
Hector Berlioz' oratorio-trilogy on the Childhood of Christ performed in pageant form by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Sunday, Dec. 25 (10-11 am).

Christmas In The Market Place
An adaptation of the French classic with choreography by Valerie Bettis. Sunday, Dec. 25 (1-2 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday Through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo / Today / Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian / Animal Secrets / Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review / ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet / Look Up and Live / Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery '67 / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / The Eternal Light / Issues and Answers / Wild Kingdom / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report / Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (EST), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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plus an index—in thirty-two volumes. Under the University Microfilms imprint, the magazine has been handsomely reproduced by offset, in the exact size of the old issues. Six hundred sets have been printed. They cost $1,000 each. Just hope your library buys one.

Sharps and Flats: It has been quite a task, but the City Council of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has finally finished placing the signs and boundary markers segregating the beach. Planning Minister Jan Haak divided it into six different areas. The largest, of course, is for whites. Then there are segregated beaches for Africans, for Cape Coloreds (mulattoes), for Chinese, for Indians, and for Malays. If any persons cross into the wrong area, they are arrested.

► A mathematically inclined writer for London's *New Statesman* figured out that if the money the United States is planning to spend on the war next year were simply divided up and given to the inhabitants of South Vietnam, every man, woman and child there would get a sum of almost $2,000 each. That would give that little country one of the highest per capita incomes in the world for 1967.

► *The New York Times* correspondent in Philadelphia is apparently named Ben Franklin.

► From a twelfth-grade English class in Cheyenne's Central High School comes this: "Show me a fat witch and I'll show you someone who's a goblin."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1703)

Robt. A. Goodman:
INDIAN PUDDING

(Quotation suggested by Mrs. John T. King, Jr.; letter to *Gourmet*, May, 1966)

A recipe from the turn of the century gave instructions: "Take the morning's milking and throw into it as much corn meal as you can hold in the palm of your hand. Let the molasses drip in as you sing one verse of *Nearer, My God, To Thee*—but sing two verses in cold weather."

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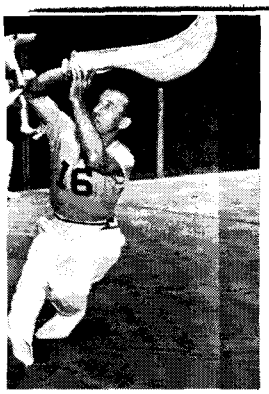

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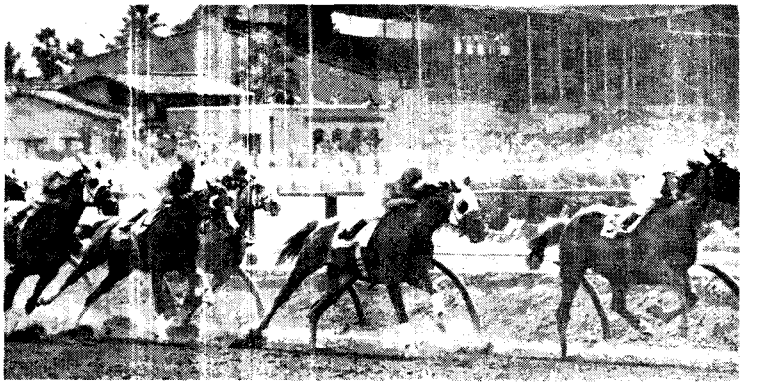

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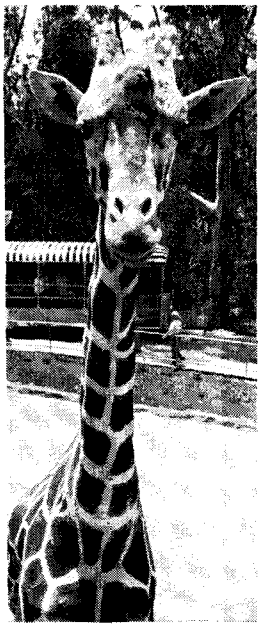

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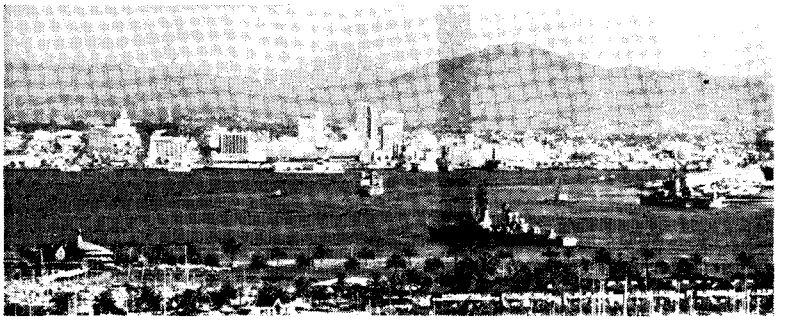

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AN AMERICAN PRIMER, edited by Daniel J. Boorstin. Univ. of Chicago Press, $14.95 (*SR*, Nov. 5)—For citizens of all ages this collection of historical documents presents a more sophisticated image than heretofore of the American character as revealed through our heritage.

DISSENTER IN A GREAT SOCIETY: A CHRISTIAN VIEW OF AMERICA IN CRISIS, William Stringfellow. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95 (*SR*, Nov. 12)—The author of *My People Is the Enemy* passionately deplores America's social complacency and lack of true Christian involvement.

LETTERS OF WALLACE STEVENS, selected and edited by Holly Stevens. Knopf, $17.50 (*SR*, Nov. 19)—Elegance and warmth mark the letters of this great artist, who saw no paradox in living the double life of a successful insurance executive and an honored poet.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, VOLUME I: YOUTH, 1874-1900, Randolph Churchill. Houghton Mifflin, $10 (*SR*, Nov. 12)—The young Winston is revealed as possessing an original and uninhibited intellect, plus an unwavering sense of his own destiny.

MASADA: HEROD'S FORTRESS AND THE ZEALOTS' LAST STAND, Yigael Yadin. Random House, $12.95. (*SR*, Nov. 26)—Recounts the dramatic excavation and history of a spectacular ruin where, in A.D. 73, 960 defenders chose death over capture by the Roman invaders.

THE PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON, VOLUME I: 1856-1880, edited by Arthur S. Link and others. Princeton Univ. Press, $15 (*SR*, Nov. 5)—The first assemblage of papers expected to total forty volumes spans our twenty-eighth President's college years, which saw the budding of a spirit both ambitious and meditative.

ONE PASSION, TWO LOVES: THE STORY OF HEINRICH AND SOPHIA SCHLIEMANN, DISCOVERERS OF TROY, Lynn and Gray Poole. Crowell, $6.95 (*SR*, Nov. 26)—An engrossing portrayal of the eccentric millionaire and his child-bride, whose labors turned a persistent dream of Troy into a historical reality.

1775—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD, Ivor Noël Hume. Knopf. $8.95 (*SR*, Nov. 26)—This month-by-month chronicle recreates life in colonial Virginia during the explosive year that gave birth to the American Revolution.

THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE, David Hawke. Bobbs-Merrill, $10 (*SR*, Nov. 26)—Offers a brilliant new perspective on America's toddling years, beginning with the age of discovery and ending with the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

REMEMBERING MR. MAUGHAM, Garson Kanin. Atheneum, $5.95 (*SR*, Nov. 5)—A noted playwright-director paints a pointillist portrait of his long-time friend, a dedicated craftsman who viewed his fellows with a dedicated malevolence.

AN ANALYSIS OF HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, edited by Ruth and Edward Brecher. Little, Brown, $5.95. Signet paperback, 75¢ (*SR*, Nov. 19)—Interprets and translates into layman's language the unprecedented Masters-Johnson report, and includes supplementary articles on related research.

ESS, ESS, MEIN KINDT, Harry Golden. Putnam, $5.95 (*SR*, Nov. 12)—A feast it's not, but an appetizing *nosherei* offering more of the wit and wisdom of our favorite Jewish uncle.

Fiction

THE WOMAN WITH THE LITTLE FOX, Violette Leduc. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR*, Nov. 26)—In three impressive novellas from a newly discovered author three lonely heroines reach through their twilight worlds to grasp a reason for living.

THE BIRDS FALL DOWN, Rebecca West. Viking, $5.95 (*SR*, Nov. 12)—Espionage in Paris, a sensible young English girl, her fervently Russian grandfather, and a shabby, sensitive terrorist thread a rich Edwardian tapestry.

LA CHAMADE, Françoise Sagan. Dutton, $3.95 (*SR*, Nov. 12)—Explores a bittersweet affair involving an irresponsible young woman who lives for the day, her wealthy, middle-aged protector, and her unhappy lover who lives for the future.

SUNDAY AND THE LITTLE MAN FROM ARCHANGEL, Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95 (*SR*, Nov. 5)—Two short novels depict the ironic consequences of divergent acts performed by a guilty husband and an innocent one.

THE FRONTIERS OF THE SEA, Peter Ustinov. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95 (*SR*, Nov. 19)—Nine delightful stories with an international flavor comprise this latest collection from the versatile Mr. Ustinov.

MOUCHETTE, Georges Bernanos. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95 (*SR*, Nov. 19)—The tragic tale of a young peasant girl, who, despised by her village, tries futilely to find human warmth in the medieval darkness of her surroundings.

THEATER

A DELICATE BALANCE (*SR*, Oct. 8)—Edward Albee inspects some myths of marriage and friendship with elegance, sophistication, and compassion.

THE ROSE TATTOO (*SR*, Nov. 26)—The best play and the best performances so far this season are to be found in this revival of Tennessee Williams's 1951 play.

MOVIES

A TIME FOR BURNING (*SR*, Nov. 19)—A *cinéma vérité* account, told without resort to cliché, of how a young Lutheran minister in Omaha tried—and failed—to bring about integration with a neighboring church.

THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING (*SR*, Oct. 1)—Retains both the poetry and imagery, plus the incisiveness of narrative, of the best seller of all time.

LOVES OF A BLONDE (*SR*, Oct. 22)—Gently and discreetly leads us into the intimate details of the life of a little Czech factory worker and her unrequited love for a jazz pianist.

WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILY? (*SR*, Nov. 5)—Woody Allen has taken a Japanese crime

(*Continued on page* 74)

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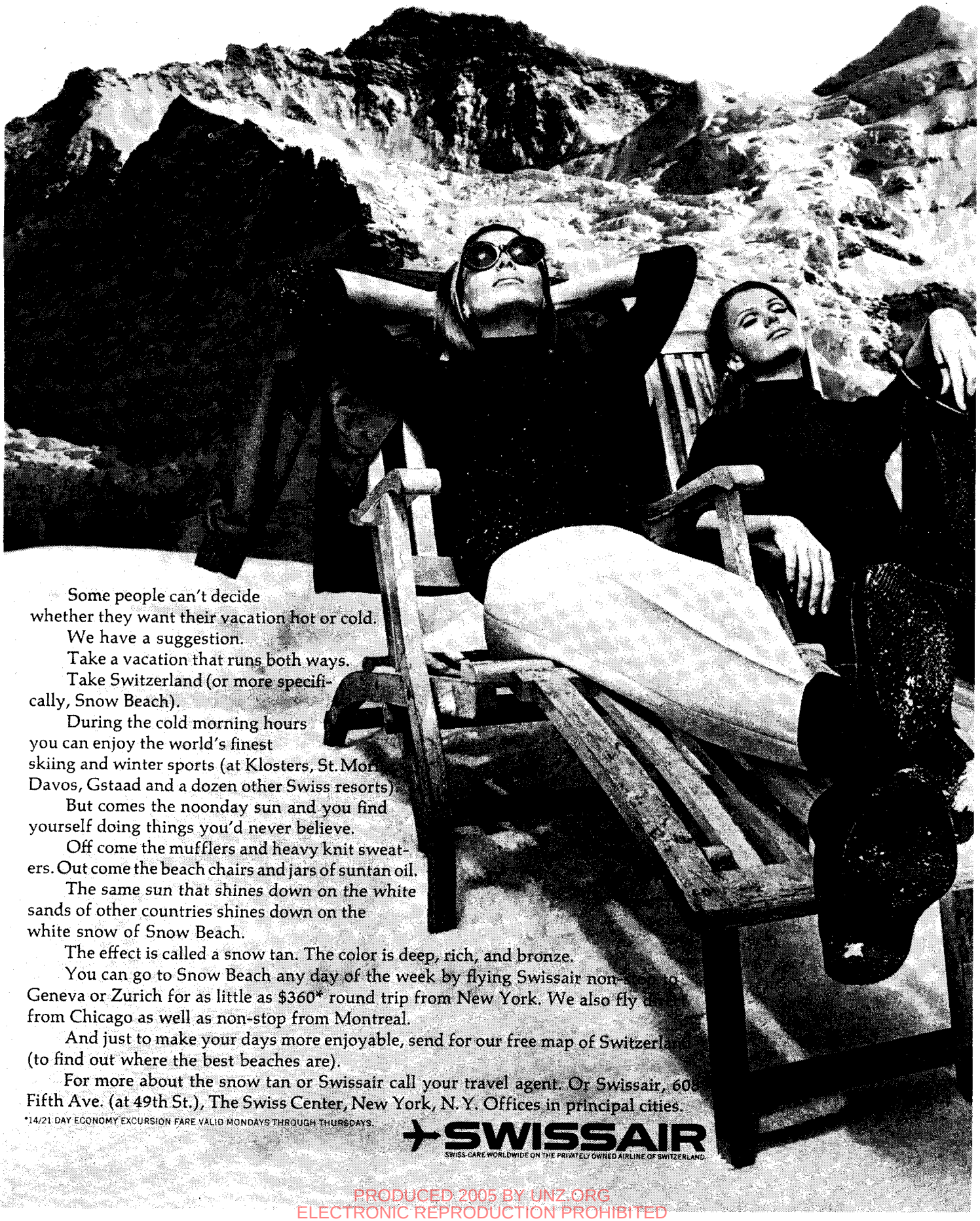

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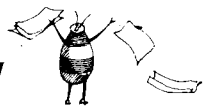
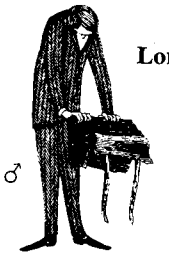


Common bookbug



Long-billed booksnatch

Habitat:
at home at his desk, his newspaper just laid aside

Bait:

TOWARD PEACE IN INDOCHINA
Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon $3.00 Cloth, $1.65 Paper

PURPOSE AND POWER
Harold Wilson $5.00

THE MORMON ESTABLISHMENT
Wallace Turner $6.00

Plumed chat

Habitat:
party-giving at the Christmas tree.

Bait:

NEW ENGLAND REVISITED: A Photographic Study by Arthur Griffin, with Descriptions Chosen and Edited by David McCord $19.95
MANY ARE CALLED Photographs by Walker Evans, with an Introduction by James Agee $10.00 Cloth, $4.95 Paper
THE WORLD OF HOGARTH: The Lichtenberg Commentaries. Translated and with an Introduction by Innes and Gustav Herdan $12.50

Opinionated woozel

Habitat:
a publisher's cocktail party talking shop with the critics.

Bait:

PURSUIT
Berry Morgan $4.95

NEW AXIS
Charles Newman $3.95

THE BELFAST FRIENDS
Janet McNeill $3.95

Checkered nightjar

Habitat:
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Habitat:
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Habitat:
Browsing at the history table

Bait:

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Saturday Review
December 3, 1966

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—IX

Does Anyone Know Reality?

A distinguished lawyer weighs the significance of facts in human affairs, the possibility of a world beyond the five senses, and the role in life of the "inspired guess."

By JOHN F. WHARTON

PERHAPS YOU were brought up, as I was, to believe in the endless possibilities of progress and in the ability of the individual to play a part in promoting it; and in the fact that the acquisition of knowledge gave the individual the power he needed for such a role. I still cling to this general view, even though world history during the past fifty years has done little to justify affirmative or rational approaches to critical problems. I confess that I came very close not long ago to abandoning the notion of personal relevance and responsibility. Modern science had something to do with it.

It struck me forcibly one day that modern science was pouring out knowledge, in the shape of discoveries, hypotheses, and tests, at a rate far surpassing my comprehension. Even the recent past was what Alice's Red Queen called a "slow sort of country"; by running fast one could get somewhere; now one has to run that fast to stay even with oneself, and twice as fast in order to get anywhere. I felt engulfed by a wave of the Scientific Future.

The effect was heightened by a talk with my daughter, a medical student. I asked casually what she thought of the following definition of science: "The systematized knowledge of the facts and laws of the material world, including both organic and inorganic matter."

My daughter said that it sounded fair enough; then, taking a deep breath, she suggested lovingly but firmly that I stop bothering myself with such matters, because I knew *nothing* of modern science. I felt this was a slight exaggeration, but I also recalled a small incident which tended to confirm it. I purchased a new book by Erwin Schrödinger, whose *What Is Life?* had fascinated me. Upon opening the new book, I discovered it consisted almost entirely of mathematical symbols. Not only were the equations unintelligible; *the symbols themselves were brand new and meaningless to me.*

CLEARLY, there was little scientific future for me. But, I realized, it was the people who did understand such symbols who were pouring out the new discoveries, who were making H-bombs, who were sending rockets to the moon. The world was seemingly becoming the domain of the expert in the Scientific Method. What could one such as I do to acquire the knowledge necessary to contribute to human progress?

I was of an age where I could flirt with the great American Circe—retirement—and I was tempted. I found great appeal in the notion of sitting on the sidelines and watching a game which, true, I would understand less and less, but would still remain fascinating. Subconsciously I knew that retirement *à l'Américaine* was likely to be the beginning of a short end, but it looked alluring. However, some phantom Mercury handed me the protective white flower just in time. It happened thus.

I CHANCED upon a succinct statement of the Scientific Method and how it became the Great Tool of research after Galileo, Kepler, and Newton launched modern science on its triumphant career. In using this tool the scientist observes data, makes a hypothesis that certain results will follow certain causes, and tests the hypothesis under controlled cir-

The author: John F. Wharton, prominent New York attorney and public citizen, has made noteworthy contributions to public affairs, publishing, and the arts. He has served as board chairman of *SR*; a director and general counsel of Field Enterprises, Inc., World Book, *Parade* magazine, Simon & Schuster, and Pocket Books; vice president and a governing trustee of the American Ballet Theatre; and trustee of other cultural organizations. He is credited with devising the form of limited partnership used for financing most Broadway plays since World War II, and because of his vast knowledge of the theater was chosen to be consultant-director of the Legitimate Theatre Industry Exploratory Committee to assist theatergoers and theater interests in solving various long-standing problems. Recently Mr. Wharton also began work on his autobiography.

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cumstances. If the results follow, the hypothesis is deemed to be proved. For example, Einstein observed the behavior of a beam of light; he hypothesized that it traveled in a curve; pictures of an eclipse were taken, and the plates recorded a curve. I noted that the Method began and ended with observation; without something to observe, it is admittedly inoperable.

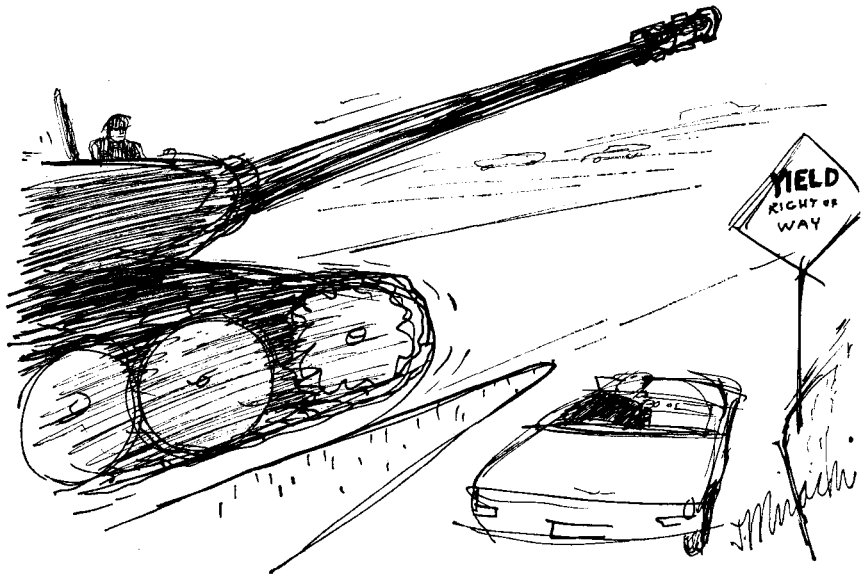
I noted one other point: There was *no* explanation of what, to me, was the most important factor—Einstein's inspired guess. What produced that? And wouldn't it have been just as true if there had been no cameras capable of space photography? If so, couldn't there be many truths for which there could be no scientific proof at all? And isn't the *inspired guess* the basis of increasing human knowledge?

I broke off this train of thought in order to keep an engagement at an art museum where a loan exhibit was showing the painting which Gauguin considered his greatest work—the one which he entitled *Whence come we, what are we, whither go we?* Both the painting and the title struck me as masterpieces. For you cannot answer those three questions without starting a whole train of other profound questions: Is life meaningless, or divinely purposeful, or something in between; is there a God; is there a soul; is the soul immortal; are we punished or rewarded in a hereafter for our acts on earth; is there a goal to which our actions *should be* directed? Gauguin's searching-eyed women brought home sharply the fact that for 6,000 years men and women had been asking these questions, and for the same 6,000 years a series of priests, philosophers, and politicians had been on hand, ready and willing—but never fully able—to offer completely satisfying answers.

It suddenly crossed my mind that not one of these answers was the result of the Scientific Method. They have all been guesses—hopefully inspired—for which no proofs were available. Yet the answers which did become widely accepted have had, and still have today, a greater impact on human behavior and human happiness than all the scientific discoveries put together. For the accepted answers have had, and still have, such a tremendous influence in shaping human conduct that one might well say that they are today determining whether the fruits of science will be used to produce the Apostle John's new heaven and new earth or to blow several hundred million people to bits.

The more I thought about it, the more extraordinary it all became. It is *not* facts but our beliefs about facts which control our actions. It also occurred to me that once an unscientific hypothesis is accepted—for example, personal immortality—the true believers will support it with a devotion and sacrifice seldom accorded to any scientific thesis. Galileo bowed to the Pope; St. Peter did not bow to Caesar.

All very strange, I thought. In any event it became clear to me that science does not dominate the world. There still is plenty of room for the unscientific thinker. Indeed, in the present state of human evolution, he might be more important than the greatest scientific discoverers. If only one man knew the secret of atomic energy, we would admit readily the immensity of his power. But consider the possibility of one man's having the secret of making *all* people believe what he wishes them to believe? *That* would dwarf all other powers, for good or evil. Consider two minor examples: the almost psychotic George Fox's convincing the English people to abolish slavery; the truly psychotic Adolf Hitler's convincing millions of sober Germans that they belonged to a Master Race entitled to wreak vengeance and torture on helpless people whom they considered inferiors.



People forget; hence they fall into error. Most thinking today on the subject of force, for example, is incredibly shallow. People seem to think that men who can make and deliver atomic bombs are dangerous. Actually, it is the men who have the secret of controlling the beliefs of the bomb-makers and bomb-droppers who have the power. People state, ponderously, that a totalitarian regime cannot be overthrown because the rulers have all the force; they forget that these rulers only have it so long as they can control the thinking of the force-wielders.

I do not believe any one man will discover such an all-embracing secret as the control of thought on a universal scale, but I have come to the conclusion that groups of thinkers might, today, begin to get a better understanding of it. If they do, it will be the result of inspired guesses which a nonscientist may well make. When I arrived at this point in my thinking, my intellectual enthusiasm returned; my despair evaporated; I dropped all thought of retirement; I decided to become one of such a group. Perhaps we would be "reaching for the unreachable star," but I determined to pursue the question of what makes people believe what they do believe—particularly what they take on faith.

Of course, this is not a brand new quest. Many thinkers have given it consideration before. But certain possible new elements are present today.

FOR one thing, the nonscientist can obtain great aid from the scientist, *if* the latter is willing to join with him in the quest. Scientists are loath to do this. They follow quite literally the injunction to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; they usually stop there, and cast a jaundiced eye on any attempt to render to God the things that are God's. But, clearly, some beliefs come from the double impact of environmental sensations on our five senses—a process which is within the scientist's domain—and also from endosomatic stimuli which, as yet, are so mysterious that an unscientific thinker's inspired guess may prove the first clue to understanding.

A *possible* new element in the quest came to my attention in a curious way. Out of the blue I received a call from a man named Arthur Arshawsky, better known as Artie Shaw, the famous bandleader. He is no longer interested in the music game, and the express purpose of his call was to ask me to discuss some motion picture problems. However, when we met he opened the conversation by urging me to read a little known book by G. N. M. Tyrrell entitled *Homo Faber*. I had read it under the English title, *Man the Maker*—a fact which surprised Mr. Shaw, but only increased his enthusiasm to a point which led me to

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reread it. It presents a startling hypothesis.

Mr. Tyrrell's thesis, if I understand him correctly, holds that primitive man (*Homo faber*) was almost entirely governed by what we now call the Old Brain—although Tyrrell does not use this term—the seat of the instincts. He had very little cortex, the seat of intellect and creativity. The Old Brain resists creativity; it wants no change; it is the greatest of all No-no-no personalities. It wants a simple, easily understood world; it resists advances in knowledge. But the cortex grew; Man became *Homo sapiens* as well as *Homo faber*. As the cortex evolved into a stronger and stronger organ, it demanded more and more knowledge, of itself and of its environment, although the *Homo faber* in us tried to hold it back. Today, Tyrrell seems to argue, the cortex has evolved to a point in many human beings where it will consider some startling hypotheses —whether, for example, the world recognizable by the five senses *is* the whole world.

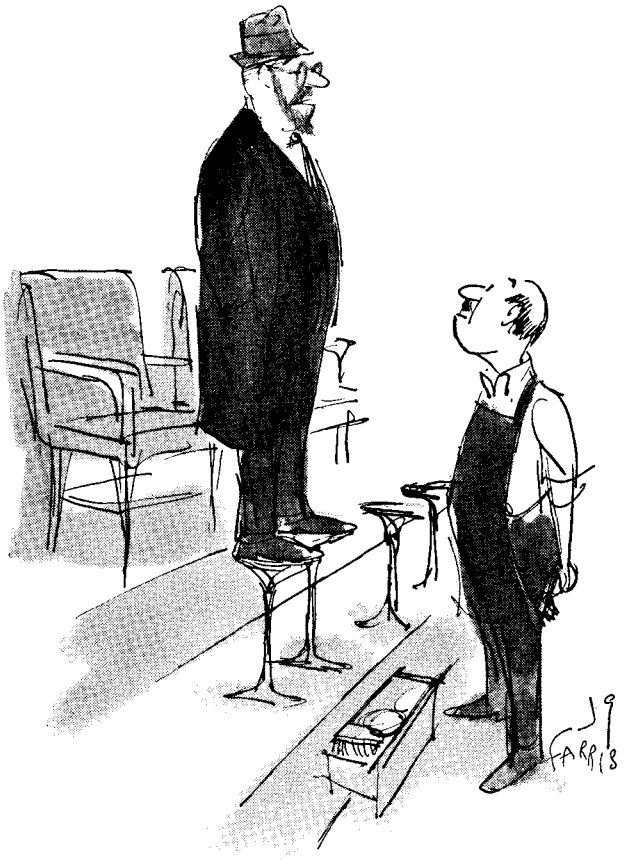
That proposition is too far a country for our present travels, but it contains a simpler hypothesis which would make a good starting point for our quest: Human beings can communicate with one another—and hence influence one another—by methods which seem to lie outside the five senses. If this is true, it may have a tremendous impact on the problem of controlling Man's beliefs.

In one way, this is not such a surprising thesis. Clearly, animals communicate with one another in ways that are completely mysterious to us. Why should not human beings have similar capacities? Would this not explain, for example, the mysterious phenomenon of leadership? Think of the impact of John F. Kennedy on the American people; was it accomplished simply by his looks, words, and deeds? Wasn't there *something* more?

Tyrrell discusses extrasensory perception at some length. He is amazed by the refusal of the Scientific Priesthood to so much as look at the evidence—which, he insists, would certainly be studied if it were in any other field. He thinks this is a clear case of the *Homo faber* in us being so terrified of the possibility that it will not let us investigate. Certainly the idea of a group of people on earth who are able to communicate with one another by seemingly miraculous means *is* frightening. Bernard Shaw touched on this point in his play, *Back to Methuselah*.

The modern abstract arts are an interesting example of combining sensual and supersensual communication. Sir Herbert Read has described the appeal of abstract art with his usual lucidity and directness:

> The [modern] artist becomes a man gifted with the capacity to project symbols from his subconscious which are of general validity—that is to say, they are symbols which other people might project if they had the capacity, and which, when projected to them, they can immediately accept. This act of acceptance replaces the feeling of pleasure which is the reaction in the case of a normal work of art.



"I've been sitting all day."

Incidentally, I have never experienced extrasensory powers in myself, and my own subconscious has never responded in the way Sir Herbert describes. Indeed, as I saw many friends reveling in abstract art, I began to feel almost ashamed of myself and to ask despairingly, "Why *doesn't* my subconscious respond?" I felt like the hero of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*, who asks unhappily at one point why *his* skin doesn't turn into a leather hide. Yet the fact that extrasensory communication is not for everyone does not prove its nonexistence.

But ESP and abstract art are only two of many new elements around. If one will glance through the small-circulation journals, he will find gropings here, there, and everywhere. I have met personally two men who are studying the possible impact of cosmic forces on human behavior. There are still plenty of thinkers around. Some are undoubtedly crackpots, but some will prove to be important voices crying in the wilderness.

Just consider: In my childhood my teachers taught that the molecule was the smallest particle of matter. I still remember their saying that if a drop of water was magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules would look like tennis balls. They *did* also say that some theoreticians were talking of something the Greeks called an atom, but we pupils should remember the tennis balls. From there, in one lifetime, we have gone to electrons, neutrons, protons, and supersensual physical forces. Would it be surprising if we began to discover supersensual psychic forces?

ONE further new element to spur this quest should be mentioned. It is the threat of human annihilation. If necessity is the mother of invention, fear can be the progenitor of discovery. Certainly this threat will speed up the search.

All things considered, there has never been such an exciting time in human history. It *is* possible to progress to a better world. And when one realizes the importance of the nonscientific thinker, despair at one's incompetence vanishes. Everyone can participate in the quest, and may accomplish something. After all, it was not an astronomer, nor even a mathematician, who introduced to Renaissance Man the idea that the sun is one of many stars; it was simply a thinker. I do not profess to be another Giordano Bruno, but I can still hope to contribute some small something to the sum of human happiness and dignity.

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"The Brothers Karamazov"

By KENNETH REXROTH

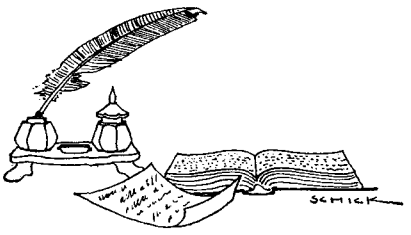
A GENERATION AGO most critics of competence would have agreed that *The Brothers Karamazov* was the greatest novel ever written and that Dostoevsky was one of the world's great philosophers. For more than fifty years young intellectuals everywhere were weaned on the book and brought out into the universe of general ideas through its soul-racking conversations. Today this is no longer true and Dostoevsky is rather at a discount. His characters, taken at their own evaluations, pass from moral crisis to moral crisis. Each roomful of excited people, each dialogue over tea and cherry jam, appeared to be a dramatic microcosm of the general crisis of nineteenth-century civilization. Once you have read enough Dostoevsky, you come to realize that these scenes are highly formalized rituals, as abstract in their way as the *commedia dell'arte*.

Russian intellectuals have always been puzzled by the great popularity of Dostoevsky in the West and they point out that the English and French translations erase the newspaper-serial vulgarity of his prose style and disguise the formlessness of his narrative. The great issues that agitate his characters have passed away. The moral dilemmas of Ivan Karamazov have been dissolved rather than solved by time. The piety of Alyosha is a special development of a culture that no longer exists, like that of a Sioux medicine man. Furthermore, the troubled souls in Dostoevsky's novels are not grown men. They talk endlessly about things that adults learn it is better to keep quiet about. When it is so garrulously articulate, tragedy ceases to be impressive, and at last even to be believable.

If, according to Aristotle, a slave cannot be ethical because he has no will of his own, and a low-born man cannot be the hero of a tragedy because his choices are not important, certainly the disasters that overwhelm those whose minds are unformed and whose wills are always ineffective are not tragedies. This is true: The novels of Dostoevsky are not tragedies, they are enormously complicated farces. Dostoevsky is the first major novelist to make a literary virtue of the incorrigible immaturity of his people. It is true, too, that he is styleless in the sense in which Flaubert used the word *style*, and that he modeled his narratives on dubious exemplars whom he greatly admired—Dickens and Eugène Sue, for instance.

But if the tireless refining of his sentences turned Flaubert from a broad satirist or a writer of sentimental love stories into a great ironist, the stylelessness of Dostoevsky, the pressure of serial deadlines, gambling debts, sickness, woman trouble, general buffleheadedness, and the utmost naïveté when confronted with general ideas, all conspired to release in Dostoevsky an irony of stylelessness, a literary subconscious that, behind all the intellectual sentimentality and moral melodrama, truly comprehended the simple absurdity of the human condition. Superficially, the various conflicting "messages" of Dostoevsky are the opposite of wisdom; they are general ideas reduced to foolishness and hysteria. So the relations of the Karamazov brothers and their father are not tragic, but embarrassing. We are not embarrassed when we discover that Oedipus has slept with his mother, but we are always embarrassed when the secrets of Dostoevsky's characters are revealed. Smerdyakov is the literary embodiment of pure embarrassment. Yet something happens. Slowly, out of all the shambles, out of the profundity of a bottomless marsh, a formal vision emerges, and life is reduced to the simplest terms.

WHEN we go back and reread one of the major novels—*The Brothers Karamazov*, *The Idiot*, *The Possessed*—we discover that Dostoevsky has been mocking us and himself from the beginning. After all, *The Brothers Karamazov* opens with the scandal of the death of a saint whose holy corpse stinks with the comic odor of corruption. This self-mockery is consistent, and once we recognize it, we see it everywhere. It is most obvious in a novel seldom read nowadays, *A Raw Youth*, which the most perceptive critics, beginning with Meier-Graefe, have called the revelation of Dostoevsky's method. It is almost a parody of *David Copperfield*, but it is also a comic variety-show of all of Dostoevsky's own favorite characters and situations. Yet it is far from being a caricature—in fact, it has been called his greatest novel. The method of Dostoevsky—and he did have a method—becomes conscious and explicit; the messages dissolve and the dilemmas along with them.



For a generation after the book was written, critics debated, "Who is the hero of *The Brothers Karamazov*?" That, of course, is the point. It is a tragedy without a hero, as it is a detective story without detectives, without a murderer, and without a murder. Ivan Karamazov's guilt and Smerdyakov's shame cancel each other out. Each is reduced to inconsequence. Alyosha evaporates from the novel altogether, like the spirit that troubles the waters and then departs. His saintliness is consistently ineffective. All it does is disturb the patterns as they move to climax, to the final formal resolution.

But there is no formal resolution in the sense of an ultimate charade. The novel does not end with a group sculpture like the *Laocoön*—which fascinated Dostoevsky as he was writing it—just as it does not end with a hero. It ends with a man who does what has to be done. Dmitri acts—by shrugging his shoulders and accepting reality. Only he and Grushenka ever really act in all the tumult, and so it is only around them that true conflict ever occurs; the rest is confusion.

But this is life. This is a far more profound truth than the midnight lucubrations and confessions of Ivan or the distilled Orthodox piety of Alyosha. "Grushenka!" whispers Dmitri to himself as his tortured virgin goes off on a train and he hunches into his great coat and drives away through the winter night, to an overheated room full of drunks stumbling around a wild girl dancing on a table.

And what is the solution of the detective story? Nobody knows. The trial is the greatest absurdity in all the book. Who killed the old man? Maybe Dmitri. He certainly needed killing. Maybe nobody. Whatever they did, certainly neither Smerdyakov nor Ivan, because they could not act.

I once had an ingenious friend who proved to his own satisfaction that it was Alyosha. Maybe. It doesn't matter. All that matters is that death is absurd, and against its absurdity the unadorned affirmation of the flesh is only just a little less so. This is no message. It is tragic awareness, and it is the final statement of Dostoevsky, that man of many messages, a man in whom the flesh was always troubled and sick and whose head was full of dying ideologies—at last the sun in the sky, the hot smell of a woman, the grass on the earth, human meat on the bone, the farce of death.

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THAT NATIONS MAY KNOW

By WILLIAM BENTON

IN THE PRESENCE of reporters and cameramen, President Johnson on October 14 signed three documents which *SR* readers ought to know—and cheer—about. The ceremony has been little publicized. Yet across the years the signatures on those three documents will mean more to our country, and to the world, than most of the White House activity that seemed more exciting at the time.

Publishers' Weekly, in its October 17 issue, led off its article about these signatures with the sentence: "Bookmen and the cultural community at large can feel this week that odd kind of satisfaction which comes when something that seemed necessary, yet likely never to happen, finally takes place in a muted, undramatic way."

The three documents approved by the President are designed to swell the flow of information among nations, and particularly the flow of educational, scientific, and cultural materials. The most comprehensive of the three makes the United States a member of the "Florence Agreement." This agreement, drawn up at the 1950 General Conference of UNESCO, in Florence, provides that the participating nations, among whom the United States becomes the fifty-first, pledge to abandon tariffs on books, and to ease the barriers which might exist on the exchange of scientific apparatus and on the international flow of cultural objects such as antiques. The agreement also redefines the age of an "antique." Previously, in the United States, the object had to antedate 1830. Now it merely has to be 100 years old.

This first bill signed by the President brings U.S. tariff schedules into line with the Florence Agreement. U.S. tariffs on books have not been high. Some categories, Bibles for example, have been exempt; most books by foreign nationals have come in at 3 per cent, and by U.S. nationals at 7 per cent. The symbolic nature of the U.S. accession to the Florence Agreement, and the assurance that tariffs will not be levied on our expanding book industry by other signatories—these are more important than the elimination of our import duties. U.S. adherence to this agreement should secure the signatures of other countries and, over the decades ahead, should surely serve to spur the flow of books between and among the nations.

BOOK imports into the United States make an important contribution to the development of American education, scholarship, science, and culture. Far from resisting the inward flow of books, the U.S. book industry is glad to see Americans have the benefit of the removal of our present low tariffs and the guarantee that higher tariffs will not be forthcoming. This will not only reduce prices somewhat but, more importantly, will simplify the procedure of getting imported books through customs.

The outward flow of books from the United States is even more significant. Until World War II the United States was, on net, a book-importing country. In the past twenty years its book exports have multiplied nearly twentyfold and today they are running three to four times the imports. Thus the Florence Agreement is clearly in line with U.S. commercial interests, even when these are narrowly conceived, and the agreement is most obviously in line with long-range U.S. foreign policy, which is committed to the ever-freer flow of information among the nations of the world.

THERE are many reasons for the spurt in American book exports, including the leading role of the United States in science, technology, and scholarship; the growing importance of the English language as a means of international communication; and the emergence of many new nations that look toward our country for published materials in all fields of human endeavor and knowledge, including the growth of our political institutions. At present American book exporters concentrate their efforts on professional, scientific, technical, medical, and scholarly books; on textbooks; on reference books; and on low-priced books adapted to the income levels of many new and developing countries. Large as our book exports now are—and they approximate $175 million a year at wholesale valuation—the potential de-

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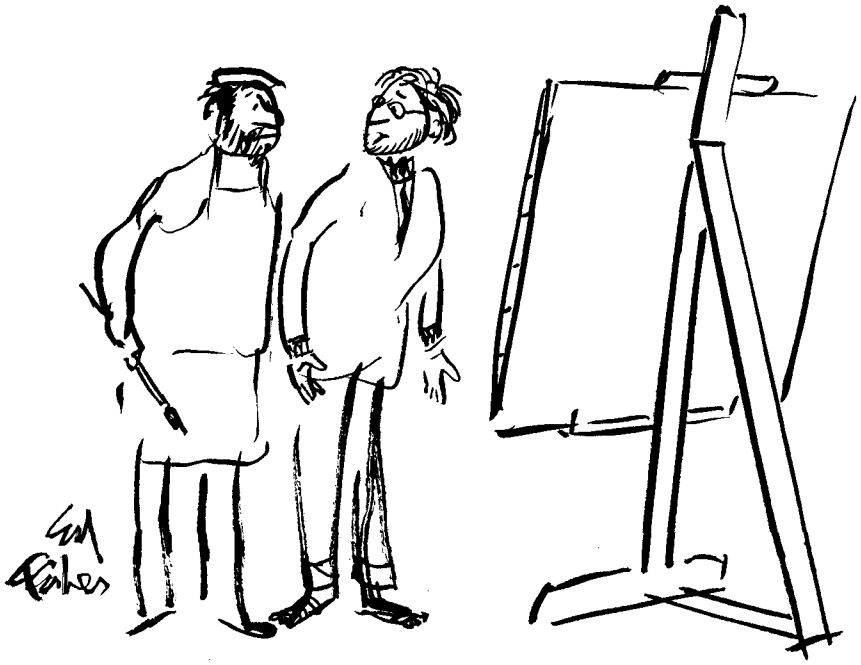

"Yes, it's random, discontinuous, alienated, mechanical, nonobjective, occluded and untemporal—but somehow I feel it still lacks just that extra little something."

William Benton, chairman and publisher of *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* is a member of the Executive Board of UNESCO. He formerly served as U.S. Senator from Connecticut and as an Assistant Secretary of State.

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1. A Brief Report on the Cam Ne Fund

Editor's note: *In* SR, *September 4, 1965, the editors proposed a special fund for the rebuilding of Cam Ne, a Vietnamese village destroyed in the war.* SR's *readers responded with $23,000 in contributions. In* SR, *May 14, 1966, the editors reported that the Cam Ne area was still in the active war zone and asked for authorization to embark immediately on medical and relief projects. This authorization was readily given. Herewith a brief description of the projects now being supported by* SR's *Cam Ne Fund:*

1) *The American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery is sending surgeons to South Vietnam to treat civilians badly burned or wounded by the war, and to teach plastic surgery to Vietnamese physicians. This program is somewhat similar to the project* SR *has carried out in Hiroshima. The contribution from the Cam Ne Fund has already made it possible to send two American surgeons to South Vietnam for this dual purpose.*

2) *The International Rescue Committee, a nonprofit refugee relief organization, is carrying out an emergency program for war orphans and refugees in South Vietnam. The Cam Ne Fund's contribution has helped to pay for the work of medical teams in South Vietnamese refugee areas.*

3) *Terre des Hommes, a private Swiss organization providing medical, surgical, and hospital care in Europe for children who have been burned or maimed by the war in Vietnam, confines its care to those children for whom medical and surgical attention is not available in Vietnam. It provides transportation for the children from Vietnam to Europe and return, and transportation for trained medical personnel and medical supplies to Vietnam. It also finances an intensive child-care center in Nhi-Dong, the only children's hospital in Vietnam. The Cam Ne Fund's contribution to Terre des Hommes paid for the transportation to Saigon from Geneva of medical personnel.*

4) *Kontum Hospital Fund, Inc., is a nonprofit organization backing a forty-bed hospital established by Dr. Patricia Smith of Seattle, Washington, for treatment of Montagnards in the Kontum Province in South Vietnam. The Cam Ne Fund's contribution is helping to pay for the transportation of medical supplies, largely antibiotics, to the hospital.*

5) *Vietnam Christian Service is a largely voluntary cooperative relief and community development, medical services, and material assistance program. The Cam Ne Fund's contribution to the Service helped provide community development work by a Service team in Rung Lang, the largest refugee camp (population, 2,500 persons, mostly women, children, and old men) in Quang Ngai Province, an area containing one of the heaviest concentrations of refugees in South Vietnam. The Service hopes shortly to expand its work into Phu Nhon, another large camp in this area. Dr. Atlee Beechy, who has just spent seven months in Vietnam as director of Vietnam Christian Service, is coordinator of counseling services at Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana.*

Dr. Beechy has written the accompanying general report covering his observations in Vietnam.

2. Report from Vietnam

WHEN I THINK of the war in Vietnam, I think of the indescribable confusion of Saigon traffic; the sound of B-52's dropping their bombs and of mortar and small arms fire; the continuous noise of aircraft overhead; the sight of helicopters bringing in the wounded and the dead; youthful Vietnamese and Americans dressed in battle gear ready to be airlifted into this war which has no front; the surprise explosions and the wondering that follows; the disfigured in the burn wards of the hospitals; the tremendous number of children everywhere; the vacant and sometimes hostile stares of the old and the ill; the twenty-three bars on TuDo Street; the smell of garbage-littered streets and the sight of children following American garbage trucks to see what can be salvaged; the crowded slum areas of Saigon; the flattened villages.

There are other impressions: the well defined Mekong River basin; the beautiful coastal area with its scattered fishing villages; the lovely highland and mountain regions; and, of course, the friendly and courageous people of Vietnam.

There is an immense war weariness. An articulate, informed Vietnamese told me in early August that his country desperately needs peace above all else. He believes that if the war escalation continues, his country will be completely destroyed. He discounts much of the military optimism recently publicized.

The impact of the war on the Vietnamese culture and economy is devastating. The Vietnamese feel that more and more of their life is being taken over by Americans. Basic decisions are increasingly made by the Americans. There are American advisers on all levels and in all departments. A taxi driver cursed and muttered to a Vietnamese friend, "Whose country is this, anyway?" when an American MP told him to move along. A Vietnamese writer told me:

"You Americans are making a serious mistake. You seem to think your values and ways of doing things are best for you and for us. You worship efficiency, progress, modernization, and freedom in the American sense. Our way of life holds different values. You seem to think we ought to accept all of yours right away and that we should be grateful. We think we should be able to select the ones we want and take them at our own pace. We're anti-Communist, too, and we need your help, but we're not fooled by your high-sounding phrases which say that you are here primarily to protect our rights. Our thinking people see through this and they resent your hypocritical attitude."

Resentment is growing as more and

(*Continued on page* 81)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Possibilities of Optimism

IT WAS heartening to read N.C.'s editorial, "Is It Possible to Be an Optimist?" [*SR*, Nov. 5]. It plainly indicates that the human mind is awakening to the great fact that the evidence before the physical senses can be changed, often very rapidly, in response to a permanently changed thought regarding it.

F. W. KELLERMAN.

Irvington, N.J.

WHY HAS THE WORLD "turned most of its organized brainpower and energy into the systematic means for debasing life or mutilating it or scorching it?" We keep passing along from generation to generation our hates, hostilities, anxieties, and repressions. We continue with our authoritarian schools, our religions based upon fear, our revengeful correctional systems, and the disciplinary homes that believe in striking a child to make sure he does as he is told. The forces at work in our world are against the very goals we seek: happy people who love life.

PETER R. BETTS.

Boston, Mass.

India and World Law

I WAS VERY HAPPY to see the letter from my honored friend, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari [*SR*, Nov. 5], especially his declaration: "Peace and world government under world law are now not only desirable but have become an urgent necessity." It seems especially opportune to find a leading statesman of Asia declaring so firmly for world law at this moment, when the decision of the World Court in the matter of South-West Africa has, I am afraid, driven many Asians and Africans to conclude that international law as presently understood is a kind of world law created by the white Western peoples to uphold the status quo.

HORACE ALEXANDER.

Swanage, England

Alaska's Art

ALL CREDIT to *SR* for Katharine Kuh's excellent article, "Alaska's Vanishing Art" [*SR*, Oct. 22]. Collectively, our neglect of the primitive art of Alaska is a hard commentary on our responsibility to the arts.

Shall I hope that Secretary Udall and Senator Gruening both read the article and will do something about it? Since this is the kind of thing that communications from citizens might influence, I plan to write and voice my dismay.

ARNOLD H. MAREMONT.

Chicago, Ill.

Dirigibles and the Nazis

THE ARTICLE by Arturo and Gloria Gonzalez, "The Dirigibles' Great Days" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Oct. 29], was informative and interesting. Dr. Hugo Eckener's anti-Nazi attitude was well documented, but the authors' description of the role which the dirigibles played in the March 1936 German elections seems misinformed.

These elections, of course, were not elections at all, since the only vote possible was a *Yes* for the Nazis. The "election" was similar to those in other countries under a dictatorship. Seen in this light, the zeppelins' participation meant nothing and influenced no one.

DR. HELMUT RUECKRIEGEL,
Director,
German Information Center.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article did not say that the dirigibles influenced the outcome of the elections. It merely pointed out how they were used for Nazi propaganda.*

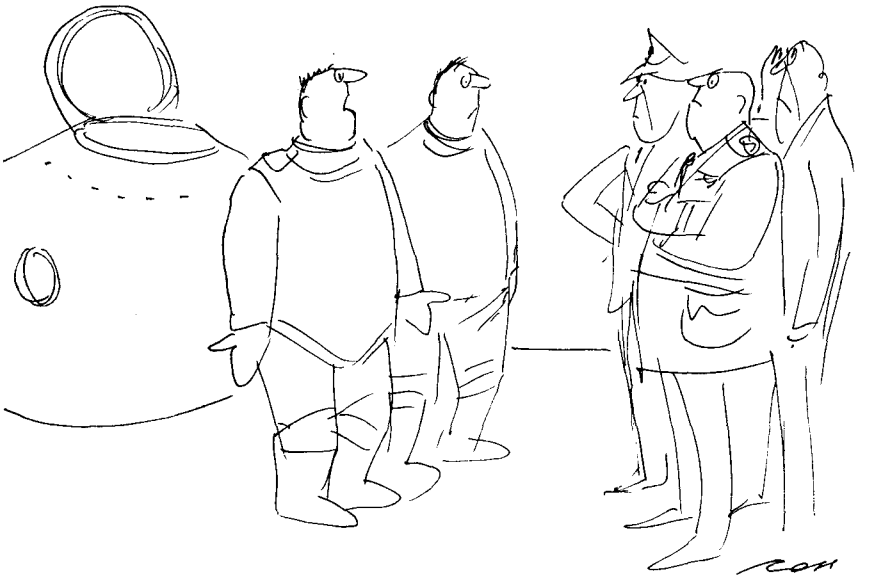
BY WAY OF COMPLETING your article about dirigibles, which ends with the burning of the *Hindenburg*, permit me to relate the following, which I received directly from Dr. Eckener.

The *Graf Zeppelin* returned to Germany in 1938 and was grounded in a Frankfurt hangar in retaliation for Dr. Eckener's outspoken opposition to Hitler and the fact that he had refused the use of his hangar to the Führer for an early Nazi meeting. On May 6, 1940—three years to the day after the *Hindenburg* disaster—both the *Graf Zeppelin* and a new zeppelin, the *LZ-103*, were blown up, mysteriously, in the hangar. It was always believed that this was the product of a fanatical Nazi mind.

The dirigible will return, and we will bear witness to it.

DR. M. FILLMORE RYAN,
Executive Director,
Dirigible Society of America.

New York, N.Y.



"We were so filled with wonder, we didn't take any notes on anything."

Land Reform on Kitava

THERE IS a sequel to my article, "The Death of King Kam" [*SR*, Oct. 22], which may be of interest. It has now been announced that the trustees of King Kam's estate have negotiated the sale of King Kam's island, Kitava, to the Australian Government. Kitava will be administered by a district officer stationed on the nearby island of Losuia, and the land will be divided among the Kitavan natives.

GEOFFREY SCOTT.

Sydney, Australia.

New Views on Adam and Eve

HENRY HEWES is anti-semantic. He says in his review of *The Apple Tree* [*SR*, Nov. 5]: "The first sketch is a simple and lovely parody of the Adam and Eve story taken from Mark Twain's humorous story on the subject."

Anyone who says that demonstrates that he: a) does not know that story, and b) does not know English; for a parody, by definition, can't possibly be "simple and lovely." Far from being any kind of parody, the sketch is a remarkably faithful rendering of the original story—as Mr. Hewes would have seen if he had taken the trouble to check. In fact, practically all of the fun is straight Mark Twain.

DAVID C. LEVINE.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Hewes replies, "I did not say that the sketch is a parody of the Mark Twain story. I said it is a parody, trusting my readers would realize that it is a parody of the Bible story. I also found it simple and lovely. If there is an academic rule that parodies cannot be simple or lovely I am not familiar with it. But even if I knew of such a rule, I probably would break it."*

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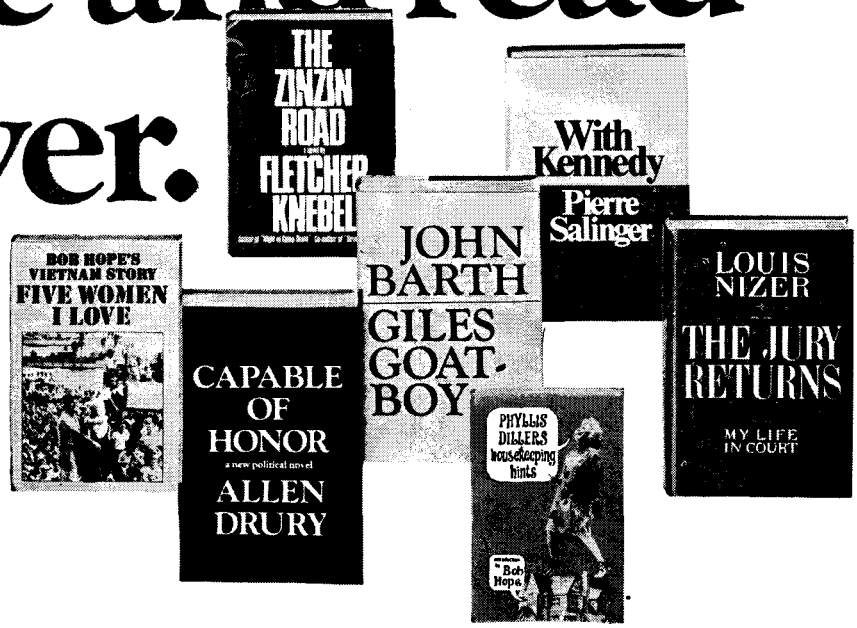

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Trio Subtle, Oblique, Complex

HERE are three books of fiction that I failed to review at the time of publication and that seem to me to be worth talking about now.

The most distinguished is Peter Feibleman's *Strangers and Graves* (Atheneum, $5.95), a collection of four short novels. The first is "Death of Danaus," which, Feibleman tells us, "was previously published in another form as the final section of *The Daughters of Necessity*," his second novel. It is the story of a strong attachment between a father and a daughter, much of it presented through the mind of the daughter, Mayann, as she waits in a hospital for news of her severely injured father. Two old ladies, one acutely aware of the drama that is being acted out, the other insensitive to it, serve as chorus. Feibleman gives the reader a sense of Mayann's special qualities and of the struggle that is going on within her. His method is allusive, and sometimes, particularly at the end, I wish that he had spoken more plainly.

"Fever" reminds me of the early Truman Capote. The narrator, an eleven-year-old boy of precocious sensibilities, whose mother is dead and whose father is neglectful, is cared for by a devoted Negro servant and, on Sundays, by two aged aunts. The narrative is concerned with two of Robert's experiences. First there is the fever, both literal and metaphorical, that marks the end of his childhood, and then there is his relationship with Ladybird, proprietress of a high-class whorehouse.

Robert's fever is rendered with emotional power and great subtlety. The Ladybird story, though serious enough in its total effect, is full of grim humor, part of which grows out of the strange mixture in Robert of sophistication and innocence. The high point of the tale is the wedding of a simple-minded prostitute called Miss Illuminating because she sometimes does a dance with electric light bulbs. Calmly Robert notes that she "had been abandoned by her mother and father who was a policeman when she was only a girl of ten—right after she had been attacked by a group of drunken dock workers during a union strike. She had been raped well over seventeen times and left for dead and her values were not what they should be." The riot in which the wedding ends is described in the same deadpan manner.

The first two stories are set in New Orleans, the other two in Spain. Pride is the theme of both the latter. In one a proud old woman, whose boast is that she has never sold rotten fish, attempts to do so in order to secure a doctor and medicine for her grandson; but no one will buy her fish despite her reputation for honesty, and in any case the boy is dead. Unfortunately, it seems to me, Feibleman has combined this story, which is ferocious in its double irony, with an account of an American ex-soldier who is seeking his identity and falls ecstatically in love with a Spanish girl. As the themes alternate, the reader is aware of a kind of counterpoint, but the story of the old woman could and, I think, should have stood alone.

The last piece, the shortest, presents a blind man at the moment when the pride that has sustained him is crushed. The fact that much of the story is told from the point of view of the blind man's son adds to its poignancy. Feibleman's great gift is for the revelation of emotional subtleties, and he puts it to effective use. He may be compared not only with Capote but also with Eudora Welty and Jean Stafford.

Three (Scribners, $3.95) is the second work of a young Englishwoman, Ann Quin, who is trying to develop a new form for the novel. The situation about which she writes is reasonably clear: a well-to-do middle-aged couple, Ruth and Leon, have taken a distraught young woman, never named, to live with them, and she has disappeared, leaving a suicide note. As they talk about her and what may have happened to her, we realize that their marriage is unsatisfactory in many ways. In the meantime the girl is allowed to speak for herself in the diaries and tape recordings she left behind her.

Miss Quin's method is, to put it mildly, oblique, and the reader is likely to feel much of the time that he is lost in a fog. She even refuses to provide him with such guidance as punctuation can give, and he may have an exasperated sense that she could have spared him a good

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deal of bewilderment if she had not been so scornful of commas, semicolons, and quotation marks. Yet the characters become surprisingly clear as the novel develops, and the situation, as the reader reconstructs it for himself, is not without drama. Whatever else is true, Miss Quin has a feeling for words, and there are memorable passages.

Miss Quin is an Englishwoman living in America, whereas Janet Burroway, author of *Eyes* (Little, Brown, $4.95) is an American living in England. *Eyes*, which is Miss Burroway's third novel, is well constructed in a conventional way and pleasantly readable. It is set in a Southern city, and the action, of which there is plenty, takes place in twenty-four hours. Dr. Rugg, an eye surgeon, learns that he has a serious heart condition, but he continues to meet his responsibilities in his customary fashion. He has a grown son, Hilary; and now his wife, after more than twenty years, is again pregnant. Hilary, who works on the local newspaper, also has problems, and so has his fiancée, Jadeen, a schoolteacher. In the end, Dr. Rugg's outspokenness precipitates a crisis that affects the lives of all the other characters.

Miss Burroway handles the complicated plot with considerable skill, moving gracefully from situation to situation. She has a nice feeling for the character of urban life today: Mrs. Rugg, for example, shopping in a supermarket, remembers how as the child of a poor family in Ireland she would go to the local store, repeating to herself, "a quarter pound of bacon, two cabbages, a stoneweight of spuds and a half-ounce McKay's Cut Plug." Now, moving through the "careless glorious pyramids" of citrus fruits, she comes to "pineapples and coconuts, mangos, avocados, figs, plantains, breadfruit, passion fruit and pomegranates." The problem of race prejudice is treated with a light touch, but Jadeen does learn from Dr. Rugg's example that compromise is not always a virtue.

I have commented on *Eyes* not because I think it is an important book, but because it is a good example of the kind of competent, intelligent novel that is so frequently overlooked. There are, I am sure, a good many people who would enjoy reading it if they were aware of its existence. —Granville Hicks.

For Anglophiles

London, Flower of Cities All. Text by Richard Church. Drawings and paintings by Imre Hofbauer. John Day. 208 pp. $15.

London a la Mode. Drawings and captions by Paul Hogarth. Text by Malcolm Muggeridge. Hill & Wang. 144 pp. $6.95.

London on the Thames. By Blake Ehrlich. Little, Brown. 435 pp. $8.95. Illustrated with black-and-white engravings.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Narrowed Credibility Gap

One thing seems pretty certain from all the controversy over the Warren Commission's Report [*SR*, Oct. 22]. If the President had appointed, along with the Republicans, Democrats *et al.* a thoroughgoing newspaperman, some first-class muckraker who would ask pointed questions, embarrassing questions, all sorts of inconvenient questions, and who would demand answers for the record; a man who would care little if anything about votes, future appointments, or calming "public unrest"—or sleeping dogs or sacred cows—the end results could quite possibly have been the same as they now are but the "credibility gap" if any would have been much narrower.

Donald C. Skone-Palmer.
Van Nuys, Calif.

The Warren Report shows rather conclusively that Oswald alone, and with private motivation, killed the President. It does not, however, prove that he killed officer Tippit. It appears to me that by weird coincidence the President's killer was captured under the mistaken notion that he was Tippit's killer.

The time of the Presidential shooting and the time of the report of the police killing are established facts. Under optimum conditions Oswald may have been able to cover the ground, but he would not have been able to do any of the things in between, such as obtain a soft drink, pay the cab driver, put on his jacket, and talk to officer Tippit. It simply adds up to too much. . . .

The same timing which makes it impossible for Oswald to have shot Tippit makes it very possible for him to have gone to the Texas Theater after stopping off at his rooming house. It is much more likely that Tippit was shot by a known criminal that he had accosted. By ignoring reason and refusing to believe the unbelievable the Warren Commission opened itself for accusations of conspiracy and cover-up. It will look very odd one of these days when the Tippit killer shows up.

Thomas T. Hamilton.
Virginia Beach, Va.

It would require a book the size of the Report to pin down the injudicious way in which Judge Fein castigates those who have dared to question the Commission.

S. S. Schindler.
Hewlett, N.Y.

A People Maligned

We who live in Hawaii were deeply chagrined at the appearance of the book *Hawaii*, with its shameful misrepresentation of the Hawaiian people as ignorant savages and the missionaries as self-serving bigots. Soon after its publication, author James Michener left Hawaii rather than face the scorn of the people he had maligned.

The Hawaiian people were one of the most intelligent, tolerant, and happy races on this earth. They have been cheated, corrupted, infected, and misled, but not by the missionaries. Their literature was impressive, though unwritten, characterized by a sensitivity of feeling and precision of expression which are rare today. Many examples of that early culture were destroyed, not by the missionaries but by overzealous converts and by the Hawaiian kahuna (priests) who wished to avoid desecration of their relics.

Now the long-awaited movie version of *Hawaii* is here, and is found to be tedious and boring despite beautiful scenery and excellent acting. We wish that all of the four million people who bought the book and all those who will see the movie could be made to understand that it is wholly fictional.

Emerson C. Smith,
Hawaiian Historical Society.
Honolulu, Hawaii

A Thing That Is Man's

Biological evolution is now accepted by all but a few. In *The Territorial Imperative* [*SR*, Sept. 17] Robert Ardrey presents a hypothesis for social evolution which contradicts the Christian church's position, and so Father G. G. Grant [Letters to Book Review Editor, Nov. 5] is, in effect, accusing Ardrey of heresy. Shades of Galileo! But to make the argument even more ridiculous, the church does not follow the precepts of Christ which were enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, and which is a slave morality, promising reward in the hereafter, but not now. Christ also said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." War is a problem for men to solve in men's ways, not through the offices of the church. The church deals with the soul, with man's relation to God. Man must deal with man's relation to man.

Rolf B. Reese.
Seattle, Wash.

Ecumenical Results

At first I was sidetracked from Father Daniel J. O'Hanlon's review of *Paul Blanshard on Vatican II* by the excellent cartoon on the same page [*SR*, Nov. 12]. But Father O'Hanlon's list of the areas where he *agreed* with Blanshard brought me very wide awake. Would it not be valid evidence in itself of the results of Vatican II in that a Jesuit theologian agrees with Paul Blanshard?

Hayden L. Gilmore,
Chaplain, Capt, USAF.
Aurora, Colo.

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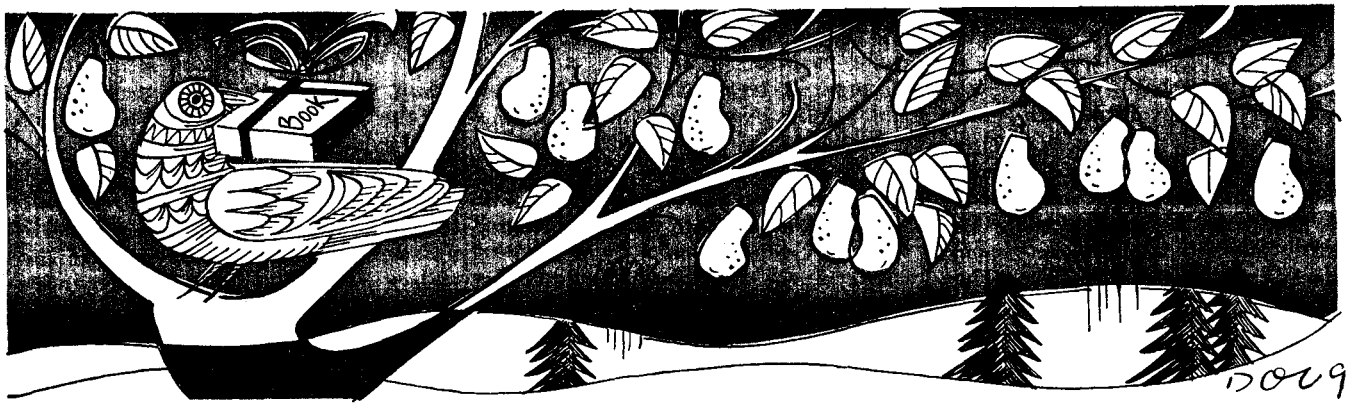


A WONDERLAND OF CHRISTMAS BOOKS

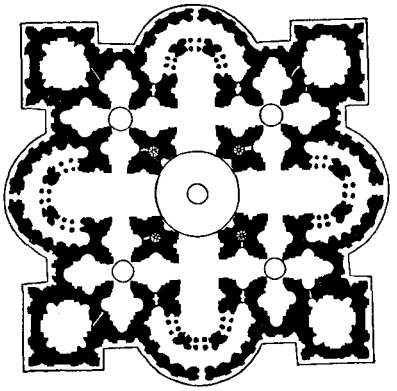
By ROCHELLE GIRSON

CHRISTMAS is a time to bask in the blessedness of giving. To keep it unmixed with the misery of what to give whom, leaf through back issues to the first of each month, when *SR* recommends the best fiction and general titles of the previous four weeks (see page 18). The books singled out in this number have been selected to compliment interests from spiritual to culinary. In addition to numerous reference works described in *SR* November 24, art books mentioned in these columns and by George Heard Hamilton on page 33 would be welcomed in a great many homes. For the world- and travel-minded—whether student or adult—there are views of foreign lands. Some are included in Photography Editor Margaret R. Weiss's annotations on page 36; others appear here. A book seemingly specialized need not be wedded to aficionados; *e.g.*, a study of ancient coins might delight anyone fascinated by the past. The trick is to discern related bents. On page 38 Haskel Frankel's inventory of the seventy-five-cent-to-five-dollar market includes the offbeat. Christmas, however, is the season when publishers offer their most opulent wares. If they are overweight as well, there is joy nonetheless in the beautiful behemoths.

The interfaith dialogue (see page 42) has inspired innumerable works, particularly since Pope John XXIII summoned the ecumenical conclave that opened in October 1962. An imposing tribute to it is *The Council: The Second Vatican Council*, by Lothar Wolleh with the collaboration of Reverend Emil Schmitz, S.J., translated from various languages by Angus Malcolm (Viking. Unpaginated. $38.50). Bound in simulated white kid lettered in gold, the volume tells the story of Vatican II in an out-sized type font in keeping with the book's 13"x17½" format, while numerous color and black-and-white photographs recreate the pageantry at St. Peter's. Most endearing among the illustrations are the unguarded expressions caught in candid shots of the participants. The book has the imprimatur of Francis Cardinal Spellman.

Although it includes a history of Vatican II and the sixteen Council documents, Mario von Galli's text for *The Council and the Future* (McGraw-Hill. 299 pp. $10.95) concentrates on the constitutions relating to the liturgy, revelation, the Church, and its stance vis-à-vis the world. As in the Wolleh book, implicit in the photographs by Bernhard Moosbrugger, as well as the intuitive drawings by Fritz Weigner at the beginning of each section, are essential statements not articulated in the text.

When Bernardo Rossellino was commissioned in 1454 to build a new basilica for the shrine of St. Peter in Rome, he envisioned the sanctuary as a Latin cross. Donato Bramante, under whose direction the edifice was again started in 1506, altered it to a Greek cross, an outline also favored by Michelangelo after several architects, Raphael among them, had tinkered with the design. However, with the addition of a long nave by Carlo Maderna in 1605, the plan reverted to the elongated cross. In construction from 1506-1626 and completely hand-built, St. Peter's is the largest church in the world, occupying more than five acres on the site of Nero's circus and a fourth-century basilica. *The Story of St. Peter's*, by Thea and Richard Bergere (Dodd, Mead. 128 pp. $4.95), includes black-and-white photographs, prints of old floor plans, and architectural details.



—*From "The Story of St. Peter's."*

Bramante's plan for St. Peter's.

To win the imprimatur of His Eminence, Richard Cardinal Cushing, and thereby advance the ecumenical colloquy, but fourteen editorial revisions in the annotations were required of *The Oxford Annotated Bible with the Apocrypha* (Oxford. 1,944 pp. $10.50). The Revised Standard Version text, RSV footnotes, and supplementary articles are unchanged in the new edition, which has colored maps of Palestine in Persian-Hellenistic times and the Near East in the Hellenistic period, showing the Ptolemaic and Seleucid empires.

Although its jacket carries the "YA" seal of approval for young adults, adult adults will also find enlightening Robert Payne's study of the first 1,300 years of Christendom, *The Christian Centuries* (Norton. 450 pp. $8.95). The book encompasses such related topics as Islam and the changes wrought by Byzantine, Romanesque, and Gothic art. "The artists performed a priestly function," Mr. Payne writes with reference to the first, "for they depicted the splendors of the celestial city. The churches were not simply places of worship, but portions of heaven."

The angels have sulky expressions and the Infant Jesus rides piggyback on

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Joseph's shoulders in the frescoes and mosaics of Istanbul's Kariye Djami. Prior to the Turkish conquest of Constantinople in 1453, the mosque was the church of the monastery of the Chora, established perhaps in the sixth century by St. Theodore, uncle of the Empress Theodora. Or was the founder General Crispus, who overthrew his father-in-law, the tyrant Phocas, but was subsequently interned in Chora as a monk? Nobody's certain. It was, however, Theodore Metochites, a great personality of the Palaeologan era, who in the fourteenth century made the church one of the finest examples of the last flowering of Byzantine art. For eleven seasons, averaging seven months each, the restoration of the mosaics and frescoes—sometimes all but invisible beneath grime, rubble, lime-wash, and paint—went on. Director of the project for its last nine years was Paul A. Underwood, professor of Byzantine architecture at Harvard-Dumbarton Oaks, author of *The Kariye Djami* (Vol. I.: "Historical Introduction and Description of the Mosaics and Frescoes." 326 pp. Vol. II.: "The Mosaics." 352 pp. Vol. III: "The Frescoes." 334 pp. Bollingen-Dist. by Pantheon. Boxed. $55). The set has 553 plates, including 119 in color. Though meant for Byzantine scholars, it will delight laymen as well.

The Byzantine tradition lives on unchanged at Mount Athos, a peninsula jutting from Salonica into the Aegean, where twenty ruling monasteries—seventeen Greek, one each Russian, Serbian, and Bulgarian—spend their time in intensive prayer, undistracted by females, animal or human, who are excluded from the territory, along with children and eunuchs. The background of the autonomous stronghold, which, legend has it, was consecrated by the Virgin Mary en route in A.D. 49 to visit Lazarus in Cyprus, is recapitulated by historian John Julius Norwich in *Mount Athos* (Harper & Row. 191 pp. $20). The second half of the book is an account by Reresby Sitwell of a visit there with Viscount Norwich and painter-photographer A. Costa, who adds his pictures to those by the authors—in all, thirty-two pages each of color and black-and-white.

God is radiantly blond in the depiction of the Creation of Eve reproduced in *The Hours of Catherine of Cleves* (Braziller. 359 pp. Boxed. $17.50 until Dec. 26. $20 thereafter). An art masterpiece of singular innocence and charm, the illuminated miniatures comprising the mid-fifteenth-century devotional book of the Duchess of Guelders was ingeniously reassembled by John Plummer, curator of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts at the Pierpont Morgan Library, which acquired one portion in 1963, unaware that the other, purchased in 1958 by an American collector, had become part of the Guennol collection. Now exquisitely and faithfully presented, this jewel by an unknown Flemish artist is a curio to be treasured.

In 1700 B.C. the Achaeans were rather coarse illiterates, but within a thousand years they had developed a civilization as brilliant as that of the Periclean Age. Miniature sculpture and gem-carving, usually in intaglio, on amethyst, carnelian, rock crystal, agate, onyx, chalcedony, and jasper were particularly popular among them. Like the art of the goldsmith, glyptography was introduced to the Anatolian shores from Minoan Crete, according to George E. Mylonas in *Mycenae and the Mycenaean Age* (Princeton. 251 pp. 153 illustrations. $18.50), an erudite amplification of the diggings by Heinrich Schliemann and subsequent archeologists.

Following the collapse of the Mycenaean civilization circa 1100 B.C., Greek-speaking people emigrated to areas bordering the Mediterranean and Black Sea, although they concentrated in Sicily and southern Italy and along the Anatolian and north Aegean coasts. With them they took their coinage—essentially a Greek invention. Carthaginians, Etruscans, Persians, and Phoenicians all imitated them in engraving coins with the craftsmanship given fine cameos. Gods—sometimes lewdly depicted—and religious symbols were used for decoration; so, too, were likenesses of the aristocracy and monarchs. More than 800 coins, photographed by Max Hirmer, are described by Colin M. Kraay in *Greek Coins* (Abrams. 396 pp. 240 plates. $25). Thus, besides gaining an insight into political antiquity, one observes that Ptolemy I had a hatchet face.

Equally unidealized were the Peruvian Indian heads of hooked-nosed, thin-lipped Mochica rulers during the second century A.D. Cast half life-size into stirrup-spout bottles or open-topped jars, many were portrayed at different stages of their lives. *Ancient Peruvian Ceramics: The Nathan Cummings Collection,* by Alan R. Sawyer (Metropolitan Museum of Art. Dist. by New York Graphic Society. 144 pp. 218 illustrations in color and black-and-white. $8.50), provides a sampling of Peruvian folk art up to the Spanish conquest.

Bodo Cichy's *Architecture of the Ancient Civilizations in Color* (Viking. 424 pp. 108 plates. $25) begins with the megaliths of four millennia ago, ends with the Wall of the House of the Chosen Women built 5,600 years later by the Incas, who honored their fairest by sacrificing them on melancholy occasions to the gods.

The Indians of Asia—at the apogee of their glory, the Gupta period from 320-550 A.D.—ranked with the Chinese and Romans as custodians of world culture. They provided the fountainhead for the great classical efflorescence of Ceylon, Burma, and Cambodia, pictured in *Lost Cities of Asia* (Putnam. 176 pp. $15). The text and photography by Wim Swaan sweep from Anuradhapura, where the austere Thuparama Dagoba enshrines the collar-bone of the Buddha, to the Bayon, the "god-mountain" in Angkor Thom, which the God-King of the Khmer empire erected in the twelfth century A.D. to commemorate his memory. There Jayavarman VII had carved

(*Continued on page 62*)

—*From "The Kariye Djami."*

Detail from "The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," at the Kariye Djami.

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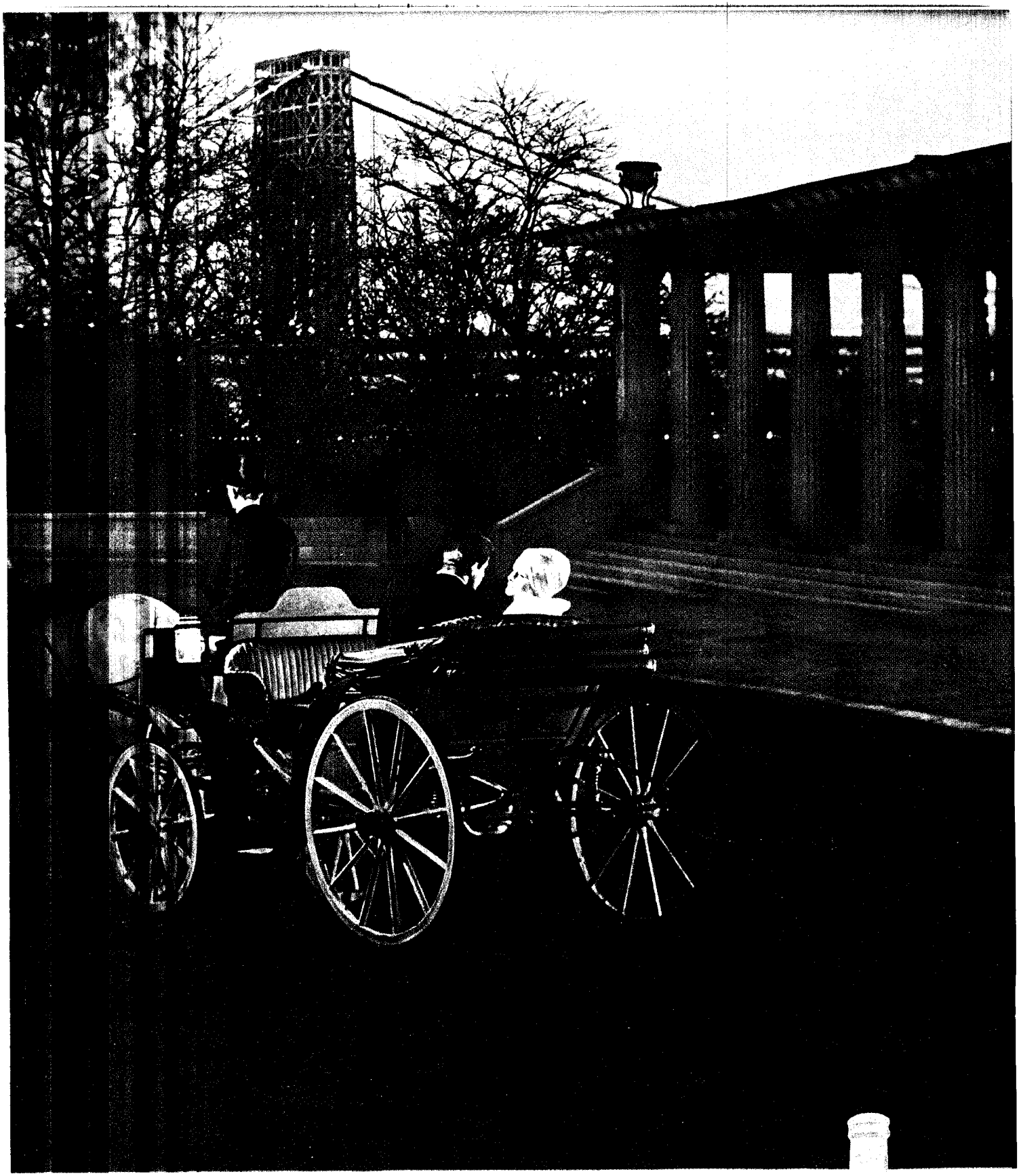

Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

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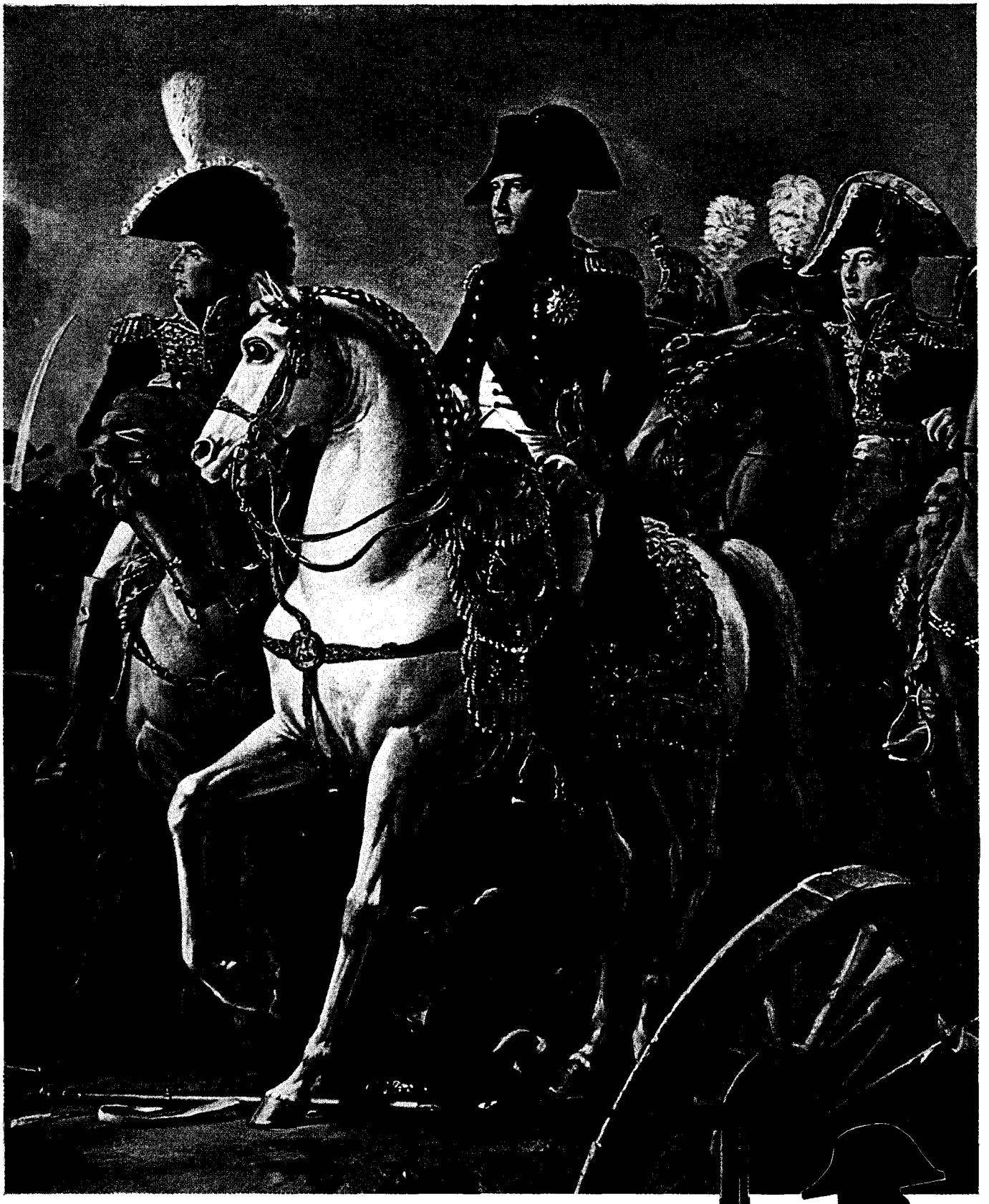

Bataille d'Austerlitz. Detail from the painting by Baron François Gérard (1770-1837). On December 2, 1805, Napoleon watches what has been called the first great battle of modern times, a complete triumph over the far larger Allied armies of Austria and Russia.

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Panorama from the Palette

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

ONE OF THE largest packages under your Christmas tree may turn out to be a curious and unexpectedly engaging work on a subject you might have thought shorn of interest long ago. *Coaching Days of England* (International Book Society, $32.95) is a physically ponderous but continuously interesting study of an extinct way of life. But, as the novelist Anthony Burgess remarks in his preface, there is hardly "anyone brought up in the English-speaking tradition who does not possess a sort of ancestral memory of the coaching days," principally through having read Dickens.

Mr. Powell's preface is followed by generous excerpts from the works of Fielding and Smollett, from Jane Austen and Boswell, and even from our own Washington Irving, as well as from Dickens. Historical and fictional commentaries are documented by the widest range of illustrative material—portraits, genre scenes, hunting prints, posters, tavern signs, even excerpts from contemporary newspapers. Necessarily not every item is of strictly artistic interest, but taken together they demonstrate an important and often underrated element in English art from its earliest times to the present—its capacity, through what is vaguely termed genre art, to record the times with such truth not only of detail but of gesture, not only of place but of circumstance, that moments long past live again in the present of our own visual experience. If this is merely literary art according to contemporary theory, so much the worse for a theory too narrow to encompass a kind of art capable of communicating so much pleasure.

The eighteenth century was the great period of Japanese color wood-engraving, of the familiar and famous *ukiyo-e* prints, or "pictures of a floating world." A case can be made that this was a popular art and therefore, in contrast to the religious and court art of Japan, somewhat commonplace, not to say vulgar. A telling corroboration of this attitude may be seen in the supremely elegant print of the geisha Isutomi by the late eighteenth-century artist Chobunsai Eishi (the only Japanese printmaker who was a nobleman in his own right) in Muneshige Narazaki's *The Japanese Print: Its Evolution and Essence* (Kodansha International Ltd., Palo Alto, Calif. $29.50). This is "the first full presentation in English of the Japanese print by a modern Japanese authority," a scholar who is presently professor of Japanese history at Rissho University.

Comparing 107 color plates one can follow the technical, stylistic, and cultural development of the print from the earliest black-and-white examples, printed from a single block, in the late seventeenth century, through the great period of the eighteenth century and into its decline. The last is illustrated in a print, still extremely stylish and of dazzling technical quality, executed as late as 1888, when the implications of Japanese design and color became crucial for Von Gogh and Gauguin. There are many surprises in this volume; those to whom the subject is familiar will discover new examples, and those who want to learn more will find an exemplary critical bibliography.

The Japanese print is one of the principal sources of information on *ikebana*, or flower arrangement. Long considered by the West a woman's prerogative, in Japan flower arrangement is not only an art, but one that has been a proper accomplishment of the warrior class. *The Masters' Book of Ikebana: Background and Principles of Japanese Flower Arrangement* (International Book Society, $29.95) contains essays by the masters of three leading *ikebana* schools in Japan, as well as an explanatory essay by the editor, Donald Richie. The multitude of historical and technical details are documented in more than 400 photographs, many in color, of Japanese paintings and prints, as well as drawings and photographs in color of arrangements by contemporary masters. Photographic demonstrations enable the beginner to undertake, step by step, the involved process of transforming complex materials into an image of apparently artless simplicity. The arrangements of the past, as we know them from paintings and prints, are often of incomparable perfection. Many of the modern arrangements, on the other hand, may seem too tortuous or extravagant in their combination of unlikely elements to appeal immediately to Western tastes.

—*From "Treasures of Korean Art."*

Amitabha, the Buddha of Pure Land, in gold, from a stone pagoda in South Korea, fashioned before 706 A.D.

An exception must be made, however, for the arrangements of Sofu Teshigahara, whose work is reproduced with surpassing beauty in color photographs by Ken Domon in *Sofu, His Boundless World of Flowers and Form* (Kodansha, $29.50). Sofu, who is undaunted by the most rugged materials—dead branches, intricately twisted vines, and the like—recently created arrangements at Lincoln Center in New York thirty feet high. However, it is in his more intimate creations that the indescribable and inimitable beauty of oriental design can be seen. Surely few of us would have thought of combining a cattleya with a pine branch, but the combination —which occurs in each book, in a different version and in different containers—proves that the resolution of opposites is often the basic principle in much of the best Eastern art. Although Teshigahara is also a sculptor, when he works within the Western idiom of abstract art he is scarcely distinguishable from many other able but unremarkable contemporary artists.

Treasures of Korean Art (Abrams, $25), by Chewon Kim of the National Museum of Korea and Won-Yong Kim of Seoul National University, is a new edition to a series that already includes notably handsome studies of Southeast Asian art. The fine color plates, supported by numerous clear illustrations in black-and-white, prove that Korean art is something more than temporally transitional or geographically intermediate between Chinese and Japanese art. Its qualities are not easily described, but, at least to eyes trained in the esthetic of contemporary European art, there is, in typically Korean objects, a more immediately apprehensible simplicity, a more direct concern for material and form, than we have come to expect from

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the mightier and more sophisticated neighboring traditions. In addition to their informative historical introduction and extensive discussion of technical and stylistic qualities, the authors have supplied a useful catalogue of small black-and-white illustrations, a glossary, and a bibliography, in which, sadly, there is no more than a handful of works in English for those who would pursue the subject further.

A very special treat for the special person whose interest in oriental art is matched by a love of occidental poetry is provided by an edition of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* (New York Graphic Society, $30), in which the fifth (posthumous) edition of Edward FitzGerald's translation, a masterpiece of nineteenth-century English verse, is matched by a contemporary French translation by J. B. Nicolas, with introduction and notes, to which is joined the original Persian and thirty Persian miniatures reproduced in color. To read FitzGerald's version again, and to compare it with the French prose translation, is not only to admire the Englishman's remarkable artistry, but to wonder once again what poetic truths may still lie hidden in the sinuously visual phrases of the elegant but incomprehensible Persian script.

For those interested in drawings, especially of the modern period, there are three books this season. *French Drawings from Prud'hon to Daumier* (New York Graphic Society, $37.50), edited by André Vantoura and with an introduction by Maurice Serullaz, curator of drawings at the Louvre, is a generous selection of 102 drawings principally from French public collections. Of the eleven fine Daumiers, however, ten are from the Oscar Reinhart collection in Winterthur, Switzerland, and one is from our own Metropolitan. To devote slightly more than one-tenth of the total to Daumier is proper, for he was the supreme draughtsman of nineteenth-century France, but some of the other proportions seem more in line with contemporary fashion. Surely Delacroix is a better draughtsman as well as a much greater artist than Gustave Moreau; nevertheless, he is represented by only six drawings while there are ten by Moreau, all of them interesting and little known (as indeed are the Delacroix) but not greatly varied in subject or technique. On the other hand, it is good to see nine drawings by Prud'hon, as well as seven by Millet, which reflect our reawakened understanding of the artistic subtlety of the Barbizon masters. The drawings are well reproduced—for once smaller drawings actually appear smaller than larger ones—and there are informative if brief notes.

XXth Century Drawings and Watercolors (Crown, $12.50) is a less luxurious publication. The reproductions are sometimes a bit dim, but the selection, although heavily weighted toward some of the slighter members of the School of Paris, contains a few surprises other than the intricate Neo-Impressionist drawing by Petitjean, a fine Matisse-like Manguin, and interesting examples by artists outside the French tradition. The introduction by Raymond Cogniat is a cursory sketch of the modern movement that adds nothing to our understanding of drawings and watercolors as such.

George Grosz, the German artist who lived in this country from 1933 to 1959, is unquestionably one of the most penetrating satirists of modern times, and it is good to have a new edition of his famous, and infamous, *Ecce Homo* (Grove, $12.50), a collection of drawings first published in Berlin in 1923. These savage indictments of the moral corruption of contemporary German society as seen in the streets, the cafés, and the bedrooms of Berlin earned for their author the undying hatred of the German establishment, and a measure of artistic immortality. Even in America today these remarkable drawings, often executed with a deceptively naïve line, have lost nothing of their bite, for our sins against one another that George Grosz detected are still with us. Grosz, however, did not, in the totality of his work, quite reach the eminence of Goya or Daumier, with whom his name is so often coupled. Can it be that he saw only the ugliness in men and therefore hated them, while his predecessors knew pity and even love as well as scorn? This edition includes sixteen watercolors reproduced in full color and has an introduction by Henry Miller that tells us much about Miller but little about Grosz.

—From "Ecce Homo."

"Well-bred People," by George Grosz.

Martin Urban's *Emil Nolde, Flowers and Animals* (Praeger, $20) is a collection of thirty-two watercolors from the Nolde Foundation at Seebüll, Germany. Nolde was not only a masterly Expressionist figure painter, but one of the finest flower painters of this century. Happily, he sold his best paintings during his lifetime, so that they are to be found in other museums than his own, but there are examples here, especially *Red and Yellow Sunflowers* and *Red and Yellow Poppies*, which show how with a few washes of brilliant color he could evoke, as powerfully as any Japanese painter, the essence as well as the structure of a flower. The animals are slighter, yet *Parrots* and *Young Gnu* have a whimsical charm.

There seems to be no end to the making of books about Chagall, even if there is little more to say about his art, as the recent murals at the Metropolitan Opera House have clearly shown. Walter Erben has written a new chapter for the revised edition of his *Marc Chagall* (Praeger, $10), first published in 1957, which brings the story down through the ceiling for the Paris Opéra. This is still a useful introduction to Chagall's art, less as a parade of documentary facts than for the glimpse it gives us of Chagall in his later years in the South of France, where Erben, then a young German painter, paid him a memorable visit. In *Marc Chagall: Posters and Personality* (Reynal, $10) Joseph K. Foster has collected the posters, which now number twenty-six. The posters themselves recapitulate the familiar themes of Chagall's paintings, and although one may wonder at times whether the artist paid much attention to the relation between his design and the typographic message, the volume as a whole is a useful addition to our knowledge of modern art.

Alexander Calder, our best-known sculptor, and the first American since Whistler to gain a commanding reputation in Europe, has dictated the story of

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his life to his son-in-law, which now appears as *Calder: An Autobiography with Pictures* (Pantheon, $15). His recollections are often as wry as his wit and his mobiles, and there are glimpses of the growth of the modern movement in Europe as well as in America. The author, however, seems gifted with total recall, so that much that he has to tell, while always illuminating about his life and personality, is irrelevant to his art.

Conversations with Picasso, from 1943 to 1962, form the substance of Brassaï's *Picasso and Company* (Doubleday, $6.95). The author is the Hungarian photographer whose sensitive photographs of Picasso's sculpture of the 1930s did so much to make it known here and abroad well before significant examples of the work of Picasso's middle years had been extensively exhibited. The conversations will be of interest to those for whom anything and everything about Picasso is of interest, and indeed much that Picasso has said must be of concern to all of us who are still, and will be for a long time, engaged in understanding his extraordinary work. But much that he has said is also like anyone else's conversation. Perhaps we should treasure it, too, and thus make our peace with Picasso as a person, as well as an artist.

THE English critic Denys Sutton has followed his 1963 biography of Whistler, *Nocturne*, with a fine selection of reproductions in *James McNeill Whistler: Paintings, Etchings, Pastels and Watercolors* (Phaidon, $14.50). The black-and-white illustrations are probably as good as they could be, given the lamentable darkening of so much of Whistler's work, while, on the whole, the color reproductions are acceptable—even more than adequate—in several smaller paintings, sketches, and watercolors that have been infrequently reproduced. The introduction is persuasive, especially when Mr. Sutton shows Whistler's affinities with the Spanish and Dutch masters and discusses his own role in the development of that art of the *fin-de-siècle* which in its decorative phases is known as Art Nouveau. Whistler has never been entirely forgotten, but it is well that he should be better remembered. Slight as so many of his works were, some few of them like the *Mother* and *Carlyle* are truly monumental, and many more are indispensable documents for the formulation of that late nineteenth-century estheticism which eventually became one of the most important influences in the development of contemporary abstract art. Mr. Sutton has produced a useful book and has put us all in his debt by reprinting the artist's famous lecture "Ten O'Clock," which otherwise has been very hard to come by.

—*From "French Drawing: From Prud'hon to Daumier."*

"Portrait of Monsieur Leblanc," by Ingres, Florence, March 9, 1823.

Fringe Benefit

By Norma Farber

ONE dusty summer, truckloads dumped their fill
the length and depth of August. We citizens
had voted the cost, awarded the contract, to nail
those springs beneath the park. Some secret fens
had kept the playground muddy, young months on end.
Snow thaws had been denied, rain hardly stanched
below the grass. Our water table, having found
its chosen height, refused to lower an inch.

We laid down dirt, tamped, rutted, rolled, re-seeded,
lettered clear signs against too early use
by players. And for a year or two succeeded
in keeping dry. Then warnings faltered, a juice
glistened the turf, pond mallards pushed through fringe,
paddling the baseball diamond for a change.

"This beautiful book can hardly be faulted. It reproduces with remarkable fidelity, and at exact size, all the surviving miniatures – 157 of them – from one of the finest illuminated manuscripts in existence, accompanies each miniature with brief but altogether fascinating comments that transform it from a bit of exquisite craftsmanship into a complicated and expressive work of art. The introduction by John Plummer tells the history of the manuscript, including the story of the detective work that went into its identification only three years ago. The beauty, vivacity and invention of the pages, not only the miniatures themselves but, as well, the elaborately ornamented borders, will be obvious enough to anybody who can pause long enough to look for just a moment."—John Canaday, *New York Times Book Review*

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—Eliot Fremont-Smith, *New York Times*

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—By David Seymour in "Chim" (Magnum).

Israel, 1954: welder and pipeline—"insight"

BRIEF EXPOSURES FOR HOLIDAY GIVING

—By David Douglas Duncan in "Yankee Nomad."

Qashqai cavalrymen in southern Iran—"personal memos."

By MARGARET R. WEISS

The Roving Photographer

YANKEE NOMAD: A Photographic Odyssey. By David Douglas Duncan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 480 pp. $23. A life story dramatic enough to make Richard Halliburton's and Errol Flynn's seem pallid by contrast is engagingly recounted in 500 black-and-white and color photographs, with letters, documents, and personal memos providing a revealing commentary.

WITNESS TO OUR TIME. By Alfred Eisenstaedt. Viking. 343 pp. $16.50. From the League of Nations to Sophia Loren, Eisie's dependable lens has always been on the spot to cover significant events and personalities in the news. Encompassing more than three decades, and now seen in the context of history, these images are black-and-white evidence of what a remarkably perceptive reporter he is.

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DAVID SEYMOUR—"CHIM." Edited by Anna Farova, Cornell Capa, and Sam Holmes. Grossman. 72 pp. $1.95. Proof that good things sometimes do come in small packages, this hand-span "retrospective" is a telling tribute to a man whose camera exposed the human side of the news with compassion and insight.

THE THREE BANNERS OF CHINA. By Marc Riboud. Macmillan. 216 pp. $12.50. A skilled photographer's long look at contemporary China becomes a sharp close-up of life under Communist management.

TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN. By James D. Horan. Doubleday. 334 pp. $15. To set the pictorial record straight, historian Horan reconstructs the life and work of "America's forgotten photographer," establishing that credit should go to O'Sullivan for many so-called "Brady" photographs of the Civil War and for pioneering documentation of the Western frontier.

Under Analysis

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S EYE. By John Szarkowski. Museum of Modern Art/Doubleday. 156 pp. $5.95. This brief investigation of "what photographs look like, and why they look that way" is the first step toward formulating a visual vocabulary and grammar specifically for the camera image.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ON PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited by Nathan Lyons. George Eastman House/Prentice-Hall. 190 pp. $11.95. An anthology featuring the words and works of some of the art's major contributors serves as a handy guide to photographic history as well.

THE DAYBOOKS OF EDWARD WESTON. Edited by Nancy Newhall. George Eastman House/Wittenborn. Vol. I. 214 pp. $10. Vol. II. 290 pp. $15. 2 volumes boxed, $25. This fine edition of the Weston journal documents in vivid self-analysis, the photographer's growth as an artist during a three-year residence in Mexico in the mid-1920s and during the fuller, bolder years in California that followed.

People and Places

SUMMER ISLAND. By Eliot Porter. Sierra Club. 200 pp. $22.50 until Dec. 31. $25 thereafter. Another graphic argument for conservation of "the wild places" where time moves at its own pace—and never has Maine's island world been more magnificently treated than in Eliot Porter's color-camera renderings.

THE WORLD: Countries and Civilizations. By Martin Hürlimann. Viking. 374 pp. $28.50. In this armchair grand tour, 400 pictures take a global view of the wonders of nature and the works of man. Notable among the credit lines are the names of Bischof, Burri, Cartier-Bresson, Costa, Henle, Karsh, Rodger, Schulthess, Washburn.

—By Roddy McDowall in "Double Exposure."

Simone Signoret—"candor."

SHADOW OF LIGHT. By Bill Brandt, with an introduction by Cyril Connolly. Viking. 132 pp. $12.50. Vignettes of the London scene, the war years, landscapes, nudes, portraits of writers and artists, color studies of stones and jetsam attest to Brandt's special brand of "curiosity, wit, humility, detachment . . . unsatisfied questioning and ultimate technical mastery."

NAISSANCES D'APHRODITE [Birth of Aphrodite]. Photographs by Lucien Clergue. Text by Federico Garcia Lorca. Brussel & Brussel. Unpaged. $10. The young photographer whom Picasso has called "the Monet of the camera" transcribes his ode to beauty in metaphors of sunlight, surf, and sensuous form.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE. By Roddy McDowall. Delacorte. 251 pp. $15. With good-humored candor McDowall exposes famous personalities of the theater world in his "gallery of the celebrated with commentary by the equally celebrated."

HER INFINITE VARIETY: Captured in Color Around the World. By Fred Rodell. Doubleday. 76 pp. $15. Portraits in many moods made by ancient Leica, available light, and the self-styled "arrogant amateur" whom the world knows as one of Yale Law School's most articulate professors.

—By Alfred Eisenstaedt in "Witness to Our Times."

President Kennedy scans the daily pile of papers in his White House office.

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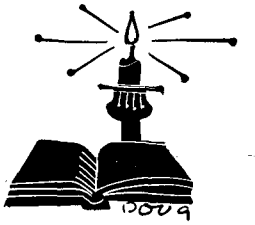

Cartwheels and Coppers

DESPITE mounting costs, there are still plenty of books—and even a few bijous—for $5 and under, although this year the lower the cost, the smaller the selection. What follows is a culling of what I've come across.

As I mention every year, visit your local museum gift shop, an excellent source of inexpensive treasures. Checking out my favorite local museum, The Museum of Modern Art (mail order address: P.O. Box 5300, Dept. DD, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017; Christmas brochure available by mail for 25¢, which is deductible from orders over $5), I found the following of interest: The 1967 Appointment Calendar, illustrated with sixty gravure photographs, $2.95; Ernest Trova's marvelously handsome kaleidoscope, entitled "Falling Man" (there is a human silhouette inside as one of the pattern pieces), which costs $3.95 and is packaged in a mailing container; a four-inch square of plexiglas with a translucent design by Mon Levinson on front and back, $1.95 with cardboard stand and mailing envelope. Then there are movie-still posters, matchbooks and, of course, books. Better check!

My three favorites from all the books I've looked over for this Christmas are: *A Christmas Memory,* by Truman Capote (Random House, $5)—a handsomely printed, slip-cased edition of the beautiful little story that was originally published with *Breakfast at Tiffany's. A Christmas Carol,* by Charles Dickens (Doubleday, $3.95), a facsimile, with the original color illustrations, of the 1843 first edition. *Children's Letters to God,* compiled by Eric Marshall and Stuart Hample, illustrated by Yanni Posnakoff (Pocket Books, $1); give it as a Christmas card or a gift, and keep one copy for yourself.

$4 — $5

ART BOOKS—*Drawings to Live With,* by Bryan Holme (Viking, $4.50, YA); 140 black-and-white illustrations, from Renoir to Donald Duck and beyond. Two beautiful paperbacks, both $4.95, both from Abrams, rich in color plates and heavy in text: *National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.,* text by John Walker; *French Impressionist Paintings in the Louvre,* text by Germain Bazin.

FOR THE SPORTS-MINDED—*The Violence Game,* by Robert Curran (Macmillan, $4.95), the diary of one season in the life of a pro football team, the New York Jets. *The Language of Pro Football,* by Kyle Rote and Jack Winter (Random House, $4.95), a guide to what's going on, detailed with diagrams and photos; over 700 terms defined. *Great Undersea Adventures,* edited by Helen Wright and Samuel Rapport (Harper & Row, $4.95), an anthology for the Scuba set that includes Jonah and the whale, as well as Jacques Cousteau.

COOKBOOKS—*Let's Start to Cook* (Doubleday, $4.95), a beginner's book by the food editors of *Farm Journal. A Cookbook for Poor Poets and Others,* by Ann Rogers (Scribners, $4.50), inventive cookery for budget gourmets.

POP MUSIC—*Jazz: The Transition Years, 1940-1960,* by John S. Wilson (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.95). *Four Lives in the Bebop Business,* by A. B. Spellman (Pantheon, $4.95), profiles of Ornette Coleman, Herbie Nichols, Jackie McLean, Cecil Taylor.

HUMOR—*Give Up?,* a new cartoon collection by Whitney Darrow, Jr. (Simon & Schuster, $4.95). *The Man from M.A.L.I.C.E.,* caricatures by David Levine (Dutton, $4.95). *The Duke of Bedford's Book of Snobs,* in collaboration with George Mikes (Coward-McCann, $4), the ins and outs of snobbery and social climbing. *Games for Insomniacs,* by John G. Fuller (Doubleday, $4.50), brain twisters, word games, etc. *The Joke-Teller's Handbook of 1,999 Belly Laughs,* by Robert Orben (Doubleday, $4.50).

NATURE, ANIMATE AND INANIMATE—*The New Field Book of Freshwater Life,* by Elsie B. Klots (Putnam, $4.95), a guide to recognition and study of the aquatic plants and animals of North America; 700-plus illustrations. *The Poodle,* by Clara Bowring and Alida Monro (Macmillan, $4.95), all about the breed. *The Whooping Crane,* by Faith McNulty (Dutton, $4.95). The bird that defies extinction. *All About Rock Gardens and Plants,* by Walter A. Kolaga (Doubleday, $4.95).

FOR TRAVELERS—*American Traveler's Companion: A Word and Phrase Book,* by Graydon S. DeLand (Morrow, $4.95). *Spoken Like a Frenchman,* by Arthur Train, Jr. (Doubleday, $4.50), a shortcut to French slang and colloquialisms. *A Day Outside the City,* by Robert Deardorff (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95), a guide to outside-the-city-limits of twenty European cities.

MISCELLANY—*Antiques You Can Decorate With,* by George Grotz (Doubleday, $4.95), a realistic guide to middle-price antiques. *British Furniture Through the Ages,* illustrated by Maureen Stafford (Coward-McCann, $5); 570 drawings trace the development of design since medieval times; *My Appalachia,* a reminiscence by Rebecca Caudill with handsome photographs by Edward Wallowitch (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95). *Story of Mathematics for Young People,* by James T. Rogers (Pantheon, $4.95); old people will be interested, too. *Folklore in America,* selected and edited by Tristram P. Coffin and Hennig Cohen (Doubleday, $4.95). *The Rocky Mountain Herald Reader,* a collection of the best reading from a unique American publication, edited by Thomas Hornsby Ferril and Helen Ferril (Morrow, $5). *Journey of Love . . . A Pilgrimage to Pope John's Birthplace,* by Kay Sullivan (Appleton-Century, $4.95), text and pictures. *A Golden Treasury of Jewish Tales,* retold by Asher Barash (Dodd, Mead, $5). *The Awful Handyman's Book,* by George Daniels (Harper & Row, $4.95), home repairs and improvements for those all thumbs. *To Be Alive* (Macmillan, $4.95), the film by Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid that was the hit of the New York World's Fair put between pages. *11th Annual Edition: The Year's Best S-F,* edited by Judith Merril (Delacorte, $4.95), an anthology containing thirty-six selections of way-out stuff. *All About the Months,* by Mamie R. Krythe (Harper & Row, $4.50), little-known facts about the months.

$3 — $3.95

PAPERBACK SETS—A fairly new publishing wrinkle, and a rather nice one, this lumping together of a group of related paperback books in a slipcase. For example, *Six International Cookbooks* (Bantam, $3.95); *Eye-Witness History of World War II* (Bantam, $3, in four volumes. Check the bookstores for others.

COOKBOOKS—*Peg Bracken's Appendix to the I Hate to Cook Book* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), over 140 recipes and 323 afterthoughts by you-know-who. *Mildred O. Knopf's Around the World Cookbook for Young People*

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(Knopf, $3.95), international cookery for beginners of any age. *Pasta!*, by Evelyn Gendel (Simon & Schuster, $3), fifty recipes plus everything you'll ever want to know about one of the world's more fattening pleasures.

SPORTS—*Golden Ski Guide*, by William N. Wallace and Robert Beattie (Golden Press, hardbound, $3.95; paperback, $1). *Honor Blackman's Boof of Self-Defense* (Macmillan, $3.95); seems the luscious lady from "Goldfinger" is up on judo and karate and she tells all; fully illustrated.

ART—More fine paperbacks from Abrams, each $3.95, each containing color plates unless otherwise indicated: *The Life and Work of Toulouse-Lautrec*, by Jean Bouret; *Italian Gardens*, by Georgina Masson (no color); *Italian Villas and Palaces*, by Georgina Masson (no color); *Michelangelo*, by Rolf Schott. *A Window on Williamsburg* photographs by Taylor Biggs Lewis, Jr., text by John J. Walklet, Jr. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95). A tour, in color photographs, of the restored village.

MISCELLANY—*All Wrong on the Night*, by Maurice Dolbier (Walker, $3.50), a grand collection of hilarious theatrical tragedies that took place before audiences throughout history; highly recommended to the stage struck, and who isn't? *The Miracle of Christmas*, by the editors of Hallmark Cards, Inc. (Doubleday, $3.95), inspirational art and writing for the holiday season. *Three Legends*, by Paul Gallico: *The Snow Goose, The Small Miracle, Ludmila* (Doubleday, $3.95). *Brain Boosters*, by David Webster (Natural History Press-Doubleday, $3.50), a book of nature and science puzzles; good for all ages. *Voltaire: Candide and Other Stories* (Oxford, $3), just one of a series, entitled "The World's Classics," that merits your attention. *The Modern Reader's Chaucer* (Free Press, paperback, $3.95), the complete poetical works of Geoffrey Chaucer put into modern English by John S. P. Tatlock and Percy McKaye. *Contemporary Writers*, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), critical essays on the fiction of V.W.'s day. *One Penny Black*, by Edwin P. Hoyt (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.50), the story of stamp collecting. *Around the Garden Week by Week*, by Joan Lee Faust (Appleton-Century, $3.95), a guide to garden planning for each season of the year.

$2 — $2.95

GOURMANDISE—*McCall's Barbecue Cookbook* (Random House, $2.95), more than 300 Recipes. *How to Read a French Menu*, by Martin Dale (Appleton-Century, $2.95), for gourmets at home and abroad. *Quick Guide to Wine*, a compact primer by Robert Jay Misch (Doubleday, $2.95).

ART BOOKS—*Picasso, Van Gogh, Klee*, and *Leonardo/Raphael* (Tudor, $2.95 each), four hardbound volumes containing approximately ninety color plates each.

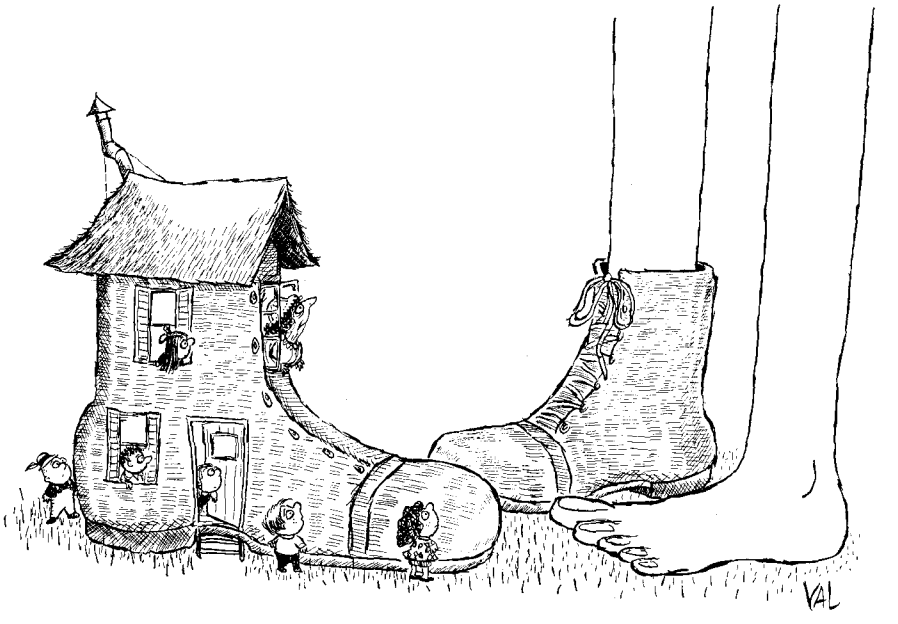
HUMOR—*Oh, What Nonsense!*, amusing poems selected by William Cole and illustrated by Tomi Ungerer (Viking, $2.95). *Snoopy and the Red Baron*, by Charles M. Schulz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $2), for Peanuts fans. *How to Make Yourself Miserable*, by Dan Greenburg with Marcia Jacobs (Random House, $2.95), a masochist's guide to getting the most woe out of life. *Phyllis Diller's Housekeeping Hints* (Doubleday, $2.95); why have a home when you can have a shambles? *Speak Up You Tiny Fool!*, by John Glashan (Dial, $2.95), a first collection by a way-out British cartoonist. *The Gentlewoman's Guide: or How to Succeed at Home* (Price, Stern, Sloan, $2), a perfectly usable wall calendar, hilariously brightened by turn-of-the-century illustrations coupled with outrageous captions.

MISCELLANY—*Early Automobiles*, by Eugene Rachlis (Golden Press, $2.95), the story of horseless carriages from the clock-spring car of 1649 to Henry Ford's Model T.; the book is marked for ages ten up, but take a look anyway. *Fighters (Attack and Training Aircraft)* and *Bombers (Patrol and Transport Aircraft)* (Macmillan, $2.95 each), two slim books by Kenneth Munson that comprise The Pocket Encyclopedia of World Aircraft in Color. *A John F. Kennedy Memorial Miniature* (Random House, $2.95), four little books in a box; titles are "Eulogies," "Inaugural Address," "Wisdom," and "Wit." *A Pope John Memorial Miniature* (Random House, $2.95), another boxed foursome; titles are "Eulogies," Faith," "Wisdom," "Wit."

PAPER—*The Edith Wharton Reader* (Scribners, $2.95), a selection of the novelist's finest work. *The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald*, selected, with an introduction and notes by Malcolm Cowley (Scribners, $2.95). *The Great Pianists from Mozart to the Present*, by Harold C. Schonberg (Simon & Schuster, $2.45). *Aesthetes and Decadents of the 1890's* (Vintage, $2.45), an anthology of British poetry and prose, edited with an introduction and notes by Karl Beckson. *The Fireside Book of Chess*, selected and edited by Irving Chernev and Fred Reinfeld (Simon & Schuster, $2.25), stories, games, articles, quizzes, and anecdotes for fans of the game. *Birds of North America*, by Chandler Robbins, Bertel Bruun, and Herbert S. Zim (Golden Press, $2.95; also hardcover, $4.95), a field guide to 699 species.

$1 — $1.95

From here on down it's all paperback with two exceptions: *The Left-Handed Book*, by James T. de Kay (Evans, $1.95), a tribute in words and drawings to the poor wretches trapped in a world designed for right-handed people. *Betty Crocker's Cake and Frosting Mix Cookbook* (Golden Press, $1.95), more than 300 recipes, with instructions on how to simulate footballs, igloos, butterflies. . . . PAPER—*Modern European Poetry*, edited by Willis Barnstone (Bantam, $1.65), 640 pages of selections from every important European poet. *The Original Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* (Dell, $1.75), a true bargain. *The Horseman's Bible*, by Jack Coggins (Doubleday, $1.95), a basic guide



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in outsize format for the dedicated horse lover and Sunday rider; more than 200 illustrations and photographs. *Rome; The Riviera and Southern France; Hawaii; Paris; Mexico* (Random House, $1.45 each), Holiday Magazine Travel Guides. *The Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale* (Collier Books, $1.95). *Clementine Paddleford's Cook Young Cookbook* (Pocket Books, $1), quick and easy recipes. *Guinness Book of World Records*, by Norris and Ross McWhirter (Bantam, $1); what's the largest diamond, the farthest star; who's the fattest woman, the fastest runner—that sort of thing. Holly Cantus's *The Lady of the House Almanac* (Pocket Books, $1), hints and tidbits for the ladies. *The Child*, by Hubert Bermont, photographs by Shelley Langston (Pocket Books, $1), baby pictures anyone could love. *The Sweet Taste of Success*, by Ceil Dyer (Pocket Books, $1), dessert recipes collected from celebrities.

95¢ and Under

Of course, they are all paperbacks. I only plan to list a few just to prove I can get under a dollar. Take a look in *SR*, Dec. 17, for Rollene Saal's complete Christmas paperback roundup.

Meanwhile . . . *The Bold Women*, edited by Barbara Alson (Fawcett Gold Medal, 75¢), contemporary writings by such as Susan Sontag, Doris Lessing, and Rona Jaffe. *The Low-Calorie Cookbook*, by Colette Black (Collier Books, 95¢), over 200 recipes. *The Complete Peace Corps Guide*, by Roy Hoopes (Dell, 75¢). *World-Wide German Dictionary* (Fawcett Premier, 95¢), German-English and vice versa. *Fun with the New Math*, by Jerome S. Meyer and Stuart Hanton (Fawcett Premier, 75¢), mathematical problems and puzzles based on the New Math. *A Treasury of the Great Operas*, by Artur Holde (Bantam, 95¢), stories of the great operas with nearly 100 photographs from productions all over the world.

Come to think of it, you can always send an I.O.U. for a book. That's cheaper than anything I've listed.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

The Presidency: Power and Purpose

***The State of the Union Messages of the Presidents, 1790-1966**, edited by Fred I. Israel (Chelsea House-Robert Hector. 3 Vols. 3,264 pp. $45), reflects the consistent tendency of political power in the U.S. to become concentrated in the White House. Allan Nevins's many books on American history include "The United States in a Chaotic World."*

By ALLAN NEVINS

LET IT be said first of all that these three portly but fairly light volumes, well printed and well indexed, represent an inspiration in publishing. They will be indispensable to any comprehensive reference library. University classes in history and government will give them incessant wear. General readers, newspaper offices, secondary schools, and radio and television studios will find them as useful as the *World Almanac* or the *Concise Dictionary of American Biography*. Few men nowadays have time for the ponderous multivolume set called *Richardson's Messages and Papers of the Presidents*, hard to procure and full of chaff. These handsome new blue volumes contain most of the essentials of that work, with all the annual messages from Washington through Kennedy. Fred Israel of the City University of New York has edited them with care, and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has furnished a sound introduction.

In the United States as in most other countries the recent pattern of government has responded to an irresistible demand for leadership. The bewilderment of the public in the face of the multitudinous complications of the time has created this need. As Woodrow Wilson said, the people "do not wish to curtail the activities of government; they wish, rather, to enlarge them." Effective leadership means a concentration of power. It has led to this in the economic sphere and the social sphere, but most of all in the political sphere. This is a world-wide fact, illustrated by both de Gaulle and Mao, and not least to be found in the great democracies. The government of the United Kingdom has been transformed since Lloyd George created the Cabinet Secretariat, and Winston Churchill and his successors—notably Macmillan and Wilson—made decisions which the Cabinet, like the Commons, simply rubber-stamped. Power in Washington may have the tripartite or quadripartite division that some observers suggest, but beyond doubt the main seat of authority lies with the President, his office, and his party machine.

The fascination of these nearly nine-score messages does not lie in their reflection of American history; that can better be found elsewhere. Rather, it lies in their reflection of the broadening ideas and widening purpose of the Republic, and the expansion of the powers of the Presidency to express these ideas and meet these purposes. Read rapidly with this in mind, the messages are fascinating indeed, for they tell a story of significant and sometimes dramatic purport.

What are the ideas and purposes that can be traced in broadening flow through this long period? One, certainly, is the concept of national destiny as related to the betterment of humankind. Jefferson's sense of American dedication to liberty and equality is familiar, and so is Lincoln's reaffirmation and enrichment of the principle. But it was John Adams who stated it most forcibly: "Our pure, virtuous, public-spirited, federative republic will last forever, govern the globe, and introduce the perfection of man." He meant that American principles would some day help govern the globe, and inculcate a hope of the perfectibility of man. And this conviction can be traced through all the Presidential messages, down to Kennedy's assertion that the future lay with "the free and open societies" like that of the United States. Our national outlook was long limited by what Franklin D. Roosevelt, following Woodrow Wilson, termed "ostrich isolationism." This, however, had disappeared by the time Kennedy proclaimed: "We seek not the world-wide victory of one nation or system but a world-wide victory of men."

Equally important was the broadening optimism of Presidents about the chance of achieving the national purpose. They felt sure not only of its brightness but of its practicability. "Many and great problems lie before us." said Theodore Roosevelt, but they could be conquered if men only showed themselves worthy of their fathers. "Then in truth the deeds of the past will not have been wasted, for they shall bring forth fruit a hundredfold in the present generation." This conviction was echoed in Harry Truman's statement about the

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great enduring issues of prosperity, welfare, human rights, and peace. "Let all of us pause now, think back, consider carefully the meaning of our national experience. Let us draw comfort from it and faith and confidence in our future as Americans." Neither Eisenhower nor Kennedy was complacent about the terrible difficulties ahead. But they were confident about the response to any challenge to "the promise of two centuries."

Another fundamental idea repeatedly expressed in these messages is that the American people have always been experimentalists. While in the Pierce-Buchanan era they drifted, on the whole they have possessed the mood for pragmatic adventure. Thomas Jefferson spoke of the United States as "in the full tide of successful experiment." The same concept of bold trial lay behind Theodore Roosevelt's assertion a century later: "The age of social pioneering has only begun." It also lay behind Kennedy's choice of a phrase to express the spirit of his Administration: he would seek "New Frontiers." This idea of governmental experimentation has broadened most of all. Federal activity, under Presidential leadership, has grappled boldly during the last seventy-five years first with economic difficulties, then with social problems, and finally with intellectual and cultural opportunities.

The economic base of society did not become nation-wide until just after the Civil War, and, when it did, it confronted Presidential power with all the problems of plutocracy. Grover Cleveland was the first to inveigh strongly against the evils of monopoly, maldistribution of wealth, unequal taxation, and vicious financial practices. They did not merely impoverish multitudes, he declared in his last annual message; "Their tendency is to crush out individual independence, and to hinder or prevent the free use of human faculties and the full development of human character." They would relegate the farmer, the laborer, and the small merchant to the status of mere cogs in a vast, uncontrollable machine. The choice was between liberty and an uneven, delusive prosperity. After the blind McKinley came a greater President than Cleveland to assert that not merely economic but social menaces had to be met. With "the tremendous and highly complex industrial development," declared Theodore Roosevelt in his first message, came the necessity of healthy social change: the task of ending the maltreatment of labor, "the exploitation of women and children, the overcrowding of cities, the waste and depletion of natural resources."

A world economics has supplanted the old national economics; a world society has measurably taken its place in the Presidential purview beside our own society. The Chief Executive has to try to understand both, and offer some leadership in each area. Meanwhile the Presidency has also begun to deal with cultural and intellectual concerns, just as did the British and French governments. It was Dwight Eisenhower who signed the National Defense Education Act of 1958; it was under Lyndon B. Johnson that the national foundations for the humanities and the arts were created; and we may be sure that the next steps will be forward, not backward. "A great nation is one which breeds a great people," writes Johnson, adding: "A great people flower not from wealth and power but from a society which spurs them to the fullness of their genius."

It is certain that the nation will henceforth demand a strong President. It is also certain that the necessities of his position as head of the richest and strongest of nations will require that while he reigns a little, he must rule a great deal, and rule with a sense of world responsibility. No one can read any substantial part of this work, particularly its record of recent decades, without being impressed by the variety, weight, and frequent cruelty of the burdens which his office lays upon the Chief Executive. And nobody can read very far without a realization that the heaviest of these responsibilities is not to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed," nor to make sure that the national safety is not imperiled. It is to offer a creative leadership, moral, social, and intellectual, that will help inspire our two hundred million citizens and the watchful peoples beyond our borders.

Naturals for Nature-Lovers

A CONTINENT IN DANGER. By Vincent Serventy. Reynal. 240 pp. $8.95. Wildlife in Australia in color and black-and-white photographs.

THE LIFE OF THE SEASHORE. By William H. Amos. McGraw-Hill. 231 pp. $4.95. Second volume in Our Living World of Nature series containing 117 color photographs, thirty-five black-and-white and duotone pictures, ninety line drawings.

THE GLORY OF THE TREE. By B. K. Boom and H. Kleijn. Doubleday. 128 pp. $12.95. A volume in the series that began with *Mushrooms and Other Fungi,* which includes some 200 color photographs by G. D. Swanenburg de Veye, as well as line drawings of details.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

UPTON SINCLAIR LEWIS

S. M. Flynn of New York City lists some of the novels by Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis criticizing various aspects of American life. She asks you to match subjects with book titles, and to place the author's initials next to the title. Confusion ends on page 56.

Meat-packing industry ( )	1. *Ann Vickers* ____
American businessman ( )	2. *Roman Holiday* ____
Medical profession ( )	3. *Cass Timberlane* ____
Journalism ( )	4. *Main Street* ____
Wells of scandal ( )	5. *King Coal* ____
Sacco-Vanzetti ( )	6. *Kingsblood Royal* ____
Social work ( )	7. *The Jungle* ____
Summer theater ( )	8. *Manassas* ____
Racial prejudice ( )	9. *Babbitt* ____
Eighteenth Amendment ( )	10. *Oil!* ____
Small-town life ( )	11. *Gideon Planish* ____
Civil War ( )	12. *Boston* ____
Mining conditions ( )	13. *Bethel Merriday* ____
Marriage ( )	14. *Arrowsmith* ____
Organized philanthropy ( )	15. *The Brass Check* ____

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Road Between Rome and Jerusalem

The Church and the Jewish People, *by Augustin Cardinal Bea, S.J. (Harper & Row. 172 pp. $4.50), and* ***The Passover Plot: New Light on the History of Jesus,*** *by Hugh J. Schonfield (Bernard Geis. 287 pp. $4.95), add theological and secular dimensions to the interfaith dialogue. Samuel Sandmel, Distinguished Service Professor at the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion, Cincinnati School, teaches courses in New Testament and Christianity. He is the author of "We Jews and Jesus" and "Herod: Profile of a Tyrant," which will appear in April.*

By SAMUEL SANDMEL

THE "DIALOGUE" between Jews and Catholics was probably more difficult of inauguration than that between Catholics and Protestants, because the issues have been more significantly fraught with emotion. Or, more precisely, Jews and Protestants, especially in England and the United States, have long discussed all kinds of matters with each other, but the dialogue between Jews and Catholics is of most recent origin and has not yet proceeded to any real depth. A book such as *Torah and Gospel,* edited by P. Scharper, recording the conversations between Catholic and Jewish scholars at a meeting at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, represents a good start, but scarcely more than that.

The obstacle to be surmounted, if the best form of dialogue is to take place, is the respective sensitivities. Previous colloquy has more or less skirted these, settling instead on less corrosive matters, as though these could be a prologue to further and profounder considerations.

Cardinal Bea sets for himself in his small but eloquent book the task of elucidating the meaning and significance of the Vatican Council "Declaration on the Relation of the Church to Non-Christian Religions," of which Section Four relates to Judaism. He offers, also, an explanation for two rather negative circumstances: first, that the schema relating to the Jews—initially an independent document, not a part of a larger one—went into the agenda of the Central Preparatory Commission of the Vatican Council in 1962, only to be removed at that time; second, that the original statement contained phrases which are not present in the document as it was approved. The latter circumstance has yielded a frequent judgment, not confined to Jews by any means, that the approved statement is not as forthright and vigorous as the original draft. Cardinal Bea is candid about these matters. He seems to me to leave little doubt that he personally preferred the first version, but he is immensely gratified that the Declaration was passed, for he finds this much more important than that the action was delayed and the wording changed.

THE Cardinal makes it explicitly clear that "the painful phenomenon of anti-semitism draws its sustenance neither principally nor exclusively from religious sources. Many other factors—political, national, psychological, social, and economic—enter into it. None of these will be discussed here. . . . The Church considers that the best contribution she can make to a gradual solution of the two-thousand-year-old problem lies in her spiritual and religious sources."

The context, then, within which the Catholic Church reassesses its attitude to Jews is its understanding of Christian Scripture, comprising the Old and New Testaments, which it considers divine. The Church is scarcely prepared to repudiate what is in Christian Scripture, but only to seek a fuller and better understanding which, so Cardinal Bea believes, necessarily yields the wholesome and affirmative substance of the historic Declaration.

This is the point at which Jews, even while admiring the tone of Cardinal Bea's book, will dissent from the premises and the conclusions. Jews are more apt to feel in accord with a frequent Protestant position which does not hesitate to recognize anti-Jewish passages in the New Testament and to disown these anti-Jewish sentiments. Cardinal Bea disowns the anti-Jewish sentiments, but his presuppositions stand in the way of his acknowledging that the New Testament passages are truly there. Hence, one utility of Cardinal Bea's book is its reflection of the characteristic manner by which an earnest Catholic arrives at the repudiation of anti-Jewish feeling in the Catholic tradition.

Inquiry respecting the crucifixion, Cardinal Bea believes, leads to three conclusions:

> 1. The Jewish people cannot be said to be guilty of *deicide.* 2. Where the New Testament speaks explicitly of the *responsibility . . . it refers either to the* Sanhedrin or to the inhabitants of Jerusalem . . . [;] responsibility . . . is never founded on membership of the people of Israel but on concurrence with the attitude of mind of the leaders of the people in Jerusalem . . . [;] the unjust persecution of the disciples of Jesus by the Jews is treated as a manifestation of such an attitude. 3. The severity of the *judgment on Jerusalem* neither presupposes nor proves the existence of a collective guilt for the crucifixion attributable to the whole Jewish people. . . .

Innumerable questions will arise in the minds of Jewish, Protestant, and secular historians, not about the tone of Cardinal Bea's statements but about the historical tenability of these statements, on which there exists a very extensive scholarly literature.

Cardinal Bea's *The Church and the Jewish People* is essentially theological in content and form. Hugh J. Schonfield's *The Passover Plot* is a secular essay, an effort to reconstruct what the author believes really took place before, during, and after the crucifixion. An informed if capricious student of the New Testament, Mr. Schonfield fits into that category of deniers of the resurrection of Jesus who "explain" what happened on the basis that Jesus did not really die on the cross. (The alternate procedure by deniers is, if hostile, to speak of "delusions," or, if sympathetic, to speak of religious phenomena in general and of mysticism in particular, and of the mystic visions as intelligible "illusions.") Schonfield admits that he has two predecessors, the fiction writers George Moore (*The Brook Kerith*) and D. H. Lawrence (*The Man Who Died*). I have read only the Moore; Schonfield does not write nearly as well. Whereas the Gospels suppose that a "plot" existed as a result of which Jesus was arrested, tried, and executed, Schonfield makes Jesus the author of a different "plot." It consisted in his so acting as to suffer "ignominiously at the hands of the rulers at Jerusalem," and, as a Messiah, the pretender to the Jewish kingship, to "be condemned to death . . . by crucifixion." But Jesus did not really intend to die, for "provided the crucifixion was not too prolonged it was possible for the life of the victim to be saved." Schonfield theorizes that Jesus was removed by his

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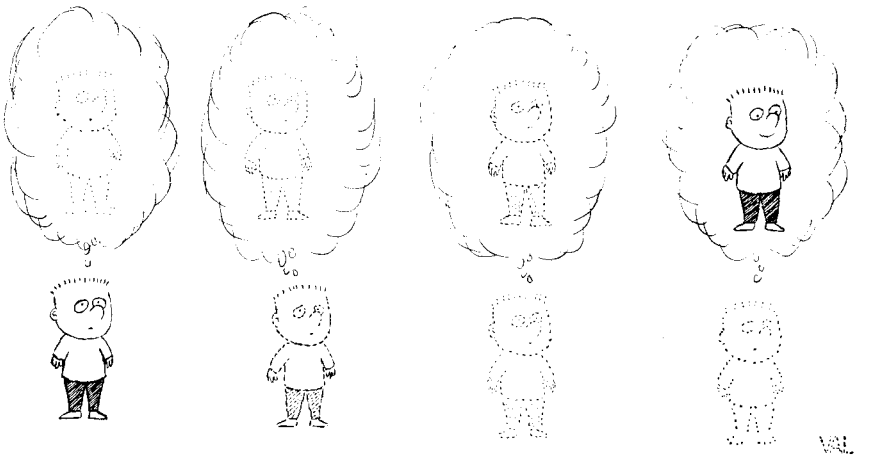
associates from the tomb on Saturday night while he was still alive, but then he died, not from the crucifying but from the lance thrust into him by one of the Roman soldiers. Like Moses, Jesus was buried in an unknown grave. Schonfield's imaginative reconstruction is devoid of a scintilla of proof, and rests on dubious inferences from passages in the Gospels whose historical reliability he himself has antecedently rejected on page after page. In my view, the book should be dismissed as the mere curiosity it is.

But its secular nature—a naturalistic "explanation" of the resurrection, and the entirely human (and, to Schonfield, admirable) Jesus postulated—adds still another dimension to the issues in dialogue, in that dialogue also takes place within a secular society whose premises are quite different from those of Cardinal Bea. Each book is marked by a good measure of generosity, but also by undeviating loyalty to the author's presuppositions. Dialogue, then, necessarily implies an effort to communicate about rather than reconcile irreconcilable differences. Cardinal Bea states this specifically.

I have observed at a number of dialogic conferences that the "hidden agenda" is always present. From the Christian side it is the assumption that the distinction between the "sacred" and the "secular" can be made in only one way, the Christian way, and as a result there is some puzzlement that statements relating to the sacred and the secular somehow fail to elicit an expected Jewish assent. From the Jewish side there is also a tacit assumption—that Jews are the only aggrieved party, as they are certainly the smaller one; hence the burden of achieving a sympathetic mutual appreciation rests on Christians, and Jews are exempt from it. I do not detect among Jewish spokesmen any great effort to understand the substance of Christianity, but only a recurrent generosity of spirit towards what seems at best a vague and shapeless entity.

Moreover, a good many Jews tend to look upon the interfaith dialogue as but another tactic utilizable in the Christian missionary endeavor. I heard the allegation at Cambridge, England, last August at a meeting of Councils of Christians and Jews of several European countries, during a discussion presumably about the significance of the Declaration. Cardinal Bea seems to me to express himself with complete clarity:

> Another difficulty which I have often encountered in contacts with Jews is the fear that our only desire is to "convert" them—a word which all too often brings back very painful memories, and that whatever the Church does is ultimately directed to this hidden purpose. And by "convert" is understood, if not use of actual force and pressure, at least the intention of seducing men by subtle argument and astute manipulation to betray their own conscience.



Cardinal Bea goes on to say, candidly, that the Church, even in the Declaration, "explicitly and openly declares that it is both her duty and her desire to preach Christ. . . ." But the Declaration also exhorts members of the Church to "recognize, preserve and promote whatever is spiritually, morally, socially or culturally valuable in religions different from their own." Dialogue, then, would presume "a mutual exchange among men of all that each possesses. . . . What man could reasonably and honestly object to such an exchange?"

The fact is the missionary impulse is central in Christianity, and though a Christian here and there, such as Reinhold Niebuhr, has disavowed the need or desire to convert the Jews, the main streams of Christianity necessarily regard it as an essential element, since it is the motif which concludes the Gospel According to Matthew, and to ask Christians to forego proselytizing is to ask them to cease to be authentically Christian. The next fact is that Christians can legitimately disavow only clumsy, dishonest, distasteful missionizing of Jews, but not the mission itself; or else they can set the mission into temporary abeyance, with full and earnest high motives, but there will be the need to revert to it. No Jew ought to enter into dialogue unless he is prepared to see that a Christian can truly abstain from dishonestly using the dialogue as a vehicle, but cannot honestly abstain from the mission.

Christians have expressed, more often verbally than in print, their befuddlement at the Jewish resentment of the missionary effort, even when the external conditions are designed not to be distasteful. A letter in the *Christian Century* of September 28 laments that to invite Jews to become Christians is as "offensive" to them as it is to imply by excluding them from Christendom that they are undesirable. Since I have written several books and many articles on Christianity, scarcely a day passes but I receive an invitation to become a Christian; I think that I can in honesty often terms these pleas as in bad taste. From time to time organizations and commissions with the forthright purpose of converting Jews quote my writings, out of context of course. Furthermore, as a historian I think I know, almost as well as any Jew can know, the seamy side of heavy-handed missionary efforts, both today and in the past; I recall in particular Isaac M. Wise's *The Defense of Judaism versus Proselytizing Christianity,* published in 1889. Yet if I am to participate in dialogue, I must be prepared, though the overtly distasteful is absent, to encounter the missionary factor in Christianity as one of its essential elements. I believe that Jews can fully trust a Cardinal Bea in his assertion that mutual comprehension and reciprocal respect are his realistic and proximate goals, and that he would never stoop to subterfuge. The issue for me, then, is this: whether, under conditions of freedom and full dignity, Jews can meet with Catholics and learn about their respective faiths, even the Christian missionary impulse. The latter, too, is something to discuss!

Cardinal Bea's book seems to me of permanent value, for Jews can recurrently orient themselves by it before they enter into dialogue with Roman Catholics. Jews cannot agree with his theological suppositions and convictions; they can, however, perceive them most clearly, and know what it is they do not agree with. They will almost unanimously value very highly the tone of the Cardinal's book, and his exalted spirit.

Coming December 10

Christmas Books for Children

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Still the Best-Seller

GOD MAY be dead but the Bible isn't: this is our text for the month of December. The backbone of virtually all denominational publishing, the Scriptures are also the supporting vertebrae of a good many trade firms, some of which supply their own identifying trademark (*e.g.*, the multivolume *Doubleday Anchor Bible*), and in one case a zip code (the *Cambridge Cameo 77*). The *Oxford Annotated Bible with the Apocrypha* carries both the Oxford label and the Roman Catholic imprimatur. About fifteen years ago Houghton Mifflin published *The Dartmouth Bible*, which was something of an abridgment. This, I'm afraid, had unfortunate connotations, leading to such gratuitous remarks as, "It's a small Bible, sir, but there are those who love it."

As the Scriptures have moved more and more into the mainstream of publishing, they have acquired the individuality of their sponsors, and, in many cases, a new acceptability. People no longer buy "the Bible" but a specific edition. And while it might not be politic to say so in church circles, the whopping sales of new Bibles can be traced less to the dynamics of religion than to the imaginative revisions by modern Bible scholars and shrewd merchandising by their publishers. The Book is being promoted as the best-seller it is.

The manager of the religious department in one large firm states: "Bible publishing today is closer to the shoe business than to the book trade because all of us are dealing with basically the same product. It's the translation, the binding, and the format that make one Bible different from another." Along these lines, he estimates that there are well over 500 different editions of the King James Version alone; the variations include size, quality of leather, number of colors used in printing, illustrations, and such optional extras as the zippered binding.

Cambridge University Press, one of the leading Bible publishers, presently has some eighty different styles in print, and Oxford lists 175; but, even so, they are getting competition from publishers who design not only new styles but new texts. King James is no longer sacrosanct, as the popularity of the Revised Standard Version proves. An even greater innovation is *The New Testament in Modern English*, by J. B. Philips (Macmillan). Next spring Harper & Row will go Dr. Philips one better with a New Testament in "colloquial modern English" by the Scots Bible scholar Dr. William Barclay. Thus, to some extent, Bibles are achieving the built-in obsolescence that characterizes fashions in general and the American automobile in particular.

The most radical version of the New Testament that we know of is called *Good News for Modern Man* in its paperback edition and *Today's English Version of the New Testament* in hardcover, prepared by The American Bible Society, which this year celebrates the 150th anniversary of its founding. Written in a racy vernacular known officially as "Today's English," it is based on a totally new edition of the original Greek text. Like all non-King James Versions, something is missing in the TEV, but something is gained, too. The ABS people believe that the Bible shouldn't be read for the poetry alone, but for the message. TEV is intended as a first step in Bible reading.

From a literary point of view, however, it is limited. For example, this updated Scripture translates Matthew: "This was the way that Jesus Christ was born. Mary his mother was engaged to Joseph, but before they were married she found out that she was going to have a baby by the Holy Spirit. . . . Now all this happened in order to make come true what the Lord had said through the prophet. . . ."

This is a fairly typical example and you can take it or leave it alone. In fact, however, millions are taking it, at 25¢ in paperback (ordered directly from The American Bible Society, 1865 Broadway, New York, N.Y.), or at $3.95 in the hardcover edition published by Macmillan and sold in bookstores. Printed last September, *Good News* will, by the end of the year, have exceeded a press run of one million copies.

As a publishing operation representing sixty-nine religious denominations in this country, the ABS is the largest of twenty-seven similar societies throughout the world. From its shining, new twelve-story Bible House in New York it promotes the distribution of the Scriptures in some 800 languages and dialects, through missions, schools, libraries, "Bible vans," and, in Sicily, by motorcycle. Last year, for example, the Society sold or gave away about 75 million copies in 150 countries. But with some 60 million persons learning to read each year—and 1,000 languages and dialects still without a translation of the Bible—the market is far from saturated. Like the good American business organization it is (albeit a nonprofit one), the ABS regards this as a challenge to its publishing know-how.

Because English is becoming increasingly universal, TEV is one approach to meeting the world Bible deficit. But the Society is stepping up its translation program, too, and currently sponsors projects in about 750 languages, including Uruund, a Congo dialect, and Rade, which is spoken in Vietnam. As a recent article in the Lutheran *Standard* points out, this is no secluded library endeavor. The Guaica tribesmen of Southern Venezuela threatened to kill an ABS translator, James Barker, if he wrote down a word of their language. Barker gained their confidence by going on hunting treks with them. The result is a Guaican Bible, and a more peaceable tribe.

But the chief translation difficulty is finding equivalent local meanings for Biblical expressions. In Bali—I rely again on the Lutheran *Standard*—"generation of vipers" is considered a compliment; the viper is sacred to the Balinese. In parts of Liberia natives are wont to say "Do not catch us when we sin," rather than "Lead us not into temptation." Multiply these semantic problems by 750 languages and you have some idea of a translator's frustration. The rewards are more enduring; under the general coordination of Dr. Eugene A. Nida, the Society's translations secretary, 3,000 scholars are engaged in introducing at least part of the Scriptures into countries that have never known them. Even to nonbelievers this is an impressive publishing feat. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

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ALL TALKING! ALL SINGING! ALL DANCING!: A Pictorial History of the Movie Musical. By John Springer. 256 pp. $8.95 until Dec. 26. $10 thereafter. Copiously illustrated with black-and-white photographs.

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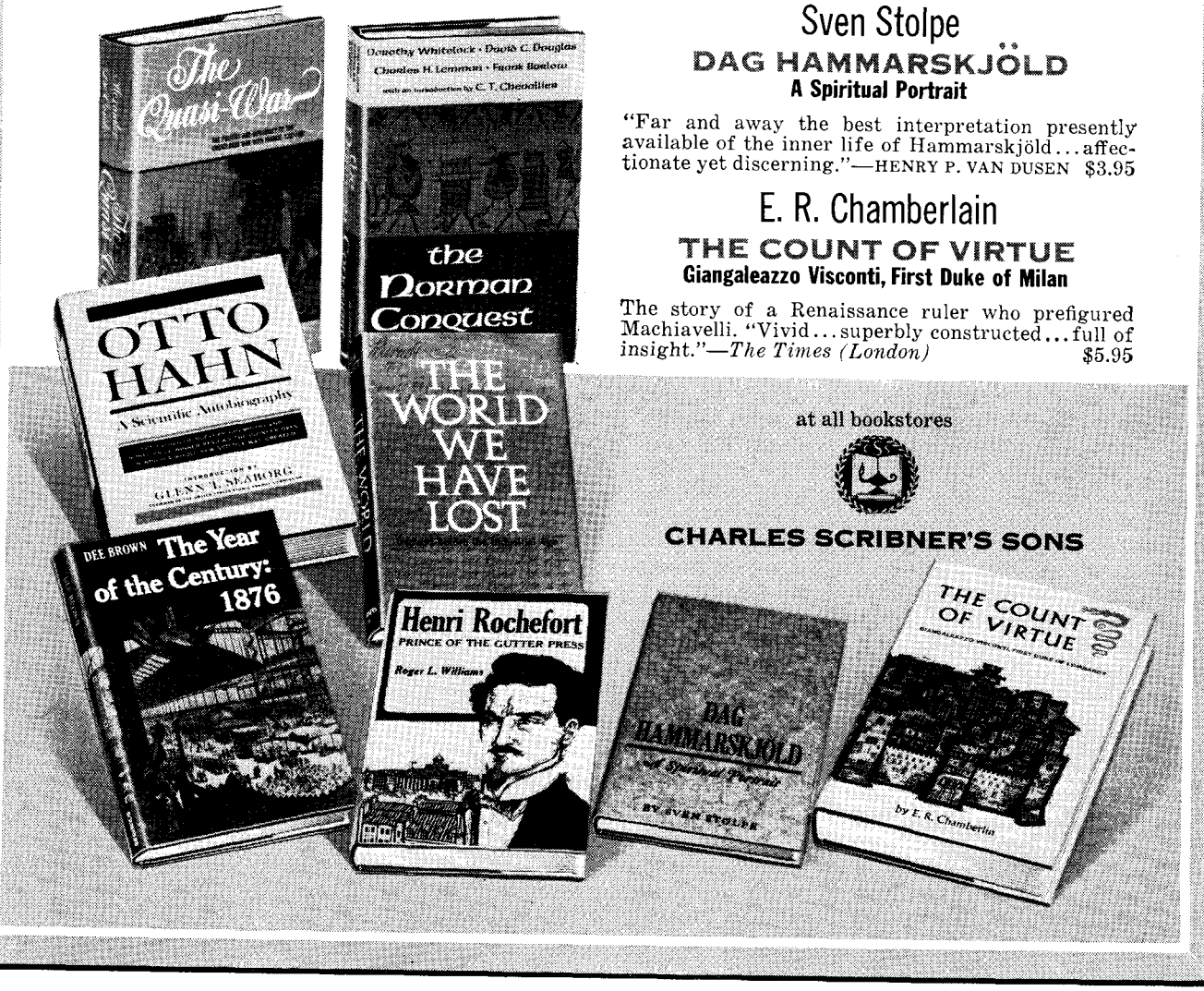

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Revelation in Translation

The Holy Bible, Revised Standard Version, Catholic Edition, *prepared by the Catholic Biblical Association of Great Britain (Thomas Nelson. 1,255 pp. $6.50), and* ***The Jerusalem Bible,*** *prepared under the general editorship of Father Alexander Jones (Doubleday. 2,045 pp. $16.95), offer Catholic laymen new translations of Scripture employing modern style and updated scholarship. Harry M. Orlinsky is co-translator of the Revised Standard Version Old Testament and editor in chief of the new Jewish Publication Society translation of the Torah.*

By HARRY M. ORLINSKY

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC layman has long been no happier with his English Bible (the Douay-Reims version of the sixteenth-seventeenth centuries, extensively revised by Bishop Challonier in the eighteenth) than has the Protestant been with either his British Revised Version of 1885 or his American Standard Version of 1901, or the Jewish layman with his Jewish Publication Society translation of 1917. To a varying but in every case considerable degree, all these Bibles have become difficult to understand; they were translated essentially in "pony" (word-for-word) fashion and in a style that is hardly modern. In addition, archeology and its consequences have done them no good.

This is by way of saying that we are once again in an era of Bible translation. The first great such period occurred in the last two centuries B.C., when the sizable Jewish communities in Egypt and western Asia created respectively the Old Greek (Septuagint) and Aramaic (Targum) versions. In the early centuries A.D. the growing Christian movement in the Mediterranean region brought into being the Syriac and Latin (Vulgate) translations, not to mention the daughter versions that were made not from the Hebrew but from the Septuagint (*e.g.*, the Latin, Ethiopic, Coptic, Armenian, and Gothic Bibles). A third spate of translations was brought forth by the social forces that shaped the Protestant Reformation and the new economic-political structures of Western Europe. Then it was that Martin Luther achieved his German Bible and William Tyndale began his English one, the latter to become better known, in consequence of several revisions, as the Authorized (King James) Version of 1611.

The current Bible translations are a direct result of the great ferment that has been going on in European and American society since the end of World War I: the breakdown of classical capitalism, the rise of totalitarianism, World War II, and the cold, lukewarm, and hot wars that have been flourishing ever since. The age of reason and the age of science have, alas, been accompanied by the age of anxiety. Where is science leading us? How can we get mankind to behave peaceably and rationally? In desperation, after having ignored theology and the Bible in the eighteenth and especially the nineteenth centuries, man has now begun to turn back to the Book of Books for help in comprehending, in conjunction with what reason and science have taught him, the nature and problems of the universe.

IN the United States, the Episcopal Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, with members of the Catholic Biblical Association of America constituting the committee of translators, sponsored the *Confraternity Holy Bible* (1941–; three parts have appeared to date, and the final part, consisting of the historical books from Samuel to Maccabees, should appear in 1968). The British Catholic Association, however, representing a relatively small community and unable to embark on a fresh translation of its own, decided on another approach entirely, one that could have been undertaken only in our own time. It has adopted the *Revised Standard Version* (RSV) produced by America's Protestant National Council of Churches (of Christ), with some few changes. Thus in the New Testament it substituted "send her away" and "brethren" for RSV "divorce her" and "brothers." Since Catholic law does not countenance divorce, the need for the first change is obvious; as for the second, R.E. Brown, S.S., in a fine essay on "Recent Roman Catholic Translations of the Bible" (*McCormick Quarterly*, May 1966), has commented: "The male relatives of Jesus . . . are described . . . as 'brethren' in the hope that the archaic form will suggest to the reader that they are not blood-brothers but cousins—an interpretation guided by the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of Mary. This unscientific procedure has been strongly criticized by American Catholics . . ." He adds in a footnote: "With amusement one notes that the revisors could do nothing about the 'sisters' of Jesus in Mk. 6:3 and the reference to James as 'the Lord's brother' in . . . Gal. 1:19."

The Jerusalem Bible is something else again. In 1956 the great Dominican School (L'Ecole Biblique) of Jerusalem published a new French translation, *La Sainte Bible*, made directly from the original text. More recently a committee of twenty-eight British Catholic scholars, headed by Father Alexander Jones of Christ Church in Liverpool, prepared English drafts directly from the original languages and compared them with *La Sainte Bible*; where their translation differed, the committee generally contented itself with "the interpretation adopted by the French scholars in the light of the most recent researches in the fields of history, archeology, and literary criticism."

This new version is a very good one, the best Catholic translation into English now available. Naturally, translators disagree among themselves about this or that rendering. Thus I am not happy with the scarcely correct rendering of parts of the first verses of the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was a formless void . . . and God's spirit hovered over the water. God said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light." It is far more likely that the Hebrew meant to convey: "When God began to create the heaven and the earth—the earth being unformed and void, with . . . a wind from God sweeping over the water—God said, 'Let there be light'; and there was light." This suggests that the first thing God did when He created the world was to create light (that is, order); and that at the time the earth was "unformed and void [or: a formless void] . . .," *i.e.*, there was chaos. Moreover, there is considerable evidence to indicate that it was a powerful "wind," rather than a "spirit," that moved over the watery chaos.

In Isaiah 7:14, the rendering ". . . the maiden is with child and will soon give birth to a son" is correct, but the explanatory note is less so: "the Greek version reads 'the virgin,' being more explicit than the Hebr. which uses *almah* . . ." The fact is that just as Hebrew *almah* means "young woman" (unmarried or married), so did Greek *parthenos* have the same meaning in pre-Christian times; it was only subsequently, when Christian theology developed, that *parthenos* acquired the meaning "virgin" retroactively.

All in all, *The Jerusalem Bible*, with its explanatory notes, maps, and other aids, is a first-class version that any student of the Bible may use with profit.

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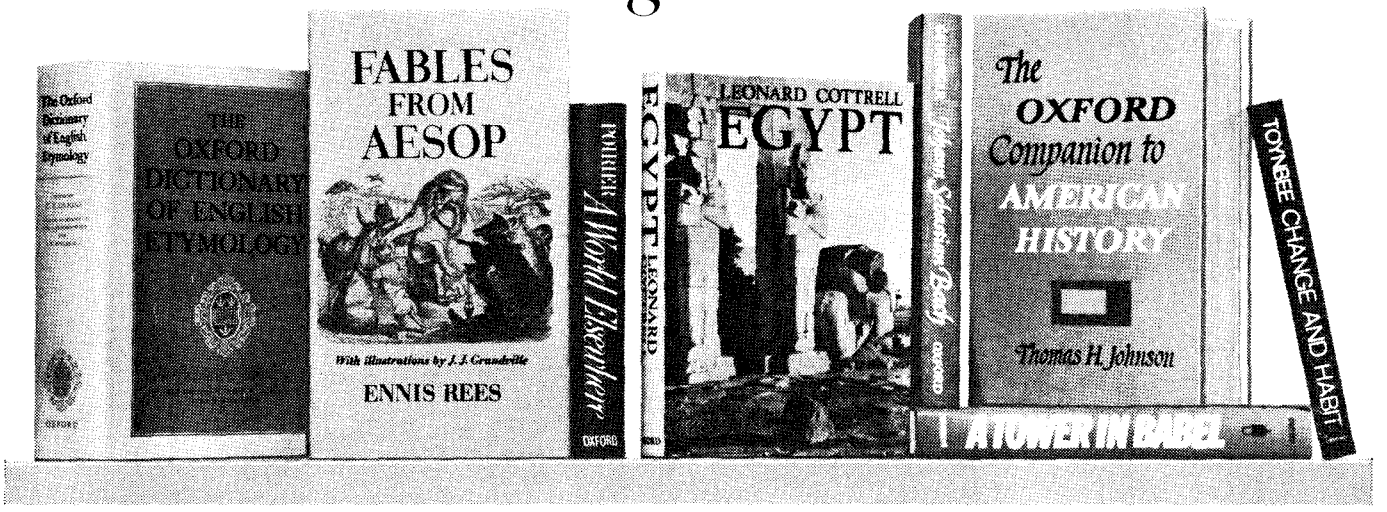

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Enlightenment from the East

Three Ways of Asian Wisdom: Hinduism, Buddhism, and Zen and Their Significance for the West, *by Nancy Wilson Ross (Simon & Schuster. 222 pp. $7.50), enters a world where spiritual values predominate over externals. David Hales, formerly with the University of California Press, spent his youth in the Far East.*

By DAVID HALES

THIS book is an invitation—and a beautiful one—to consider three of the most important spiritual paths trod by so many of our neighbors in the Orient. Intended for the general reader, it is so carefully and painstakingly devised that one feels it was written in payment of a debt the author incurred for the enlightenment and wisdom she found in the East. It is no easy task to take three great, time-honored religions and describe them concisely, but Miss Ross succeeds by means of simple directness and felicity of expression.

—*From the book.*

Zen Master Tokusan here shown waiting to use his stick on a backward neophyte. (From a triptych by Soga Jasoku.)

Hinduism almost defies description; it is so ancient, so diverse, and so capable of relating, on its own terms, to other religions and concepts. But as we wander through its labyrinthine ways, the seeming confusion suddenly dissolves, and we perceive such sublime heights as are revealed in the *Bhagavad Gita*, one of the most precious documents of mankind. Moreover, as Miss Ross remarks, modern science is now having to consider concepts like those of an expanding and contracting universe and of great rhythmical time spans—ideas similar to those implicit in the Hindu cosmology.

Buddhism was born out of Hinduism, and has certain principles—reincarnation, karma (causality: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap"), and maya (the illusory nature of the world)—in common. The Western notion that Buddhism is pessimistic and, indeed, atheistic is dispelled by Miss Ross. Considering the gentle and happy natures of people in so many Buddhist lands, it is hard, she says, to understand how this misconception occurred. The apparent passivity of Buddhism arises from its renunciation of violence and its practice of compassion.

One trivial but typical example of our insensibility was a recent window display on Fifth Avenue, which backed a selection of Oriental goods with a statue of the Buddha and attendant bodhisattvas, and then, no doubt from fear that such serenity would not attract the attention of the hurrying pedestrian, went on to misinterpret Zen archery by thrusting arrows into the walls at eccentric angles. The Compassionate One's smile remained serene—and eventually protests led to the removal of the arrows. Save them for poor St. Sebastian; or, if spectacle is required, consider St. Catherine and her wheel of fire.

Zen has developed a considerable vogue in the West. It has great freshness, and also a lively sense of humor. Writes Miss Ross:

> Zen might be said to offer something in the nature of a return to the simple and direct view of life possible to a child, because children, like "the enlightened," live wholly in the present. The awakened individual is said to experience a total, intense participation, free of self-consciousness and of all anxiety. He is spontaneous, fluid and adaptable, like the butterfly in another Zen poem, who "with every gust of wind lightly shifts his place on the willow."

Other Western misunderstandings, such as the impression that Zen is similar to existentialism, are taken to task. Miss Ross offers many examples of Zen poetry and art, and illuminating comparisons of them with the creative work of the West.

In the foreword the author reveals that her main reason for creating this synthesis for the layman was the importance of East-West relations for all mankind. In several asides Miss Ross gently chides us for our complacency, as well she might. Are we not inclined to turn our temples into law courts? If the East regards external appearances as maya, or illusion, are we not inclined to take the same attitude toward the spirit and to become lost in externals?

Miss Ross pays tribute to many Westerners who have studied the wisdom of the East. There is one who is not mentioned but who I feel is outstanding in our time: the Austrian Rudolf Steiner, who in such books as *The Bhagavad Gita and the Epistles of St. Paul* opened a path for Western man to the part played by the Orient in the evolution of human thought.

Each section of *Three Ways of Asian Wisdom* is like a portal through which the reader can glance into a world where spiritual values predominate.

The many illustrations of religious art are wonderfully chosen and annotated, making this a very handsome volume indeed; and the fine bibliography makes it a useful one as well. It might well create good karma to place or to find it under a Christmas tree.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1217

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1217 will be found in the next issue.

UELO QYV VZY LEUY JBS KYALQ

TAVVO, BLFO VB FBPY VZY XSYG-

AV BJ KYALQ PYLPAKFY.

—QSEXAEL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1216

Scandal is gossip made tedious by morality. —OSCAR WILDE.

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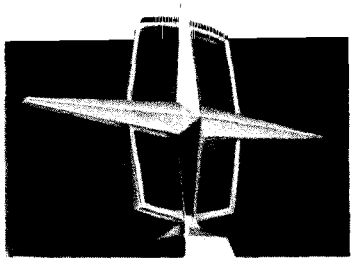

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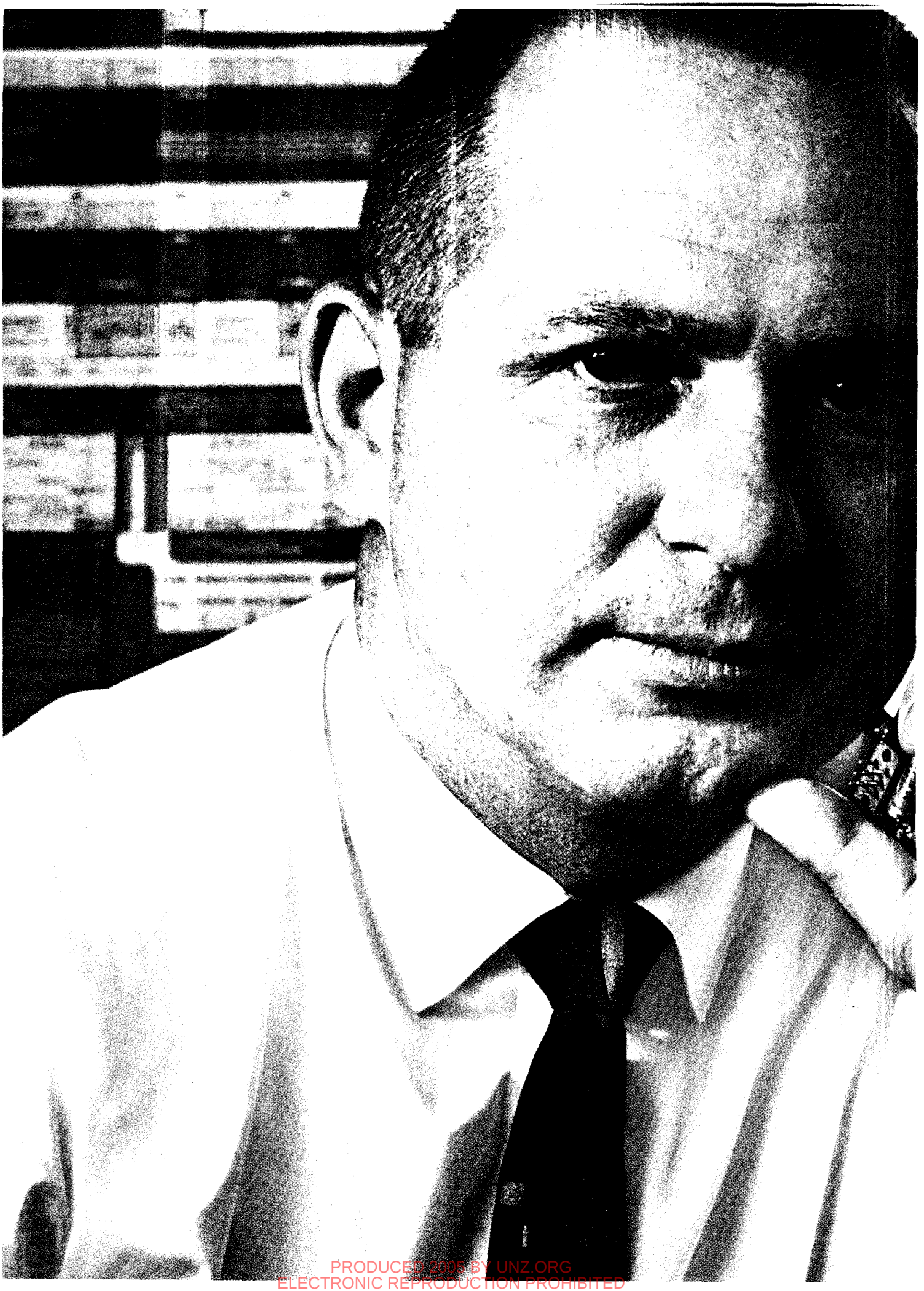

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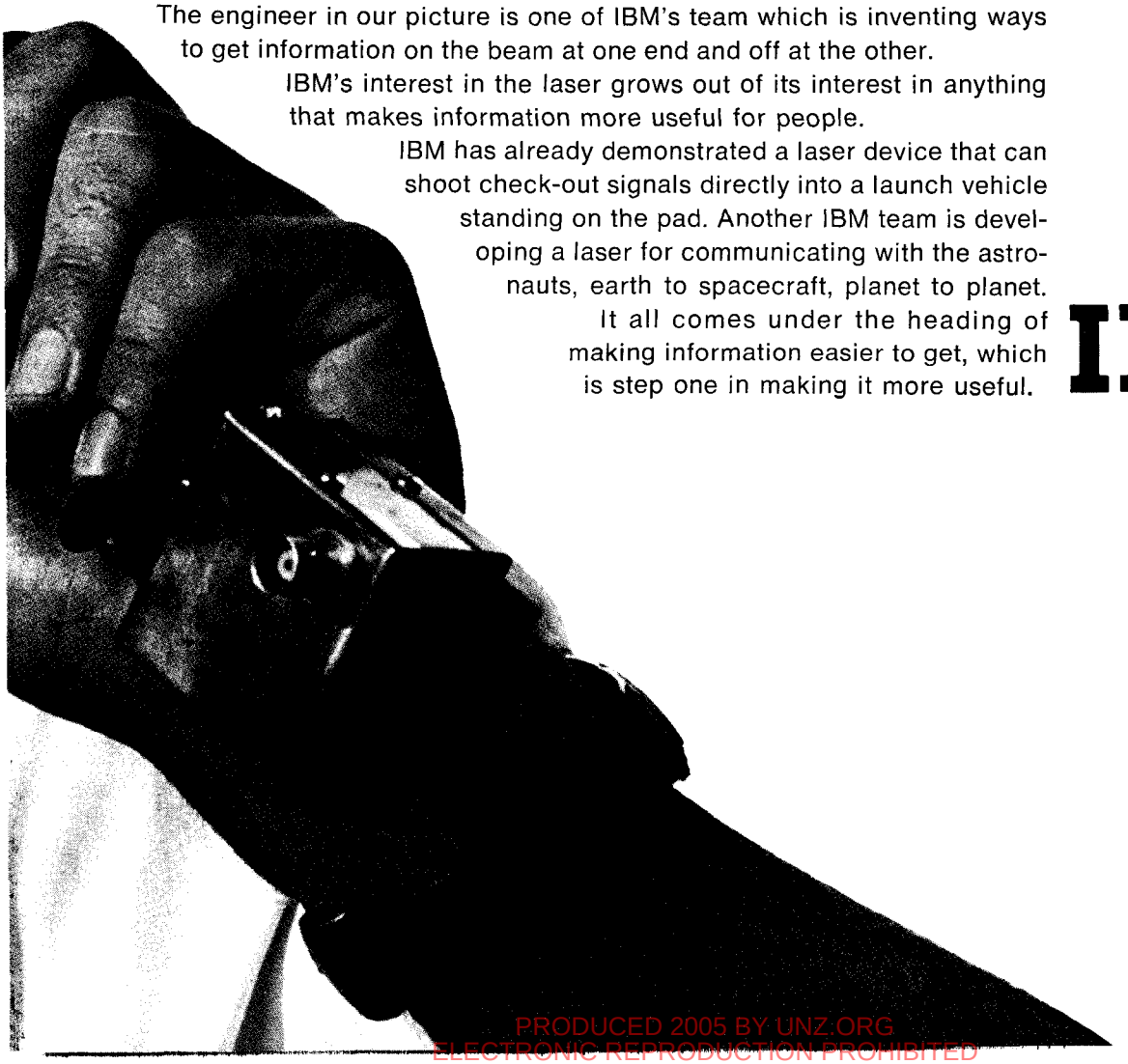

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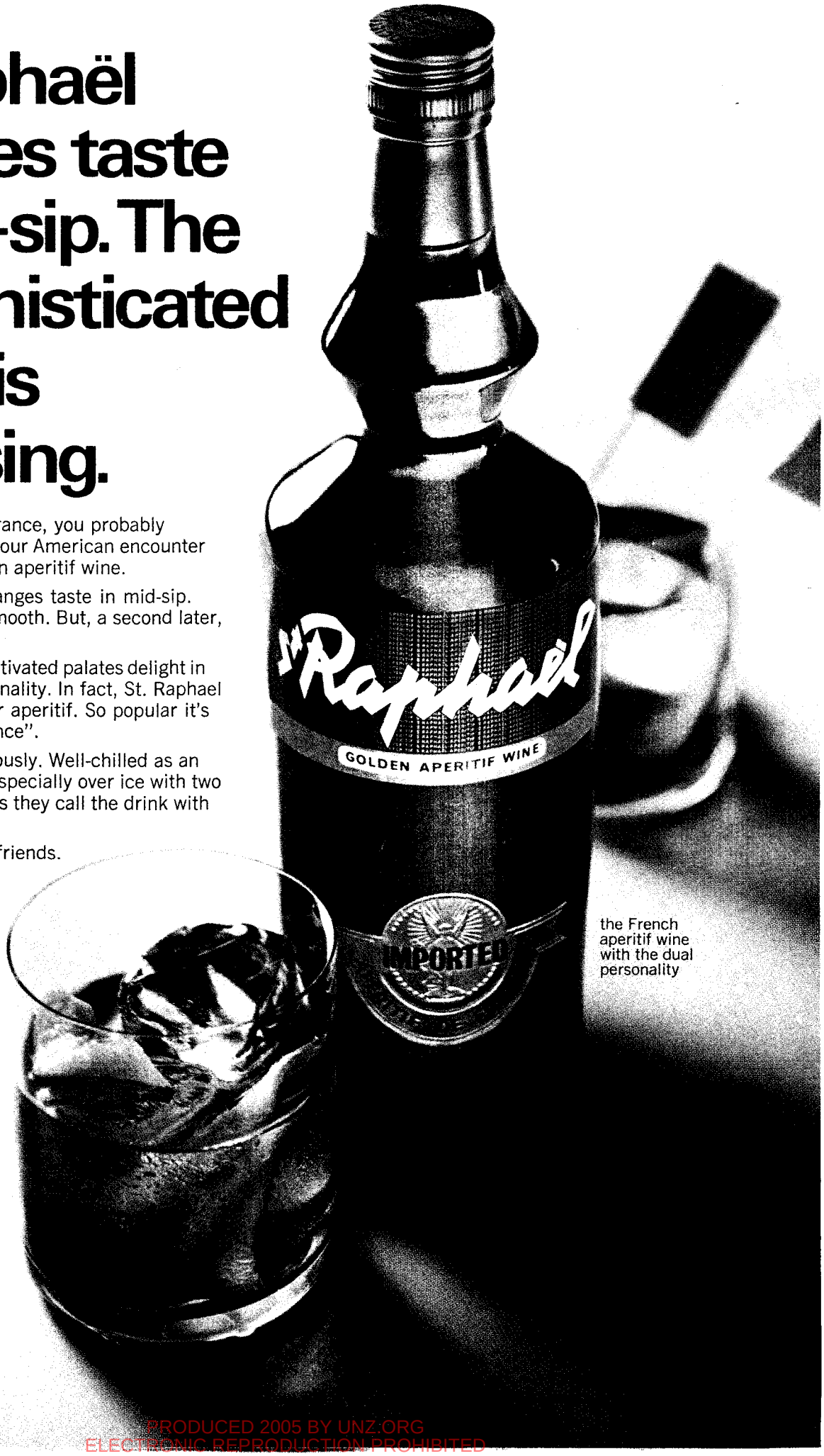

the French aperitif wine with the dual personality

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The Price of Peace Was War

Harold Nicolson: Diaries and Letters 1930-1939, *edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum. 446 pp. $7.50), recaptures the anguish of the decade of appeasement. Leon Edel, who was a foreign correspondent during those years, is a Pulitzer Prize-winning biographer and critic.*

By LEON EDEL

THE DISTINCTION of these diaries lies in their truth to feeling, to observation, to history, and in their revelation of a singularly charming and visual-minded Englishman of cosmopolitan spirit.

Sir Harold Nicolson was trained as a diplomat. He was also a scholar, a gifted biographer and historian, and for some years a vigorous and clear-sighted member of Parliament. In the sixteenth century he might have become one of Elizabeth's more remarkable courtiers; in our era of world wars he was an able foreign service officer and one of the voices of England's conscience in the midst of hysteria and disaster. In the margin of a crowded and productive life, his son tells us, he found time to type out brief daily accounts of things seen, noted, felt. He never explained to the satisfaction of his sons why he did this. It was a "mere record," something set down for memory and reference. Now, in the fullness of time, we can see that Nicolson wrote out of his profound sense of history. And since he was an accomplished professional writer, he recorded with brevity and wit, sensitivity and vividness. His diaries put us into possession, as few records of our time have done, of people and events that were a part of an entire generation's common experience. They serve as a polished lens which suddenly brings blurred—and bitter—memories into sharp focus.

Within these pages the reader will find a close and painful series of pictures of the era of Britain's appeasement-neurosis, preceded by the pathos of the Graustarkian abdication crisis. He will see Neville Chamberlain with his "spiritual trickiness," his "hardness of a self-righteous man" and "mind of a clothes brush." There is Ramsay MacDonald, a fading figure, "vain and vindictive"; and Anthony Eden, clear-minded where the issues were concerned but hesitant to give leadership when it was needed; and Winston Churchill, with all his insight and vitality still a calculating parliamentarian on the eve of what would be his and England's test of endurance. In this prelude to war Nicolson's perceptions reveal anew the all-too-painful game of chess Chamberlain played: how he tried to throw Hitler at the Russians in the hope they would fight each other instead of the West. The trouble was that Stalin threw Hitler back at Chamberlain. Munich and the Hitler-Stalin pact can be seen from our time as corollary acts in the drama of Chamberlain's reluctance to deal with the Russians.

Churchill understood this clearly when he, Nicolson, Eden, Duff Cooper, and a few other far-sighted spirits found themselves impotent in the face of Tory fears to act against the Fascists. Chamberlain's fundamental mistake, Churchill said, resided in his "refusal to take Russia into his confidence." But Nicolson also notes in his diaries that "here we are at the gravest crisis in our history, with a genius like Winston doing nothing." A year or two later Winston was doing everything.

Nicolson disliked the "Cliveden Set" and has words such as "vain" and "self-conscious" for Lady Astor. He remained seated in the House while the rest of the members cheered Chamberlain's going to Munich, and a Tory behind him hissed "Stand up, stand up, you brute." But civilized gestures and the warning voice become ineffectual when a nation is ridden by fear; and the terror of England's leaders can be read in these pages with a kind of historical heartache—a terror born in part of the knowledge that not only was England ill-prepared for war but it was throwing away the resources of accumulated wisdom, history, character. As Nicolson wryly observes, "diplomacy is based on a knowledge of foreign psychology." It was "owing to lack of that knowledge that the Government have landed us in war."

This was the drama of Nicolson's public life on the eve of war. There was also his other world, that of society and of letters; and here too his diaries are exquisitely visual. He notes Bernard Shaw's shoulders sticking out of his jacket like a schoolboy's, or describes how James Joyce moved his head "like a bird." Or he sets down this quick vignette of T. S. Eliot at lunch: "Perfect manners. He looks like a sacerdotal lawyer—dyspeptic, ascetic, eclectic. Inhibitions. Yet obviously a nice man and a great poet." We

—*From the book.*

Harold Nicolson in 1936—"exquisitely visual" observations.

glimpse Mrs. Simpson in London society before the abdication, attending embarrassing dinner-parties. And then we see the Duke and Duchess, when they are comparative newlyweds, at Somerset Maugham's Villa Mauresque on the Riviera:

> She has done her hair in a different way. It is smoothed off her brow and falls down the back of her neck in ringlets. It gives her a placid and less strained look. Her voice has also changed. It now mingles the accents of Virginia with that of a Duchess in one of Pinero's plays. He entered with his swinging naval gait, plucking at his bow-tie. He had on a *tussore* dinner-jacket. He was in very high spirits. Cocktails were brought and we stood around the fireplace. There was a pause. "I am sorry we were a little late," said the Duke, "but Her Royal Highness couldn't drag herself away." He had said it. The three words fell into the circle like three stones into a pool. Her (gasp) Royal (shudder) Highness (and not one eye dared to meet another).

It is like a Somerset Maugham story. (It will be recalled that Parliament would not extend to the Duchess of Windsor the "Royal Highness" the Duke was permitted to retain after abdication.)

Some American readers may squirm at Nicolson's sharp criticism of "the eternal superficiality of the American race," and one can only regret that he seems to have moved in showy circles here without encountering his peers in this country's intellectual life. His other judgments might give us pause: "They have no sense of the past; they have no sense of the future. They do not plant avenues for their great-grandchildren. They give them not merely an absence of past roots, but of future roots also." The diaries offer some significant glimpses of Charles Lindbergh, not only of his family tragedy but of his too-ardent espous-

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al of Nazi power—a gifted young man who knew everything about machines and had only an *ad hoc* knowledge of history.

The qualities of warmth and realism that made Nicolson an able diplomat and talented writer also made him a devoted father and husband. He had a high future in the foreign service, but quit at forty-four because his wife hated embassy parties, evening gowns, and living abroad. They purchased a ruined tower at Sissinghurst and restored it, creating those avenues of trees and gardens for their great-grandchildren which are today the admiration of all England. Here Lady Nicolson, who was Vita Sackville-West, the poet and novelist, lounged in slacks and wrote her books. Nicolson for a while seemed to flounder: he wrote a column for Beaverbrook, but hated journalism's "constant hurried triviality which is bad for the mind." Then he thought the friend of his youth, Oswald Mosley, might create a new party to save England from the faltering MacDonald and the complacent Baldwin. Mosley, however, turned to Fascism; Nicolson broke with him and was elected on the National Labour ticket to the House of Commons. In the meantime he had made a name as broadcaster and as author, with his lives of Curzon and Dwight Morrow, his great success *Some People*, and his earlier literary biographies of Byron, Tennyson, and Swinburne.

If he seemed to disperse his many talents, they found unity in his public service; and they shine anew in these diaries, which are filled out by some touching personal letters between him and his wife. Edited in exemplary fashion by his son, these pages are a brilliant record of a tragic decade. Two more volumes covering the later decades are promised. There seems little doubt that the Nicolson diaries will be judged among the most distinguished of the twentieth century.

A Person First, a Poet Second

James Russell Lowell, *by Martin Duberman (Houghton Mifflin. 516 pp. $8), based largely on unpublished sources, rehabilitates the poet as a human being while accepting his own modest verdict on his work. Poetry collections edited by Louis Untermeyer include "An Anthology of the New England Poets."*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WERE James Russell Lowell alive today he would undoubtedly be in trouble with the House Un-American Activities Committee. Besides other suspect alignments, he was a flailing opponent of his government's foreign policy, an embattled pacifist ("Ez fer war I call it murder/There you hev it plain and flat"), a radical agitator, a scathing exposer of complaisant corruption (witness "The Pious Editor's Creed"), and an angry satirist whose loud dissent could easily have been equated with disloyalty.

Martin Duberman's account of Lowell's life, unlike many biographies, is not a synthesis of previous estimates, but is based largely on unpublished sources. It is a bold and brilliant revivification. While it puts new emphasis on Lowell's compassionate fervor and his unwavering probity, there is no attempt to glorify him as a bard. Even when tempted to enlarge on Lowell's values, Duberman does not strain to exaggerate them. He rehabilitates Lowell's qualities as a human being, but he agrees with Lowell's modest and even self-derogating summary of his position as poet. After taking potshots at Bryant, Poe, and other poets in "A Fable for Critics," Lowell turned upon himself:

> There is Lowell who's striving Parnassus to climb
> With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme.
> He might get along, spite of brambles and boulders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching.

The book opens pointedly and, in its wry disposals, pungently. "Once, so we like to believe, there was a time of incorruptible simplicity. Men lived with high purpose, their lives stripped of superfluities, their affections open, their goals clear, their way serene. This vision of a golden age persists because it serves multiple needs. For the discontented it validates disgust with the present, assuring them that theirs is no personal failure; for the optimistic it serves as a promise of the good life—a vision attainable because once attained. Nowhere can this fantasy of a pristine past find richer play than when one lingers over the New England towns of the early nineteenth century. And, within that charmed circle, none is more goldenly suffused than Cambridge, Massachusetts, home of the Brahmin literati."

The scene is thus set for the Lowells and particularly for James Russell, fifth and youngest child of a socially conscious father and a whimsically moody mother. What follows is a scrupulous stocktaking. Duberman's researches reveal fresh aspects of Lowell's youth, his undistinguished debut as poet, his inglorious venture as a magazine publisher at twenty-four, his marriage at twenty-five, his early participation in reform activities and especially in the antislavery movement. Duberman is particularly sensitive to the intimate side of the Lowell story: the death of Blanche, Lowell's first child, who succumbed (it was said) to rapid teething but who probably died of excesses of mustard baths, purgatives, and leeches; the birth of a second daughter; the energy resulting in the almost simultaneous publication of four volumes; Lowell's violent antagonism to America's "manifest destiny" manifested in the shameful war against Mexico; the unhappy European trip and the death of an infant son in Rome, the enforced return to Boston and the tubercular death of his wife; the determination to begin again, his marriage to his daughter's governess, his becoming a Harvard professor and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

At forty Lowell was established but far from complacent. Without pandering to popular taste, he had made the *Atlantic* not only a cultural but also a commercial success. He had become an honored teacher, a penetrating essayist, and a productive critic whose praise was just and whose condemnation was justified. A wit, he rarely used comedy, as his compatriot Holmes did, for its own sake; the humorist was always at the service of the humanist, and satire was employed by Lowell not to kill but in an attempt to cure.

IN his late fifties Lowell was appointed American Minister to Madrid and remained abroad eight years, alternately enjoying his position and suffering from gout and his second wife's alarming fits of hysteria. In his sixties he was the United States Minister to England, where he became involved in awkward political controversies and where Frances Lowell's seizures grew worse. After a final attack of insanity she died and, in the depth of his depression, Lowell received a curt note from Washington telling him he was recalled. Alone and footloose, he returned to America, then went back to England for occasional visits until, succumbing to cancer at eighty-two, he died in the house in which he had been born.

Duberman glosses over nothing; he

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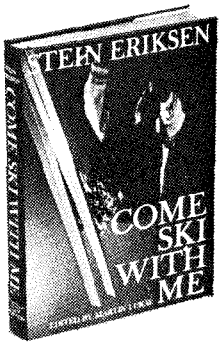

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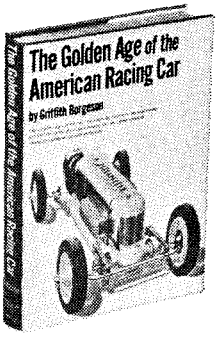

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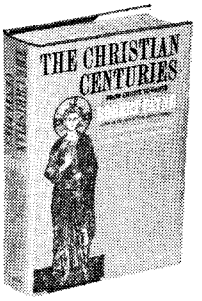

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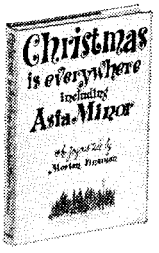

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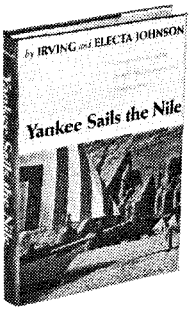

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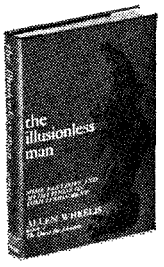

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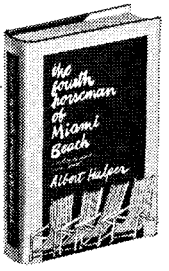

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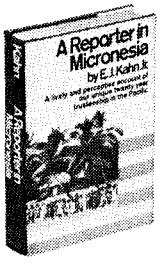

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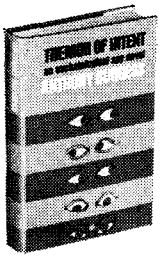

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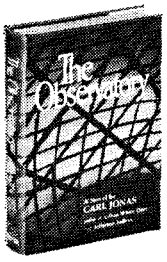

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is particularly trenchant about Lowell's failings. As a person Lowell too often withheld whole-hearted commendation and yielded only to what he himself characterized as a "close-fisted generosity." As editor he failed to recognize the three outstanding pioneers of his day: Melville, Thoreau, and Whitman. He found Melville tiresome, Thoreau insufferably egotistic, and Whitman a humbug. As a poet he was at his best when he was least conscious of his role as ennobler. In his sentimental-serious verse he tried to effect a fusion of the didactic and the poetic, but the result (as he ruefully realized) was neither good preaching nor good prosody; the exhortations were right-minded but rhetorical, the style was cliché-crammed, the images banal. There still persist one or two popular pieces like "The Courtin'" and "The First Snowfall," while "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is enshrined in countless schoolrooms and its Prelude, with the "What-is-so-rare-as-a-day-in-June" passage, is committed to memory and pedantic moralizing by millions.

There remains the impress of character rather than characteristic attitudes. Duberman rightly points out that Lowell found his own signature when he wrote in regional dialect. "The Biglow Papers" is unquestionably Lowell's single and singular masterpiece. It is loose, lopsided, but wonderfully viable. Like nothing else produced in his time, it is witty, passionate, and provocative, and, says Duberman, "since any provincialism, when honestly wrought, transcends itself, 'The Biglow Papers' still manages to read like contemporary comment."

This biography accomplishes its aim not only of restoring a neglected figure to his proper place but of rewriting another chapter in the history of American literature. With the exception of Justin Kaplan's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* there has not been in years so rich and rewarding a reappraisal. It makes us look with new awareness on the liberty-lover who declared, "It is honor, justice, culture that make liberty invaluable, but worse than worthless if it mean only freedom to be base and brutal."

The Mystic Maid of Orleans

Joan of Arc: By Herself and Her Witnesses, *by Régine Pernoud, translated from the French by Edward Hyams (Stein & Day. 287 pp. $6.95), uses excerpts from contemporary documents to relate the amazing story of France's beloved heroine. Orville Prescott was for many years book critic for the daily New York Times.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

ALTHOUGH the Middle Ages were full of heroes, saints, and colorful characters, the young peasant girl from the Marches of Lorraine known in her time as Joan the Maid and in ours as Joan of Arc is certainly the best known and the most loved. There is no resisting the appeal of her amazing story, which has been told in hundreds of books from dozens of points of view. The importance of this new volume is that Régine Pernoud, a learned French historian, has found a new way of telling Joan's story and has successfully concealed any personal opinion she may have. The result is an original and scholarly work that should fascinate all those with a well-developed taste for history.

Joan of Arc consists of a narrative told for the most part in selections from contemporary sources, with only such explanation and commentary as Mlle. Pernoud thought essential. The selections are taken from the records of the "Trial of Condemnation" at Rouen, which condemned Joan to death as a relapsed heretic; from the "Trial of Rehabilitation," which twenty-five years later restored her good name as a virtuous and devout Christian, and from dozens of contemporary clerks, chroniclers, and diarists. All these excerpts are arranged according to the chronology of Joan's life, rather than by the dates of their composition.

So here is the historical Joan as the documents portray her. This is what her friends, enemies, and acquaintances said of her. And this is what she said herself during the prolonged ordeal of her cruelly rigged trial, and what others remembered her to have said on numerous occasions. That this simple and almost austere narrative method is as interesting and even moving as it is should not be surprising. One feels closer to Joan in these pages than in any of the modern biographies where the author's mannerisms and prejudices often obscure her behind a mist of emotion and controversy.

Not that Mlle. Pernoud scorns controversy. She has delighted to demolish several legends, such as that Joan was the bastard daughter of the wicked Queen Isabeau and her brother-in-law, Louis, Duke of Orleans, or that she was not burned at the stake, another woman having been substituted for her.

Joan was an illiterate peasant girl who, like most of her contemporaries, did not know her own age. She thought she was "nineteen or thereabouts" just before her death. So she was probably seventeen when she journeyed to Chinon to tell Charles VII that she had been sent by God to conquer his enemies and to make possible his coronation at Reims. Joan's belief in her divine mission was absolute: "For indeed there is nobody in all the world, neither king nor duke, nor daughter of the King of Scotland, nor any other who can recover the kingdom for France. And there will be no help if not from me. Although I would rather have remained spinning at my mother's side, for it is not my condition, yet must I go and must I do this thing, for my Lord wills that I do so."

Here we have the passion of the true mystic, sure of her direct communion with divinity. Joan claimed to hear the voices of St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, and she persuaded many others that she did indeed hear them. In the fourteenth century nobody doubted the possibility of miracles. The only question was, were Joan's voices sent by God or by the devil? Today opinions vary according to religious conviction or the lack of it.

But all can agree on Joan's character, her courage, her innocence, her pure faith, and her personal magnetism. A woman in whose house Joan stayed said of her that she was "very simple and ignorant and knew absolutely nothing, excepting in the matter of war." Joan herself said, "Me, I know neither A nor B." Yet somehow this amazing girl made armies believe in her, and led them to victories.

After her successful relief of Orleans, besieged by the English, one contemporary exclaimed: "Here is she who seems not to issue from any place on earth, but rather sent by Heaven to sustain with head and shoulders a France fallen to the ground. O astonishing virgin! worthy of all fame, of all praise, worthy of all the divine honors! Thou art the honor of the reign, thou art the light of the lily, thou art the splendor, the glory, not only of Gaul but of all Christians."

Or, as Régine Pernoud puts it, "She restored the soul to a disunited and discouraged people who had lost all heart."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7, 9, 14, 15, 10, 12, 1, 13, 6, 2, 4, 8, 5, 3, 11. Sinclair Lewis wrote 1, 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 14. Upton Sinclair wrote 2, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 15.

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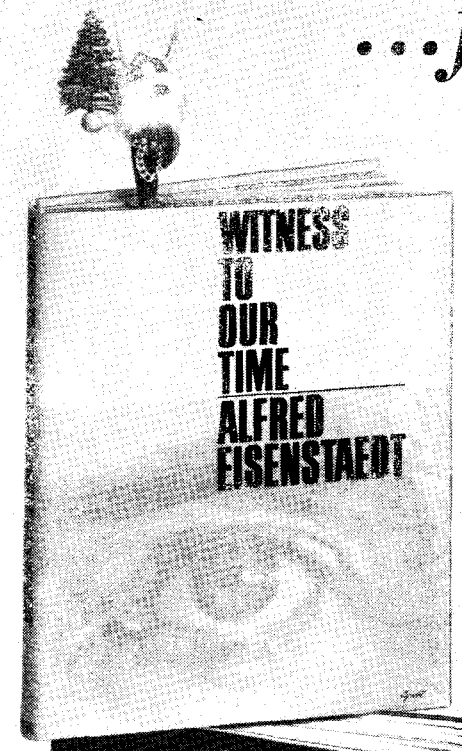

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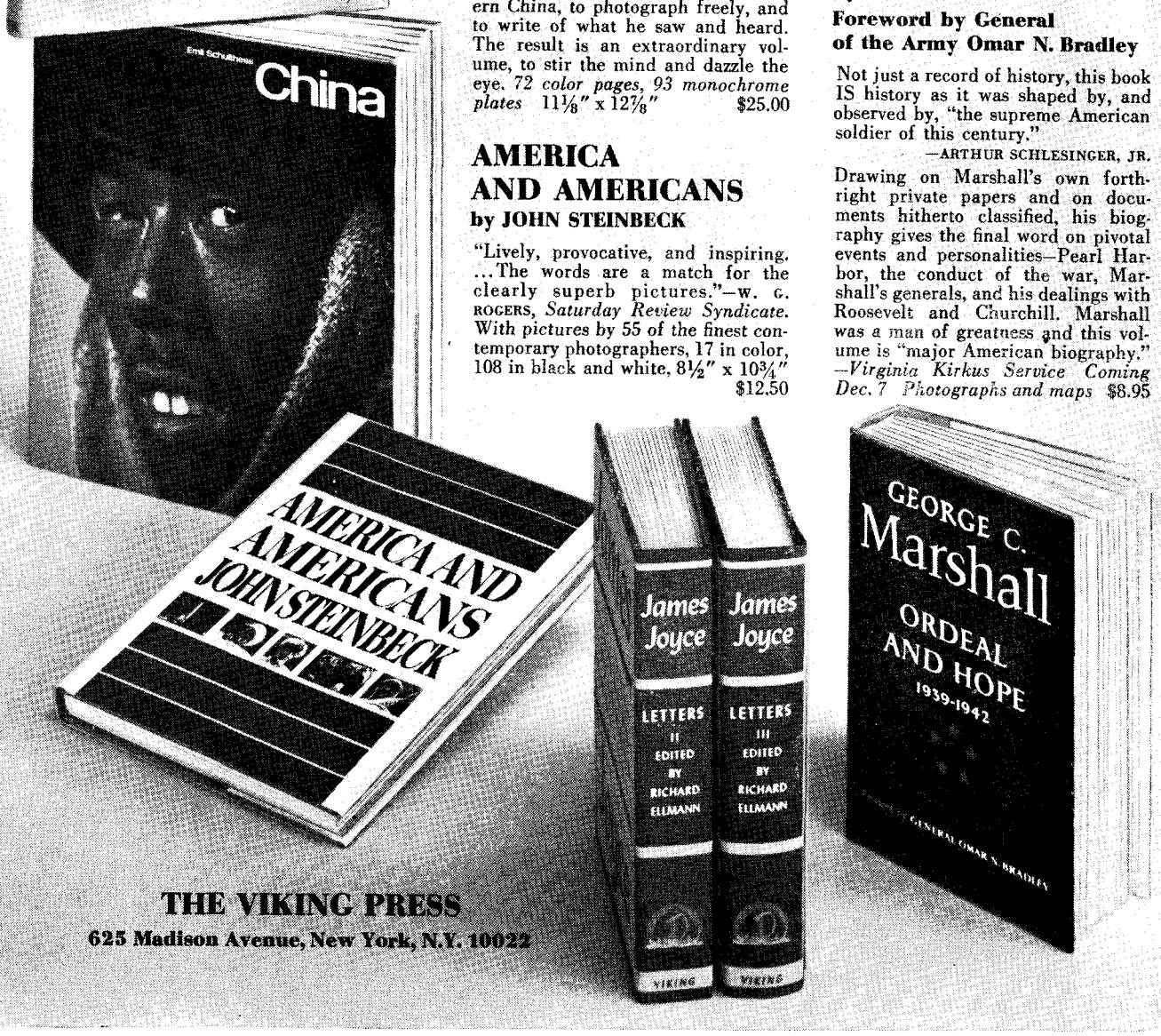

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A Woman of Mixed Emotions

The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Volume II: 1721-1751, *edited by Robert Halsband (Oxford University Press. 530 pp. $13.45), continues the witty correspondence of an extraordinary eighteenth-century woman. Benjamin Boyce is the author of a forthcoming biography of Lady Mary's contemporary, Ralph Allen of Bath.*

By BENJAMIN BOYCE

"YOUR Ladyship is the only true Friend I ever had in my Life," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at the age of sixty to the Countess of Oxford. This, from one of the most remarkable of eighteenth-century letter-writers, suggests a key to her character and also to the unequal but often striking quality of her letters. Intellectual, aggressive, capable in practical affairs, strongly responsive to a sequence of male acquaintances (and shunning, despising, her wastrel son), Lady Mary was a solitary by nature who liked to observe the fashionable world without being involved in it. Her courage, whether in defying the conventions of polite society or in hazarding her life on mountain roads and her health and welfare alone in foreign countries, set her apart from most women. Self-educated in the classics and early acquainted with both fashionable and literary society, she had a hankering for eminence as a writer. Frustrated in various ways, she could live best with people at a distance.

Her relationship with Wortley Montagu could be called one of her unsuccessful friendships. Their love affair, before they eloped in defiance of her father and at the cost of her dowry, was ominously quarrelsome. Fairly soon her husband grew weary of her company. After their two-year stay in Turkey, where Montagu served as Ambassador Extraordinary, Lady Mary's reputation grew, partly because of her fascinating reports to friends on her explorations of Turkish court life and her championing of inoculation against smallpox.

Notoriety came when her friendship with the great Mr. Pope ended in a series of scarcely veiled insults in his poems and some harsh rejoinders from her. With the gifted but unsavory courtier Lord Hervey she kept up a sort of friendship, which was not destroyed by the odd circumstance of their both falling in love with Count Francesco Algarotti, a charming, intellectual Italian who visited England in 1736. Algarotti was twenty-four and Lady Mary forty-seven. But in spite of her disillusion and cynicism, her husband and two children, and her witty jeering at the shameless sexual adventures of aristocratic London, she addressed herself frankly to the young man in passionate letters and proposed that they retire to the Continent to live together. Algarotti kept his aging adorer in a state of hope while he went abroad seeking a career. It was with the dream of living with this clever, ambitious gentleman that Lady Mary set out at the age of fifty to find, as she explained to husband and friends, better health in the climate of southern Italy or France. Not for eighteen months did Algarotti come near her, and then in Turin the long-anticipated rendezvous, of whatever sort, occurred. It terminated within a month, and Algarotti departed for Germany. They neither met nor corresponded again for fifteen years.

Several other of Lady Mary's friendships during the span from 1721 to 1751 are revealed or suggested in the present volume: with her sister, Lady Mar; with her distant cousin, young Henry Fielding; with Lady Pomfret; with a "beautiful," "very dear," and "lovable" Venetian lady, Chiara Michiel; with Lord Bute's attractive young brother, James Stuart Mackenzie; with Count Palazzi, half her age, who in 1746 helped her escape from Avignon in a hair-raising flight past the Spanish armies and who seems later to have extorted a great deal of money from her; and, following a prolonged lapse due to hostility or indifference, with her daughter, Lady Bute. Living in Venice or Avignon, Gottolengo, or Lovere, she appears always to have gained the attention, even the solemn respect, of local people of importance.

The letters in this volume contain, among the inevitable longueurs, many thoroughly delightful passages—descriptions of scenes and customs (Canaletto, said Hervey, never drew any views of Venice "half so amusing"), pictures of her idyllic gardening in a village near Brescia, brittle jokes about the "Folly of Mankind," very "modern" observations to her daughter on the usual wrong attitude of mothers to their children, comment on the behavior of English boys who come to Venice for a holiday but flock to her apartment to talk English to each other because they can speak nothing else. In 1725 she observed that adultery grew more fashionable every day: "The best Expedient for the public and to prevent the Expense of private familys would be a genneral Act of Divorceing all the people of England . . . those that pleas'd might marry over again, and it would save the Reputations of several Ladys that are now in peril."

In the earlier of these letters Lady Mary reveals herself to be a mistress of withering periphrasis. Acid she uses better than milk or honey (except when writing to Algarotti). The letters can also be surprisingly inane, as in the newly discovered correspondence with Mme. Michiel. But elsewhere her sharp sketches, her vivacious gossip, her boldness of thought and directness of revelation, her interesting experiments in unconventional and self-sufficient living—all these bring plentiful reward to the reader.

The editor, whose definitive biography of Lady Mary appeared ten years ago, issued the first volume of the *Complete Letters* in 1965. The third and final one will no doubt supply the necessary index. Professor Robert Halsband's handling of the editorial problems is expert in the best manner of modern scholarship, and his footnotes are discreet and valuable.

—*From the book.*

Lady Mary, from a miniature by C. F. Zinke, 1738—"withering periphrasis."

Speak Up

THE NEW BOOK OF UNUSUAL QUOTATIONS. Selected and edited by Rudolf Flesch. Harper & Row. 448 pp. $7.50.

IRREPRESSIBLE CHURCHILL: A Treasury of Winston Churchill's Wit. Selected and compiled with historical commentary by Kay Halle. World. 372 pp. $10.

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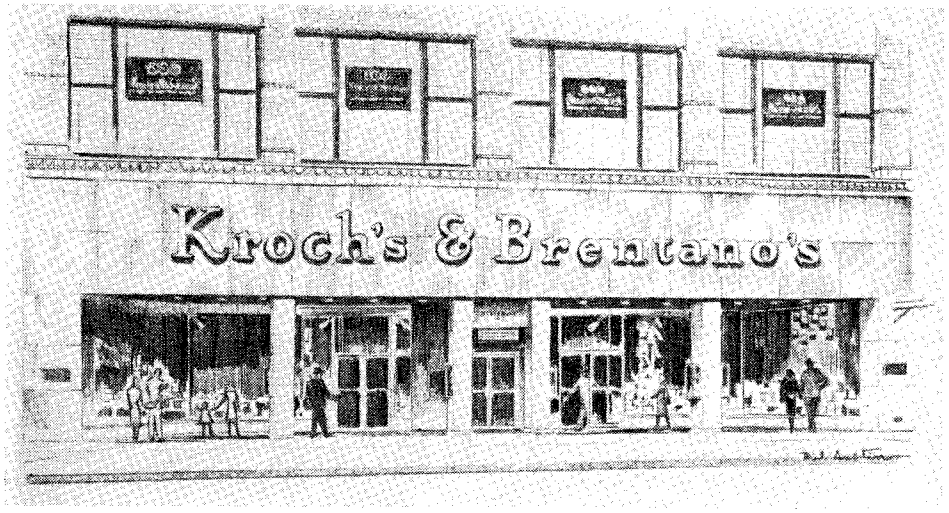

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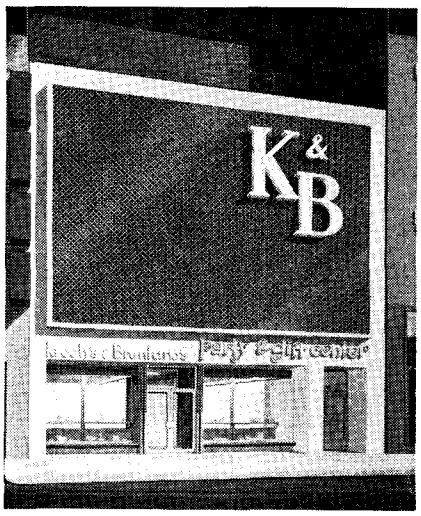

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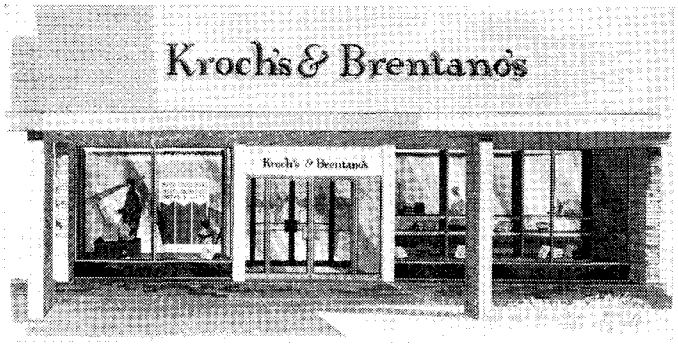

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Probing with a Lyre

Death of the Hind Legs and Other Stories, *by John Wain (Viking. 186 pp. $4.50), ranges in motif from a gentle giant forced into professional wrestling to an aging thespian reduced to portraying the posterior of a horse. Patricia MacManus is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By PATRICIA MacMANUS

FIRST, a modest proposal brought once more to mind by the jacket copy announcing the "unifying theme" of John Wain's new collection of stories as "alienation and the struggle to overcome it": that "alienation" as a descriptive literary term be exorcised by bell, book, and blue pencil from all publishing premises. After all, as a theme it's been very much around in song and story ever since " 'Omer struck 'is bloomin' lyre," for the simple reason that it's so very much a part of the bloomin' human condition. But we today are dazzled by having found a word for it, though I doubt the quizzical Mr. Wain is; it doesn't appear once in *Death of the Hind Legs.*

While he is no Homer—and who is?—John Wain smites his lyre with accomplished versatility as an astute, lively critic, a fine poet (too little known over here), and a fiction writer whose highly lauded first novel, the picaresque *Hurry On Down,* is still a re-readable delight.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

Alain Robbe-Grillet—"labyrinthine."

Following that notable debut, however, his indubitable gifts have been applied to curiously uneven material so that his irony and pointed social comedy are diminished, in some of his work, by his subject-matter, instead of the subject-matter remaining under the control of his dispassionate viewpoint.

This fluctuation is more evident in his short stories, it seems to me, because the form literally cramps his reach. However, as always, in the present collection he moves easily in diverse social directions, probing human pretensions and self-deceptions, though with less of the devastating comic put-down that so enlivens his novels. The situations, too, have the variousness characteristic of Wain.

In "King Caliban" a gentle hulk of a man is forced into professional wrestling against his will, with brutalizing consequences; while in "Further Education" a cynically urbane tycoon renews acquaintance with a couple he knew during his Oxford undergraduate years, only to cuckold the idealistic husband, as he had done twenty years before. "Down Our Way" exposes another kind of ruthlessness, that propelled by the shibboleths of self-righteous "respectability." Most movingly, in "A Visit at Teatime," the reality of a child's imagination vanquishes the unreality of nostalgia in a man revisiting his boyhood home. But in the title story nostalgia drenches the scene: a tacky pantomime troupe, playing a last round in a condemned theater, includes a valiant old pro who, fallen on dark days, is now the hindquarters of a make-believe-horse routine, and it is while he is in this guise that death overtakes him. Even John Wain's skilled manner barely saves the matter of the tale from the abyss of bathos.

It's bemusing, the fuzzing-off that Wain is prone to from time to time, bemusing because, at its best, his talent for limning the more sardonic foibles of the human caper just doesn't fit with the disparities you'd accept in a lesser writer.

Dragon Lady's Palace of Pleasure

La Maison de Rendez-vous, *by Alain Robbe-Grillet, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Grove. 154 pp. $4.50), presents a bizarre kaleidoscope of episodes repeated with variations and set in a Hong Kong bordello. Thomas Bishop is chairman of the French Department at New York University.*

By THOMAS BISHOP

IT WAS bound to happen sooner or later: pop art has invaded the novel. Fortunately for all of us, this new development has occurred in a challenging and sophisticated work by Alain Robbe-Grillet, a superb technician and theoretician of the novel who cannot be accused of facility nor of merely indulging in a popular trend. While *La Maison de Rendez-vous* contains definite "pop" elements, there is also solid substance in this brilliant new book by the author of *The Voyeur* and *Jealousy.*

With the focus strictly on the surface, the technique is flat, two-dimensional, highly stylized; this is where the "pop" element comes in. The narrative is related throughout in the present indicative, which moves rapidly and jaggedly from one scene to the next, creating an effect curiously resembling a comic strip with its sequence of panels and its conventionalized dialogue rising in balloons out of stock characters. In fact, there is a "Terry and the Pirates" flavor in *La Maison de Rendez-vous*: the exotic Far East, replete with murder and intrigue; an aging Dragon Lady type, and beautiful girls in suggestively slit skirts.

It is a difficult and in many ways a disconcerting novel; as a result, it may irritate those who are unwilling to follow Robbe-Grillet in his sometimes labyrinthine but richly rewarding journey and who thereby fail to become immersed in its appealingly bizarre mood. It is impossible to speak of plot, for there is no plot in any conventional sense of the word. There are settings, attitudes, and various incidents which are described many times and yet never repeated, for each retelling blends into all the others but incorporates significant modifications.

The scene is Hong Kong, magnificently evoked, although always at the level of guidebook clichés—the sort of Hong Kong that the tourist would expect to find. The central locale is the Blue Villa (the *maison* of the title) where Lady Ava offers her wealthy clients dancing and wine as well as rather esoteric the-

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atrical performances for special tastes, and the more usual amenities of a house of pleasure. Leading the cast of characters is Ralph Johnson, who may or may not be American or English, who may or may not be a Communist spy, a drug trafficker, or a simple businessman. It is quite possible that he has murdered Edouard Manneret, but we cannot be sure, for Manneret's death is depicted several times, each with a different killer striking in a different manner. We do know, however, that Johnson is being pursued by the police and that he has become too deeply involved with one of Lady Ava's "girls," Lauren, who readily performs her professional functions but refuses to become his mistress unless he pays her an enormous sum of money.

And yet, how certain can we be of any fact when we realize that Johnson is both the narrator of much of the novel and a character in his own narration, referred to in the third person? The structure is even more complex than Robbe-Grillet's earlier novels and his scenario for *Last Year in Marienbad*. A photograph in a Chinese magazine, depicting an elegant social gathering, blends with and *becomes* that gathering in the Blue Villa; an action taking place in an apartment fuses with the performance in the *maison's* special theater and *becomes* a scene in a play. The change of identity of the narrator in the very middle of a sentence is indicated by a barely noticeable shift in style.

Like a vastly intricate detective story full of red herrings and snares for the reader, this kaleidoscope of ever-fluctuating reality is highly diverting fantasy. But over it all soars Robbe-Grillet's marvelously wry, tongue-in-cheek humor, which cuts all the extravagances down to size and places things in their proper perspective as parody of many of our modern stereotypes. The parody extends even to Robbe-Grillet himself. The eroticism of obsessive themes and images which marked his previous works bursts forth with great exuberance and sensuality as the author pokes fun both at his personal mythology and at the erotic content of much current fiction.

One should read this book a first time quickly and without attempting to understand all its complications. Its humor and odd charm will be felt at once, spontaneously, not despite but because of its quicksand characteristics which keep the reader from gaining proper foothold. A second reading will reveal a much greater wealth and seriousness of purpose. At another level, *La Maison de Rendez-vous* is a portrayal of the creative imagination in the act of imagining, in a realm, beyond logic, where the real and the illusory overlap, beyond plot and beyond psychology. What stands out then is not what is told but the telling itself caught in a game of mirrors. Robbe-Grillet's novel is scintillating and entertaining; but let the reader not be misled by the fact that the author is having fun and seems to be taking nothing seriously.

Like so many truly modern novels, this one demands a great deal of the reader; he must work actively to reconstruct, to reinterpret the multiple levels of reality and the ambiguous persons that are presented to him without the benefit of a privileged, prevailing point of view. But it is well worth the effort, for *La Maison de Rendez-vous* is a treat for the mind.

Whirling Derv: Gertrude Friedberg, the author of stories published in *Atlantic Monthly, Harper's*, and elsewhere, has never written a novel before, let alone a science fiction novel; but *The Revolving Boy* (Doubleday, $3.95) is real SF and a gentle, charming, and funny book. The curious title refers to a boy named Derv Nagy, born with a unique directional sense, so strong that in order to be comfortable he has to reverse every turn he makes, or save them up till night and unwind them all at once.

How Derv grows up, loses his direction, finds it again, and solves the mystery behind it is Mrs. Friedberg's story, and she tells it with warmth and wit. The futuristic background, unlike so many, is not a blank or a rubber stamp but is solidly and persuasively filled in. I especially like the décor of the houses ordinary people live in—pull-down walls, pushbutton colors, and the small boy's room which, "instead of being enclosed by four walls, was an architectural prefabrication of climbing and crawling places and comfortable nooks in which to hide."

The viewpoint of many science fiction writers is so elevated that they look over their characters' heads and miss a great deal that Mrs. Friedberg, being closer to the ground, sees very well.

—Damon Knight.

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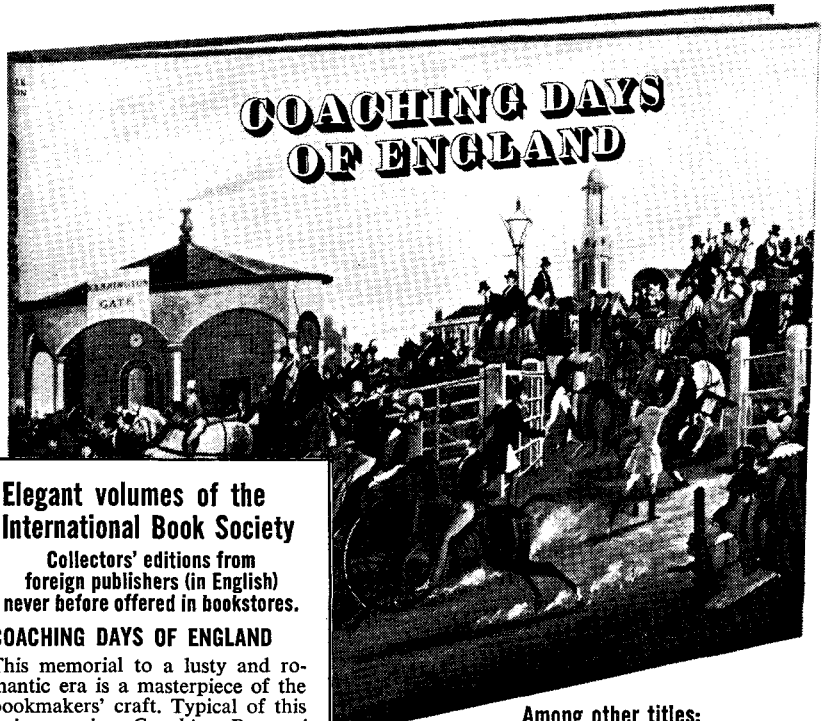

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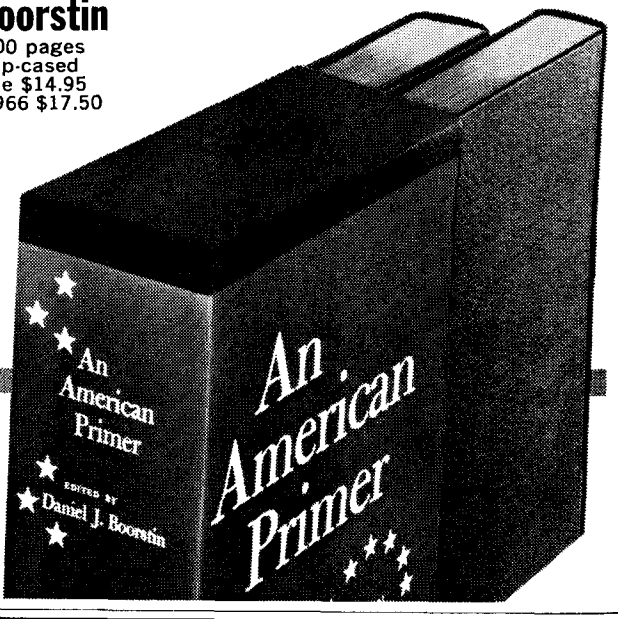
—RAY ALLEN BILLINGTON, front page review, *Chicago Tribune* Books Today



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Christmas Books

Continued from page 32

atop each of fifty towers four gigantic stone replicas of his face, smiling enigmatically.

Ancient Hindu legends, romances, and customs live on in India's folk theater. Presented al fresco in 700,000 villages are traditional dance dramas, pageants, and operatic ballads, as well as folk plays so bawdy that it is improper for ladies to attend. *Folk Theatre of India*, by Indian playwright and critic Balwant Gargi (University of Washington Press. 217 pp. $8.95), includes the famous *Ramlila* cycle of plays based on the *Ramayana*, and *Raslila*, an operatic play about the god Krishna, who is at once warrior, statesman, yogi, lover, and puck. The book's drawings are by Shiavax Chavda, its black-and-white photographs for the most part by the author.

Shrewdness is glorified in the principles of worldly wisdom that a Brahman pundit tries to teach three dim-witted, unlettered princes in *The Panchatantra* (Barnes. 151 pp. $5), the Hindu work most influential on world literature. The five books or stories comprising it, which may date back to 100 B.C., were first translated from the Sanskrit into Pahlavi, a middle Iranian language, in 600 A.D. Since then it has appeared in translation from Java to Iceland. This first American edition for the lay reader has been Englished by Franklin Edgerton.

Wim Swaan did the photographs and Wilfrid Blunt the text for *Isfahan: Pearl of Persia* (Stein & Day. 208 pp. 115 illustrations in color and monochrome. $12.50 to Dec. 31. $15 thereafter). The sixteenth-century shah, Abbas the Great, constructed all that is wonderful in the Iranian city—the Maidan, a square seven times the size of Venice's Piazza di San Marco, the palaces, the graceful, multi-

—From "An Illustrated History of Germany."
Caricature of Windthorst, Bismarck's great opponent.

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—*From "Ancient Peruvian Ceramics."*

Mochica ceramic portrait-head vessels.

arched bridges, the minarets, the blue-domed, faïence- and tile-decorated mosques.

A paunchy, painted limestone Akhenaten hand in hand with a pudgy Nefertiti is but one of the treasures in *Treasures of the Louvre,* selected and described by the editors of *Réalités* (Putnam. Vol. I: "From the Fourth Millennium B.C. to the Dawn of the Renaissance." 351 pp. Vol. II: "From the Renaissance to Impressionism." 351 pp. $42.50 the set until Jan. 1. $50 thereafter).

The relatively affluent Cro-Magnon society, speculates Bradley Smith, may have provided its artists subsidies to create the polychrome cave paintings with which his *Spain: A History in Art* opens (Simon & Schuster. 296 pp. 245 color plates. $24.95 until Christmas. $30 thereafter). The book, which complements the chronicle with illustrative pictures by such masters as El Greco, Velázquez, Zurbarán, Goya, and Picasso, is a panorama of "some of the major events in Spanish history"—ending with the abdication of Alfonso XIII in 1931.

From the contemporary cave dwellings in the mountain peaks of Andalucia to the skyscraper Dominican monastery in Alcobendas on the outskirts of Madrid, the pulse of the present-day Spanish may be taken in *Spain: The North —The South* (Hill & Wang. 2 vols. 104 plates each. $15 boxed). The text is by Anton Dieterich, the photographs mainly by Hanns Reich.

For a long time Spain shared a monarch with Germany, with whose primitive tribes—the red-haired, gray-eyed Ingevones, Herminones, and Istaevones —octogenarian André Maurois in his turn starts *An Illustrated History of Germany* (Viking. 198 pp. $22.50). Maurois, however, brings the record up to 1963, and concludes on a semi-optimistic note: "The danger of a new National Socialism seems remote. . . . But a Bismarckian nationalism always will remain a possibility if the European structure is not completed quickly. . . ." Like *An Illustrated History of France* and *An Illustrated History of England* by Maurois, the latest volume has an abundance of pictures—forty full-page color plates and countless black-and-white photos.

Ghana was a powerful state in the Early Iron Age, and in the fourteenth century the mightiest emperor of Mali, passing through Cairo on pilgrimage to Mecca, depressed the price of the Egyptian dinar by his presents and payments of unminted gold to courtiers and merchants. New nations and old cultures are linked in Basil Davidson's *Africa: History of a Continent* (Macmillan. 320 pp. $19.95 until Dec. 31. $25 thereafter). The book is illustrated with maps, historical and documentary pictures, black-and-white and full-color photographs, the last predominantly by Werner Forman.

China has the world's highest peaks, the biggest ice block, the deepest ocean beds, the densest population and, thanks to typhoons, floods, droughts, earthquakes, and active volcanoes, the greatest natural disasters. In *China* (Viking. 166 illustrations in color and black-and-white. $25) German photographer Emil Schultess captures the energy of the Peoples' Republic and the arresting beauty of their ancient land.

Painting was but "ink play" to Ni Tsan, "Child of Clouds and Forests," who was contemptuous of those who judged a picture by its "likeness." "It is not given to everyone," asserted Tsan, one of the four great masters of the Yüan Dynasty, "to achieve the absence of likeness." Typical of the literati school, in which he was pre-eminent, Ni Tsan welded his art to poetry, which appears in calligraphy on his works. Both paintings and ceramics are brilliantly pictured in *Art Treasures of the Peking Museum,* for which François Fourcade has written the text (Abrams. 177 pp. 87 tipped-in plates. $25).

Shrugged off by the Japanese as just advertisements, book illustrations, posters, mementos, or household decoration, *ukiyo-e* woodblock prints might have ended up wrapping fish had the West not discovered them about a century ago. Captivating examples of these "floating world" impressions of, by, and for commoners appear in *The Fifty-three Stages of the Tokaido,* by Utagawa Hiroshige, and *The Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji,* by Katsushika Hokusai (East-West Center. 55 and 46 color prints respectively. $11 each until Christmas. $12.50 thereafter. 2 vols. boxed: $22.50 until Christmas. $24.50 thereafter). Both are bilingual editions

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with comment in Japanese by the late art critic Ichitaro Kondo, translated into English by American art historian Charles S. Terry.

From the sexual practices of the primitive Qara to those of the date palm, the female of which must be artificially pollinated (half a dozen good stud palms will service 300), *Unknown Oman*, by explorer-archeologist Wendell Phillips (McKay. 319 pp. $6.95), is crammed with exotic disclosures about an undiscovered land of medieval cities and ancient historic sites.

According to Israelite legend, the passengers on the Ark complained to Noah that the rats were eating up all the food, whereupon Noah passed his hand down the back of the lion, the king of beasts sneezed, and a cat leapt out. And that is how the cat left the Ark without having entered it. Frederick Cameron Sillar and Ruth Mary Meyler retell the story in *Cats Ancient and Modern* (Viking. 208 pp. $12.50), a panorama of stories, fables, proverbs, and poems that draw upon such unfamiliar sources as Chinese manuscripts and medieval natural histories. Among the illustrations in color and black-and-white, from Leonardo and Goya to Kuniyoshi, are examples of the cat motif in church carvings and stained glass.

Flying phalangers that resemble fur kites, and their cousins the bulbous-nosed, sleepy-eyed cuscuses, which might be plump, apathetic monkeys; sea pups and koalas are among the fauna pictured in *Australia and the Pacific Islands. A Natural History: From New Zealand and Tahiti to Hawaii*, by Allan Keast (Random House. 298 pp. 249 illustrations, 106 in color. $16.95 until Jan. 1. $20 thereafter).

During his 45,000-mile wildlife research trip through Australia, New Zealand, and Malaya, described in *Two in the Bush* (Viking. 255 pp. $4.95), the Isle of Jersey zookeeper Gerald Durrell tracked down a sport in the reptile family, the flying lizard *(Draco volin)*, and heard the siamang gibbons singing a cappella in the branches.

The Miwok Indian women remained on the hill, "tearing their hair and making dreadful howlings" while their men and the officers of Francis Drake's flagship exchanged presents twenty-five miles north of San Francisco in 1579. Supposing them engaged in pagan sacrifice, the admiral of the *Golden Hind* ordered divine service, which the Miwoks, on their part, attended astonished. Thus begins the first adult history of one of the world's most colorful cities, *San Francisco: Mission to Metropolis*, by Oscar Lewis (Howell-North, Berkeley, Calif. 274 pp. $6.95).

With the coalescence of the thirteen colonies, American cabinetmaking underwent radical changes. Charles F. Montgomery is, however, reluctant to credit the Hepplewhites or Thomas Sheraton with the furniture styles associated with their names. "I strongly suspect both men were primarily reporters"—tipsters who kept other cabinetmakers informed on what was fashionable in London, writes the senior research fellow of the Winterthur Museum in his lavishly illustrated, encyclopedic *American Furniture: The Federal Period, 1788-1825* (Viking. 297 pp. $25).

But recently ridiculed as tasteless, Victoriana is being removed from the attic, and embroidered tabby cats are, at the least, camp. In *Collecting American Victorian Antiques* (Scribners. 288 pp. $8.95) Katherine Morrison McClinton describes, and her more than 200 pictures illustrate, household fittings from rococo rosewood suites to crazy quilts.

"Victorian furniture displayed no

—*From "Collecting American Victorian Antiques."*

A Victorian chef's masterpiece for serving pheasant. (*The Epicurean*, by Charles Ranhofer.)

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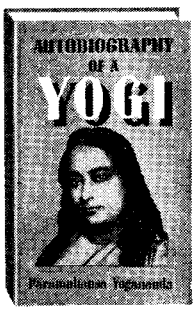

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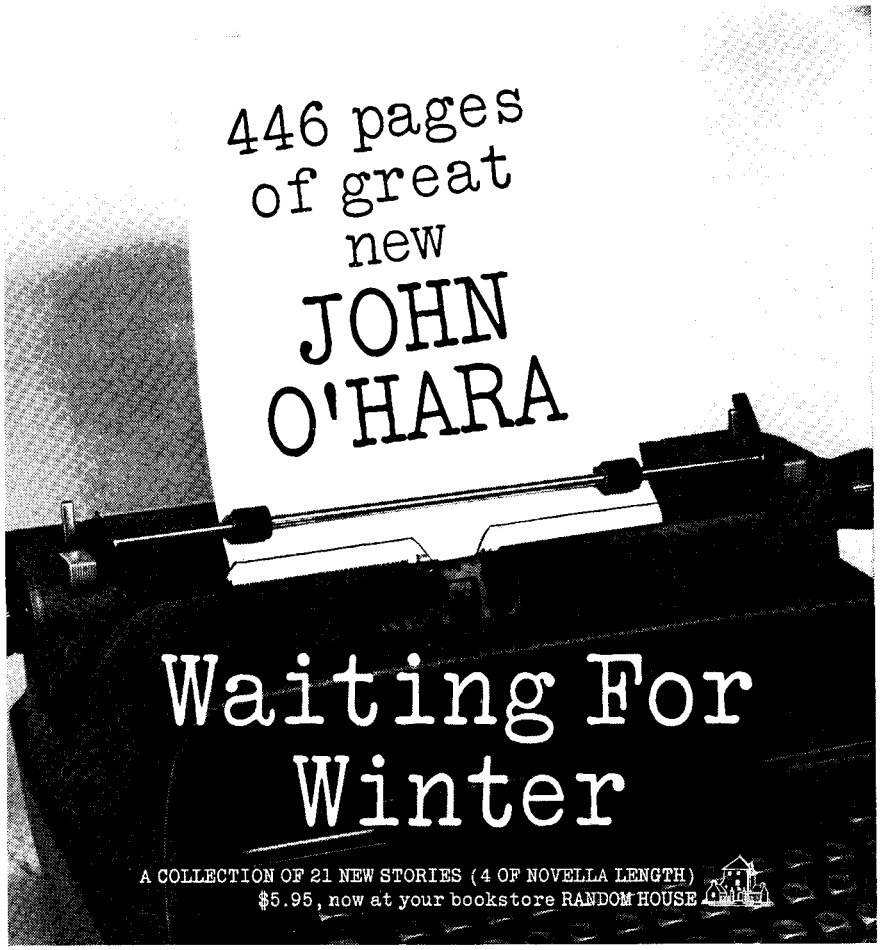
fresh source of inspiration, no unified style, but only a pattern of imitation drawn exclusively from the cult of past traditional styles," comments Louise Ade Boger in *Furniture Past & Present* (Doubleday. 520 pp. $12.95), which, piece by piece, analyzes and identifies styles back to the throne chair of Egypt's Tutankhamen.

In 1894 *The Epicurean*, by Charles Ranhofer of Delmonico's, explained how to create representational as well as edible centerpieces that could be topped with a stearine figure of Bacchus or Diana. It may not have been child's play, but Michel Oliver claims that making French pastry and desserts is. Translated and adapted by Charlotte Turgeon, *La Patisserie est un jeu d'enfants* (Random House. 51 pp. $6.95) is a 10″ x 12½″ novelty guide in basic English and French. Most of the forty-three recipes call for *beaucoup de beurre*.

"To master stir-frying is to master Chinese cooking," but once the heat's on there's no time for nodding, warns Gloria Bley Miller in her comprehensive and sumptuous *Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook* (Atheneum. 926 pp. $20). Attractively illustrated by Earl Thollander, the book explains the differences in the regional cuisines—Cantonese, Peking-Shantung, Szechwan, Honan, Fukien, all represented in the recipes —; provides a glossary of Chinese ingredients (most dishes don't need them, but mail-order sources are given); concludes with enough Chinese terminology to interpret a menu—not that it's *de rigueur* to know that *bêche-de-mer* is *Hoy Sum*.

Known in the Far East in remote antiquity, the yo-yo is an example of the many toys that have been common to numerous cultures that could not have had contact with each other. "Sometimes a toy will vanish for a couple of centuries, apparently forever, only to reappear in a completely different part of the world for no obvious reason," Antonia Fraser remarks in *A History of Toys* (Delacorte. 256 pp. $20 until Dec. 31. $22.50 thereafter). The book has seventy-two color illustrations and 230 in black-and-white borrowed from a stunning variety of sources, among them Queen Elizabeth of Britain.

A regal member of American society, the story goes, was denied a box at the Academy of Music, and in retaliation her husband, William H. Vanderbilt, built her an opera house, the Metropolitan, where anyone with $4,500 to pay the annual assessment could purchase a ringside cubicle in the Diamond Horseshoe. "If you 'owned,' you were 'in,'" reminisces Irving Kolodin in *The Metropolitan Opera* (Knopf. 809 pp. 183 black-and-white illustrations. $15); "if you merely 'rented,' you were more than out—you were socially nonexistent."



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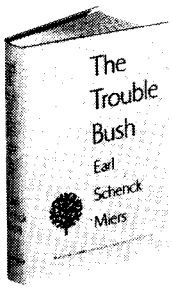

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology

THE SAVAGE MIND. By Claude Lévi-Strauss. Univ. of Chicago Press. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

BEWARE OF THE BOUQUET. By Joan Aiken. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE CRAYFISH DINNER. By Carlton Keith. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE RELIGIOUS BODY. By Catherine Aird. Doubleday. $3.50.

THE SAINT MAGAZINE READER. Selected by Leslie Charteris and Hans Santesson. Doubleday. $3.95.

SPANISH DUET: Two Novels of Suspense. By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Current Affairs

REPORTER IN RED CHINA. By Charles Taylor. Random House. $4.95.

THE SECRET RULERS: Criminal Syndicates and How They Control the U.S. Underworld. By Fred J. Cook. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.95.

VIETNAM IN THE MUD. By James Pickerell. Bobbs-Merrill. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.25.

WE GIVE TO CONQUER. By Asher Brynes. Norton. $4.50.

Essays

IRONIES OF HISTORY: Essays on Contemporary Communism. By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

Fiction

ALL THE GOLDEN GIFTS. By Iola Fuller. Putnam. $4.95.

THE CAPTAIN. By Jan de Hartog. Atheneum. $5.95.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JANE BOWLES. Introduction by Truman Capote. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.

THE IRRELEVANT SAINT. By Reuben H. Lewis. Morrow. $5.95.

ONE-WAY TO NEW YORK. By Claude Roy. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.

SEARCH AND DESTROY. By Irwin R. Blacker. Random House. $4.95.

TALES ALIVE IN TURKEY. By Warren S. Walker and Ahmet E. Uysal. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

History

COMMONWEALTH AND PROTECTORATE: The English Civil War and its Aftermath. By Ivan Roots. Schocken. $8.50.

HISTORIAN'S HISTORY OF THE U.S. By Andrew Berky and James Shenton. Putnam. 2 Vols. $16.95.

LONDON: The Years of Change. By Harold Priestley. Barnes & Noble. $6.

LORDS OF THE ATLAS: The Rise and Fall of the House of Glaoua, 1893-1956. By Gavin Maxwell. Dutton. $6.95.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST. By D.J.A. Matthew. Schocken. $8.50.

REORGANIZING ROOSEVELT'S GOVERNMENT: The Controversy over Executive Reorganization, 1936-1939. By Richard Polenberg. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

ROYAL COMMENTARIES OF THE INCAS: And General History of Peru. By Garcilaso de la Vega, El Inca. Translated by Harold V. Livermore. Univ. of Texas Press. $17.50.

International Affairs

ALGERIA: A Revolution That Failed; A Political History Since 1954. By Arslan Humbaraci. Praeger. $7.50.

THE ATLANTIC IDEA AND ITS EUROPEAN RIVALS. By Harold van B. Cleveland. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE DAY THEY LOST THE H-BOMB. By Christopher Morris. Coward-McCann. $5.

EUROPEAN UNIFICATION IN THE SIXTIES: From the Veto to the Crisis. By Miriam Camps. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

THAILAND, BURMA, LAOS, AND CAMBODIA. By John F. Cady. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Literary History, Criticism

FROM WEST TO EAST: Studies in the Literature of the American West. By Robert Edson Lee. Univ. of Illinois Press. $5.

STEPHEN CRANE: From Parody to Realism. By Eric Solomon. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

Miscellany

THE COMPLEAT CAT. By Joseph Spies. Prentice-Hall. $9.95.

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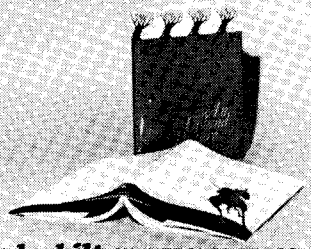

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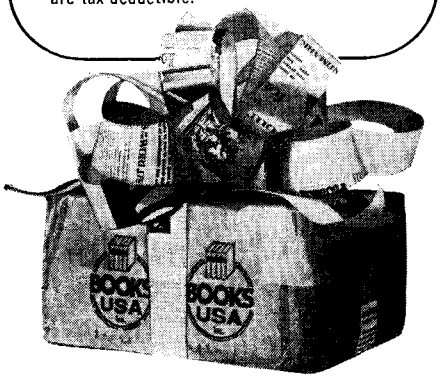

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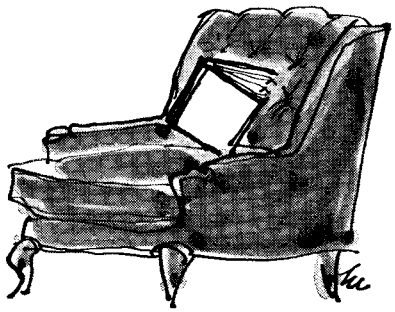

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THE COMPLETE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Sigmund Freud. Edited by James Strachey. Norton. $12.50.

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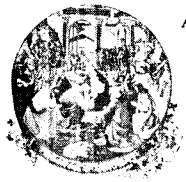

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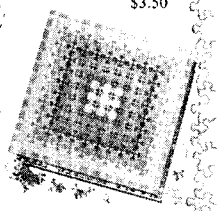

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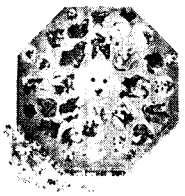

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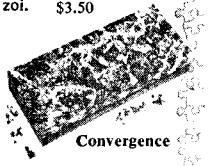

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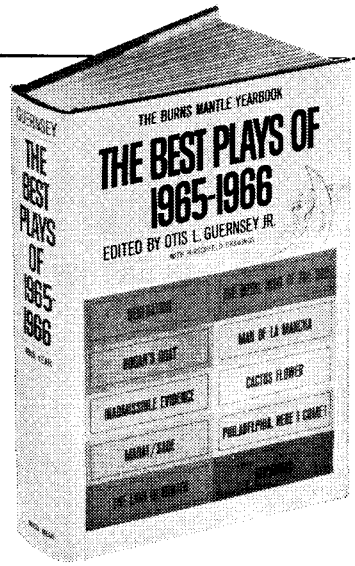

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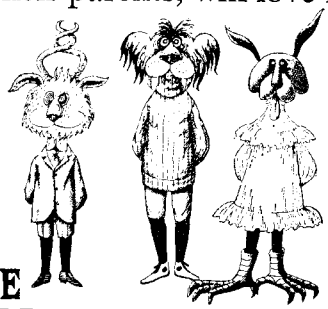

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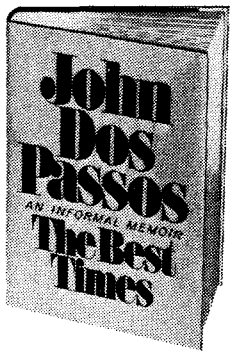

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Sports and Recreation

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SKI DOWN THE YEARS. By John Jay with John and Frankie O'Rear in cooperation with the editors of *Ski Magazine*. Crown. 268 pp. $12.50. Color and black-and-white photographs.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S THE BEST 18 GOLF HOLES IN AMERICA. By Dan Jenkins. Foreword by Ben Hogan. Delacorte. 160 pp. $13.50 until Jan. 1. $15 thereafter. Profusely illustrated in color and black-and-white.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE AMERICAN RACING CAR. By Griffith Borgeson. Norton. 288 pp. $12.50. Illustrated with black-and white photographs and diagrams.

COMPLETE BOOK OF ENGINES, No. 2. By the editors of *Hot Rod Magazine*. Petersen Trident. 192 pp. $4.95. Black-and-white drawings and photographs, plus tables.

THE GLORY OF SAIL 1897-1914. By Beken of Cowes. Photographs by Frank and Keith Beken. Text by John Chamier. Dodd, Mead. 182 pp. $17.50. This is the first of three volumes that will embrace all the great yachts and yachting events on both sides of the Atlantic to date.

Floral Tributes

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THE MAGIC WORLD OF ROSES. By Matthew A. R. Bassity. Hearthside Press. 224 pp. 53 color, 89 black-and-white photographs. $6.95.

AT HOME WITH PLANTS: A Guide to Successful Indoor Gardening. By Elsie Lee. Macmillan. 208 pp. 34 black-and-white photographs. $5.95.

SOME ANCIENT GENTLEMEN: Being an examination of Certain People, Plants and Gardens. By Tyler Whittle. Taplinger. 244 pp. 32 black-and-white photographs and line drawings. $5.95. Essays on the history of gardens, from the Arab "glorietta" to the suburban plot, along with practical advice from one of England's leading gardening authorities.

THE GARDEN: An Illustrated History. By Julia S. Berrall. Viking. 388 pp. $15. Includes color plates, black-and-white photographs, drawings, and paintings.

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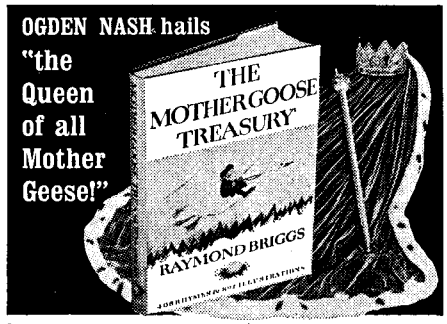

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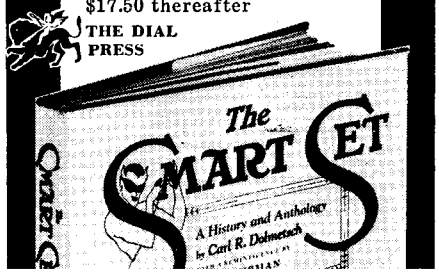

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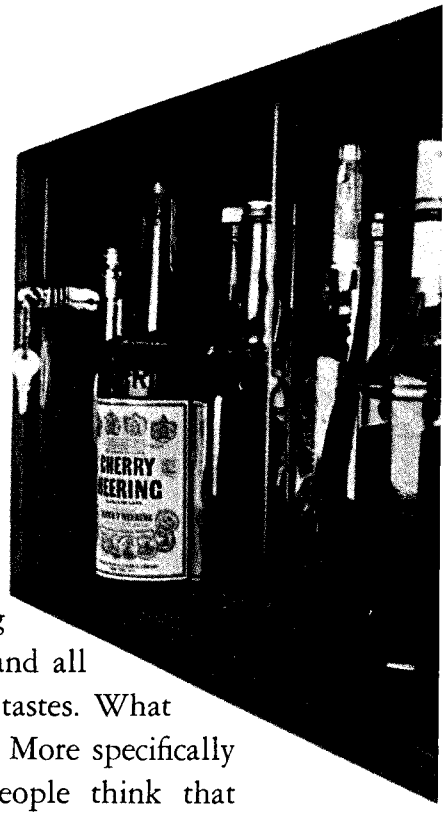

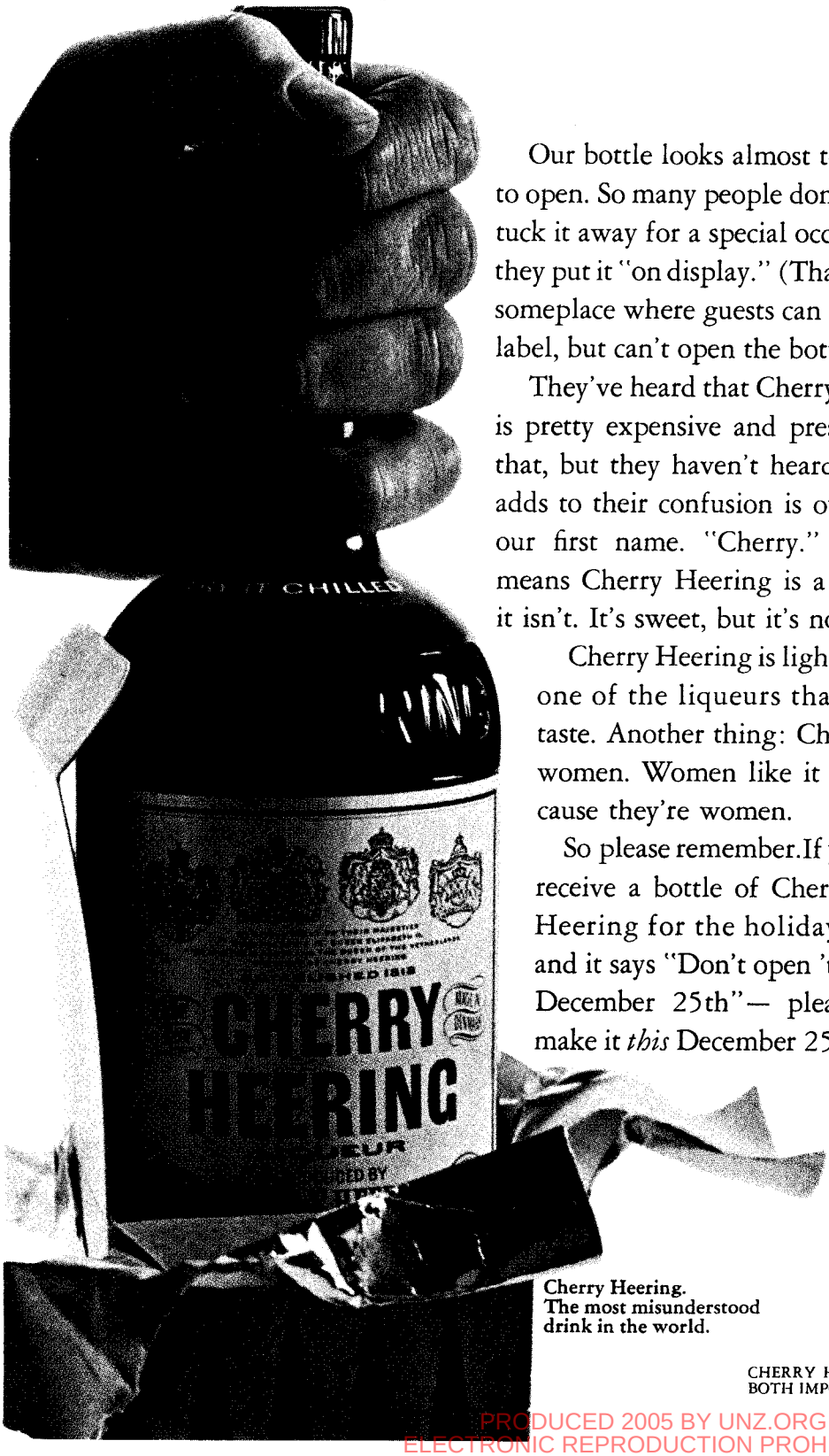

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For Fun-Bathers Only

ONE HAS THE strange feeling that a theatergoer could enter or leave during any of the eight scene breaks of *Don't Drink the Water* without being any the worse off. For Woody Allen's continuum of jokes neither requires nor is helped by anything that precedes or follows each one.

The action, which takes place in the American Embassy of an Iron Curtain country, begins promisingly with a monologue delivered by an erratic Roman Catholic priest who has sought asylum in the embassy building. He reveals the ridiculous futility of his professional position in a country of atheists, agnostics, and a few Jews. Thus, when chased by soldiers into the embassy, he has the choice of staying inside or going out to "attempt the biggest mass conversion in history."

However, unlike Peter Ustinov's *Romanoff and Juliet*, the new play is only concerned with international foibles on sporadic occasions when nothing else is good for a laugh. Mr. Allen is a comic writer who creates humor out of his own special experiences and background, and what is most funny is his fatalistic acceptance of the comically painful catastrophes he describes. Thus he is most at home when he is dealing with the responses of a tourist caterer from New Jersey who is chased into the embassy for unintentionally taking photographs of a restricted area.

Indeed, because this caterer, Walter Hollander, is played by Lou Jacobi, who is, I'm convinced, Mr. Allen's real father, we have the perfect antagonist, a figure whose attitude remains hilarious even when the jokes weaken. His predicament is less the threat of death at the hands of his Communist pursuers than it is the daily worry about his catering business, obtaining dairy food meals, and the complaint that instead of permitting him to enjoy his usual pinochle-playing holiday at Atlantic Beach his wife has dragged him to Europe for "thirty-five days of uninterrupted diarrhea."

Even worse, his marriageable daughter is falling in love with "the failure" who is temporarily in charge of the embassy. When his wife reminds him that he, too, was a failure when she married him, Walter looks amazedly at her, pushes the ego throttle to the floor, and asserts, "Where do you compare? *I* have a *joie de vivre*." Mr. Jacobi is also delightful when he boasts, "My dermatologist tells me I have the thighs of a princess." Abetting him, as the dominated wife, is Kay Medford. Her first complaint as she enters carrying a TWA valise—"First no movie on the plane, now this"—is typical of the comic despair she can express so well.

But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hollander is the one about whom the audience should be most concerned. If this is a play and not a collection of nightclub jokes, the central character must be "the failure," who is an echo of comedian Allen himself. And, unfortunately, neither in the construction nor in the performance is this role much more than that of a straight man feeding lines to the two aforementioned comics. For while Anthony Roberts gives it a good try, he is physically imposing and the opposite of the emaciated Allen image.

Beyond the mistakes of focus and casting, the farce is not well constructed. It is what might be called a stutter play in that the action precipitated by a situation in Act I is reprecipitated by the same situation in Act II. True there are enough funny lines to stock two nightclub acts. But there is not enough commitment, consistency of quality, or uniqueness of attitude to make more than scraps of a satisfactory play.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

LAST SUMMER New Haven's Long Wharf Theater bravely undertook to present four American premieres, trusting that its regular winter audience would understand its enterprise and participate in the program the way that Margo Jones's audiences once did. Unfortunately, it appears that the theater had overestimated its audience's adventurousness, and is left with a deficit from its summer operation and a drop of almost 20 per cent in its subscribers.

Ironically, its current production of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* is proving the most popular of all Long Wharf attractions to date. Director Arvin Brown has gone back to Chekhov's contention that the play is a comedy, and staged it to get laughter at every legitimate opportunity. For instance, he has had Stacy Keach play Tusenbach not as a man tragically aware of his own uselessness, but as a deluded, oafish incompetent. And Lee Wallace's Vershinin is less the melancholy lover than he is the merry husband joking about his wife's suicide attempts. Furthermore, the atmosphere is not very Russian, but could be that of a small New England city. While this may appall Chekhov devotees, it seems to work quite well with New Havenites and may win back needed theatergoers. —HENRY HEWES.

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The Return to the Rock

MANILA.

THERE IS NO telling what the Manila conference accomplished in securing the peace, but it certainly spun off a number of peripheral benefits. Philippine prestige rose, Marcos's prestige soared, and the dateline that was carried all over the world is sure to bring the nation a stream of travelers who had never seriously considered the islands a compelling place to visit.

If they wait until next year they will be better off, for, as the Manila conference so painfully showed, the capital has never really recovered from the devastation of war, and it is desperately in need, among other things, of one good hotel. By next year Manila will have three luxury establishments, and it is my personal, off-the-cuff assessment that Philippine tourism will start from that point. In many ways the situation, not to mention the atmosphere, is remindful —on a much larger scale, of course—of Puerto Rico in the late Forties before the Caribe Hilton was opened in San Juan. The Caribe was the start of everything.

By June of next year the imposing Sheraton on Roxas Boulevard overlooking Manila Bay ought to be completed. Its seaside view and its location, not far from the airport and not too close to the jumble of mid-city, ought to make it popular as one of those semi-resort, semi-commercial hotels in the fashion first perfected by the Caribe Hilton itself. The Hilton effort here is well along, too. It is rising in an off-bay location in the maze of streets not far from the Filipinas Hotel and the fashionable New Europe Restaurant. Doubtless it will isolate itself from the neighborhood much in the manner perfected by the late Habana Hilton, which as a structure still exists in the Cuban capital, affixed with some new name honoring, no doubt, some peerless Socialist heaven.

The third hotel to be opened in Manila next year will be operated by the same management that owns the Manila Hotel, a superannuated pile which housed all the delegates and some of their attending bearers who accompanied the heads of six states to the Summit Conference. Possibly it will be operated by Intercontinental Hotels, the Pan American affiliate which as yet has no repository for wayfarers in the Philippine capital. Its original bid to undertake the management of the third hotel was rebuffed by the owners, but lately, with American competition from both Sheraton and Hilton breathing down their necks, the owners have had a change of heart.

THERE is really no reason except for those minor details—lodgings and transportation—why the Philippines cannot be enjoying the same tourist prosperity in which its neighbors presently bask. It is, after all, only an hour or so across the South China Sea to Hong Kong, where, despite the enormous hotel building of the last few years, rooms are still at a premium. The Philippines are virtually dead south and not very far from Taiwan, and relatively convenient, as the Japanese forces found at the outbreak of World War II, to both Tokyo and Singapore. Getting here from these other centers of tourist prosperity is therefore relatively easy, and this makes a convenient intermediary stop for island hoppers who, having tired of the Caribbean, are turning to new islands in new seas.

One can, of course, come directly from the United States either via Philippine Airlines, which flies direct from Honolulu, or by Pan American. The Pan Am flight, which I caught a few weeks ago, is difficult to book since it stops in Guam and travels onward to Saigon. The fact that it departs from Honolulu in the dead of night doesn't seem to dissuade anyone, especially those on military assistance missions. Thank heavens, the commissary didn't insist on stuffing the passengers with a fourteen-course dinner at half past one in the morning when it departed. A sandwich, a cup of hot chocolate, and a sleeping pill (self-supplied) were enough to produce almost instant unconsciousness. My night's rest, short as it was, was helped by my seatmate, whoever he was supposed to be. He was, as were two other passengers in the front cabin that night, a no-show, and the plane, so difficult to book in advance, went out light.

It is apparently against a company's rule for Pan Am to land anyone on an empty stomach, and so those dutiful house mothers were up and down the aisle in the pre-dawn dark to make sure everyone had ingested a hot breakfast before the landing at Guam. As I reflect on it now, Guam is certainly not to be seen on an empty stomach. It is bad enough on a full one. I brook no argument about the island's native beauty, but the miserable air terminal—if I can honor it with that title—is a downright national disgrace and ought to be torn down starting in about twenty minutes. It is probably not true that the terminal building is left over from Magellan's party which put in here in 1521. It is probably not true, either, that there is going to be a new terminal very soon. The apology sign which promises new facilities, so I am told by frequent travelers along this route, has been hanging there since the Wright brothers first ventured aloft.

Immediately on arrival in Manila, I was caught up in the Summit Conference [see *SR*, Nov. 12], but while the conferees were sequestered in the Malacanan Palace hammering out their communiqué, I did, with a number of other

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correspondents, manage to speed off by hydrofoil for a few hours on Corregidor. The island fortress which played such an unforgettable role in the opening scenes of World War II is certain to become one of the busiest points of pilgrimage once Philippine tourism begins in earnest next year.

The hydrofoil makes the run across the harbor each morning, with a commentary of the battle supplied en route. A pirate nest before the Spanish conquest, it became, under Spain's colonial rule, both a fortress for the defense of Manila and a penal island. Corregidor means corrector, and the hard discipline which the Spaniards exacted on the island was supposed to correct recalcitrant convicts. Manila harbor is one of the largest in the world, and the only entrance to the enormous bay is commanded by this four-mile-long rock. It is shaped like a tadpole with the head facing toward the China Sea—the whole thing only a mile and a half at its widest point.

Corregidor failed to keep out Admiral Dewey, falling to the Americans in 1898 along with the whole Philippine archipelago. It was still the day of seapower, and not even Billy Mitchell had yet arrived on the scene with proper prognostications of air power. America began to arm it as a mighty fortress. By 1908 it had become Fort Mills, a regular army post, and by the next year the engineers began the construction of gun emplacements. By 1912 the engineers had built a vast defensive network, all designed to keep out hostile ships. The preparations cost the United States $150 million in pre-World War I dollars. That vast sum bought fifty-six coastal guns and mortars; some of them had a range of 29,000 yards, but the trajectory was flat and they were of little use later against the Japanese who were hidden in the defiles of the Bataan peninsula.

The Washington Treaty of 1922 froze the island's fortifications the way they were that year, with little more added to the original armaments beyond a few anti-aircraft guns. The airplane, however, was becoming a major offensive striking power, and there was almost nothing the United States could do to alter its fortifications in order to fend off air attack. It took defensive measures and built the Malinta Tunnel, which was intended to store supplies. With its twenty-four laterals, as they were called, this maze under the hills was completed in 1932. Less than ten years later it had become the hard-pressed headquarters not only of General MacArthur and the remnants of the Manila garrison, but also of the government of the Commonwealth nation. Manuel Quezon and Sergio Osmena took their oaths of office near the east entrance on May 6, 1942. When the Japanese attack began, the

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army had about 4,500 troops on the island, the Philippine Scouts numbered about 1,000, the Philippine Army about 1,700. The U.S. Navy had about the same number, the Philippine Navy about 400. There were more than 2,000 civilians.

By April 9 the Bataan peninsula, which reaches out to enclose Manila Bay, fell to the Japanese, and Corregidor was in trouble. The Rock was freedom's last stand in Asia. General Homma, known as the Tiger of Malaya, who had conquered Singapore, now pressed on Corregidor. He might well have bypassed the Rock and moved onward to New Guinea. Twenty-five days passed before the U.S. Navy moved into position for the Battle of the Coral Sea—often called the turning point of the Asian war. Had Homma's forces moved southward the outcome might have been different. But national pride and the intense desire to humiliate the West forced him to pause long enough to demolish Corregidor.

With no air force and virtually no air reconnaissance, with artillery that couldn't traverse properly nor arch in proper trajectory to find the enemy, with supplies dwindling and no hope coming from home aside from valiant messages, the Rock held out under pitiless bombardment for twenty-seven days. Before it caved in, General MacArthur and President Quezon were evacuated to Australia by PT boats. MacArthur set about launching his return. Quezon went on to Honolulu and ultimately to the mainland of the United States, where he died just eighty days before MacArthur made good his promise and waded ashore in the Philippines.

Corregidor, in the years that have followed, has neither been glorified nor sanctified by memorials. Travelers who come today are picked up by small buses at the hydrofoil dock and taken along dusty roads to see the tunnels, the gun emplacements left over from a style of warfare suddenly obsolete, and the relics of an elaborate army post that was never to fulfill its expensive aim. The barracks which stretched for one incredible mile are now a charred shell. In the salad days on the Rock, Corregidor had its own airfield, an Army pier and a Navy pier, gym, golf course, clubs for officers and NCO's, a sunning beach, nine and a half miles of electric trolleys to haul ammunition, and sixty-five miles of paved road.

Still in place are the rusted mortars which left a devastating toll among the Japanese. Homma is said to have lost 12,000 men in an hour and a half, a favor he returned with a furious bombardment of 16,000 shells. Many of them hit home. After all, pre-war inspection teams sent out to make sure the tenets of the Washington Treaty were kept knew the location of all the emplacements. Some coastal guns never fired a shot because they were supplied with armor-piercing shells meant to sink an invading battleship. What they needed were anti-personnel shells to stop the invading troops. Still, the Japanese lost almost 20,000 men on Corregidor, the Americans and Filipinos about 800. The bitter Bataan death march helped to make up the imbalance.

Lt. Gen. Wainwright surrendered on May 6, 1942. It took almost three years for MacArthur to return. The American 34th Infantry landed on Bataan in February of 1945. American destroyers began to lob shells against the Japanese-manned fortifications on Corregidor. Then came the dive bombers, then the parachutists, and finally the landing barges. It took eleven days to reduce the Rock this time, and then it was over, its role in history finished, probably forever.

Today Filipino troops in U.S. Army-style uniforms train on Corregidor, and the big coastal guns and the elaborate defenses pointing toward the sea and a war of another age, so soon obsolete, bake in the merciless sun. The tunnel which sheltered troops, ammunition, Filipino presidents, American generals, and U.S. Army nurses has been swept clean, but there is little there to mark the moment of those days except for a few hand-lettered signs. The valor of the defenders and the sheer history of the time cries out for a more fitting memorial only half as elaborate as the nightclubs that twinkle along Roxas Boulevard across Manila Bay.

—Horace Sutton.

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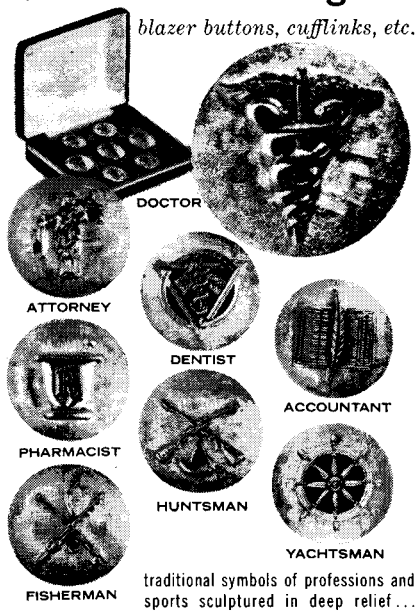

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Shades of Orwell

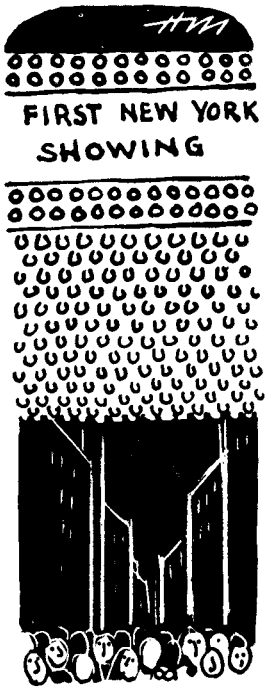
ALTHOUGH Ray Bradbury is often described as a science fiction writer, he himself tends to shy from that label, preferring to be known simply as a writer. There is more than ordinary justification for his view. Bradbury is enormously enthusiastic about writing, but not enthusiastic at all about the brave new world he fears the scientists and geneticists have in store for us.

Like George Orwell, he projects the more alarming symptoms of today's sicknesses upon a wall a few decades or generations away, where, magnified to super life-size, they scarifyingly dominate the entire landscape, blotting out the human spirit, exorcising our most cherished human values. But where Orwell in his angry works seemed to call for action now to prevent the world from slipping into *1984*, Bradbury often conveys the impression that already it is far too late. His nostalgia is for the small-town America of back porches and rocking chairs, of fresh-mown lawns and nearby woods in which to ramble. For him, science is no panacea, and he seems to embrace science fiction writing as a kind of "*Mene, mene tekel . . .*" of things to come.

All of these qualities are abundantly visible in *Fahrenheit 451*, François Truffaut's vivid and imaginative adaptation of one of Bradbury's best, and best known, works. It postulates a not-too-distant time in which books are outlawed enemies of the state: They stir dissent and unrest; they make people unhappy. For a placid, non-questioning, utterly passive populace, the books must be destroyed.

Montag, the hero of this story, is one of the destroyers, a fireman-in-reverse whose job is to *start* fires. (Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature at which paper turns to ash.) Meeting a teacher who reminds him disturbingly of his own wife, Montag begins to wonder about the job he has been doing so unquestioningly. If books are so bad, why do people jeopardize their careers to read them? If books are so dangerous, why are some people willing to give up their lives for them? For an answer, Montag rescues a copy of *David Copperfield* from the pyre, reads it clandestinely, and is denounced by his wife to the government. The fireman finds refuge in a community of subversives who read and memorize books to preserve them for the future.

This, of course, is Bradbury the humanist, the writer who holds that man



truly exists only when he is exercising all his senses and exerting all his faculties. But the Orwellian strain is present as well in the omnipresent television screens with their uninterruped flow of tranquilizing Pablum, in the drab uniformity of the people's costumes and their responses, and in their dead apathy to news of war and disaster. Truffaut embraces Bradbury and Orwell with equal enthusiasm—which means that there is some ambivalence within the film itself. Logically, the book-burners are quite right; and if happiness is to be equated with wall-to-wall television, soma pills, and (Bradbury's favorite panacea for transportation snarls) high-speed monorails, then indeed who needs books? On the other hand, because Bradbury lacks Orwell's political bite, the book-burners remain peripheral to the theme of totalitarianism even while occupying screen-center; they are but one singular manifestation of a larger danger that is surely sensed but never shown.

As a film, *Fahrenheit 451* moves slowly but intriguingly, setting its intellectual snares for Montag, fashioning a world that we all know could exist but should not. Oskar Werner, his accent unaccounted for, makes of Montag a reluctant hero, a sensitive man drawn ineluctably, irresistibly to the world of books. Julie Christie, also unaccountably, plays the dual roles of teacher and wife—which, as it turns out, is neither a plus nor a minus. But Truffaut, working for

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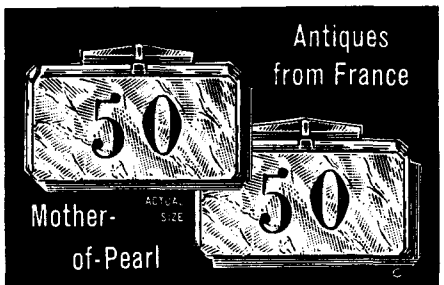

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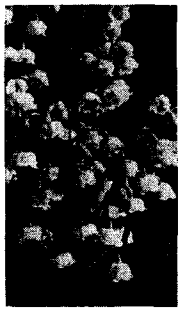

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the first time in color, continues his romance with the motion picture camera, playing with slow motion, maskings and movements, and constantly keeping the screen as alert and aware as Bradbury's own sensibilities would dictate. The resultant film is highly original, thought-provoking, and at the same time distressingly superficial. The dangers that lie ahead are not from the book-burners, but from those who may direct them; and somehow *Fahrenheit 451* never gets around to this.

SOME SORT of prize for the most apt title of the year should be promoted for Richard Brook's suspenseful melodrama, *The Professionals*, starring Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Jack Palance, Robert Ryan, and Claudia Cardinale. A rock-solid professionalism pervades every shot, every line, and every performance as, soon after Pershing's skirmishes with the Mexicans, a quartet of veterans is enlisted by an American millionaire to venture once more south of the border and bring back his wife. Presumably, she is being held for ransom by a guerrilla chief; but in the course of their long and hazardous trek, the men come to suspect the motives of their employer. True to their contract, they deliver the gorgeous Miss Cardinale into the hands of Ralph Bellamy, then, in a last-minute switch, find a way to be true to their consciences as well. If some of their actions smack of small-boy heroics, Brooks generally manages to conceal the fact with his man-talk dialogue and a camera that is forever racing on to the next exciting facet of this taut adventure tale.

Just how important this kind of professionalism can be is illustrated, in reverse, by *The Defector*, Montgomery Clift's last film before his untimely death. It can be called another spy story, just as Brooks's picture can be called another Western. The difference is that Brooks has the skill to create characters and pace so effectively that the familiar seems fresh, whereas Raoul Levy, who produced, directed, and shares the screenplay credit for *The Defector*, is totally unable even to make the elements of his scenes fuse into a coherent unit. His story of an American scientist's being used in East Germany as a cat's paw by both the Russians and the CIA is admittedly complex; but in Levy's uncertain hands, it becomes merely confusing. Flat cuts, used to move the narrative along, only add to the confusion, and flat dialogue—at one point, Clift is required to say, "They can't make a schizophrenic out of *me*!"—only adds to the tedium. *The Defector* is a sad epitaph to the tragedy-strewn career of a young man who was once one of our most promising and interesting new stars.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Continued from page 18

thriller, erased the original sound track, and dubbed in his own wacky lines, resulting in an effortlessly funny travesty of all James Bond films.

ART

Exhibitions

200 YEARS OF WATERCOLOR PAINTING IN AMERICA, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. More than 300 American watercolors dating from 1757 to 1966 survey a field rich in this country's history. Most of the works belong to the Metropolitan. The exhibition is strong in its eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth-century coverage, but weak in contemporary material. Opens December 7.

WILLIAM GLACKENS IN RETROSPECT, City Art Museum of St. Louis. The first important retrospective exhibit of Glackens's work since 1938, the year of his death, this comprehensive show will give Americans the chance to judge an artist who only recently has been considered one of this country's leading painters. The exhibition will travel later to Washington and New York.

PHOTOGRAPHY

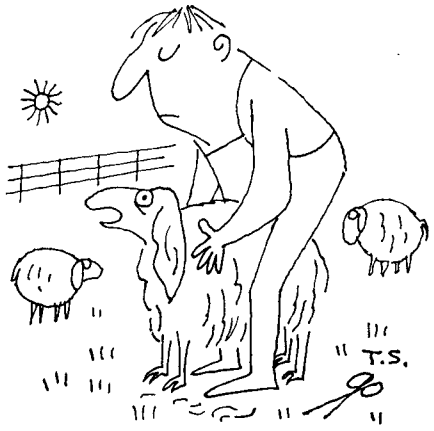
Exhibitions

FROM THE McALPIN COLLECTION, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Ansel Adams, Eliot Porter, Charles Sheeler, and Edward and Brett Weston are among the notables represented in this forty-print selection from an outstanding private collection.

MARIE COSINDAS: POLAROID COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. New England gets its chance to see the distinguished camerawork of Cosindas (See *SR*, Aug. 27).

ROBERT T. LITTLE—AMATEUR ASTRONOMER AND PHOTOGRAPHER, American Museum-Hayden Planetarium, New York. Camera and telescope in tandem capture a galaxy of images as distant as 2,000,000 light years away from earth.

THE THREE BANNERS OF CHINA, Asia House, 112 East 64th St., New York. Marc Riboud's book of the same name has inspired Asia House's first photography exhibit—a dramatic display of penetrating lenswork that explores life in the communes, the industrial scene, and political indoctrination in China today. Opens December 7. (See *SR*, Dec. 10)



"The usual."

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NET and Man at Yale

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL Television (NET) has produced and is currently showing on its member stations throughout the country *To Be A Man*, a documentary about undergraduate life at Yale. Murray Lerner spent two years producing it, with the help of Yale's administration, faculty, and students. The style is *cinéma vérité* with no narration or comment, simply "unrehearsed and candid material from inside and outside the classroom in an effort to reflect the hopes, concerns, and doubts which are central to the students' experiences."

Because of the absence of any structure, save an additive one—the showing of more and more aspects of undergraduate experience—the hour-long film has a one-dimensional quality. There is no dialectic. One gets the message quickly: Yale is a place where students are challenged to think; learn about beauty, truth, space, light, comedy, tragedy; gain scope by living and working with others—in short, become men. Then tedium tends to set in.

The visual images are never dull, the cutting is brisk and often perceptive, the students and faculty are always interesting, and the rock'n'roll music is lively and integrative. But whoever set policy for the film yielded, unfortunately, to the temptation to get everything in: architecture, biology, drama, crew, film, art, big lectures, small seminars, track, dropouts, etc. Perhaps it was the public relations push by the administration, perhaps it was the producer's intention to let the university "speak for itself."

There is no such editorial virginity, however, not even in *cinéma vérité*. The film-maker disturbs, he enters, he comments. The most important commentary made by this film was not contained in its encyclopedic breadth; it rests in what was left out. This viewer came away with the impression that Yale is a place of monastic whiffenpoofery, where the eternal verities are pursued by gentlemen-scholars, so concerned with the development of their own souls and intellects that the world outside the medieval campus is nonexistent. Much must always be said for critical self-examination, for Socratic inquiry, but the bearded, barefoot satyr of Athens was a disturber of the social peace—he pricked away at the conscience of the city.

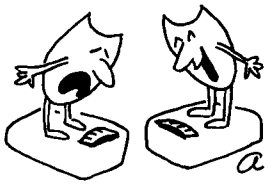
In *To Be A Man*, no one was shown discussing the war in Vietnam, the white backlash, the American poor, the degradation of the metropolis. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Yale chaplain, came closest to such crucial concerns with the general admonition that universities must stop playing intellectual games and say not, "What must I think to be honest?" but rather, "What must I do to be saved?" University professors who appear to dismiss the latter question often reply that they, too, are concerned; they merely define the problem of concern in a different way. Their concerns, to be fruitful, they say, must be "long-range and disinterested." It's a jolly tug-of-war, endemic to most universities, but at Yale, it would appear from the film, not even the question of whether or not there is such a problem is discussed. Self-awareness seems to be all.

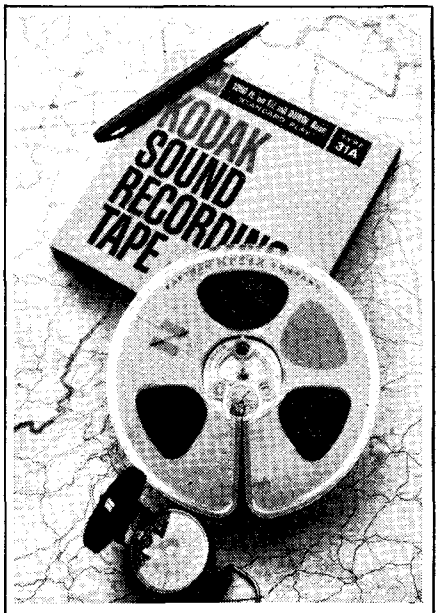
But how can one be self-aware without embracing the selves we live with *in communitas?* Yale is an urban university. New Haven sprawls around it. As a Harvard man, McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, said recently: "The great university in a metropolis must have a special and urgent concern for the future of the city and the future of those in our cities who lack full opportunity."

If Yale lent itself to this film because it wished to project an image that would attract superior students, it probably failed. The interests of the good undergraduates today may be highly personal in many ways, but they are no longer private. However noble, so serene an environment would not attract them. If Mr. Lerner meant really to make the comment that Yale is remote, then he did other universities an injustice by subjecting them to what may be taken to be a generalization. The day I saw the film, I read in the papers of Harvard students' throwing themselves under the wheels of Secretary of Defense McNamara's limousine.

The greatest injustice, however, may have been done to the Yale undergraduates and faculty. Are the wearers of the gowns of Old Eli truly so detached from the towns around them? If not, they ought to demand equal time from NET and make another film, showing them vigorously waving socially conscious white handkerchiefs (an alumni tradition) for God, for country, and for Yale.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.





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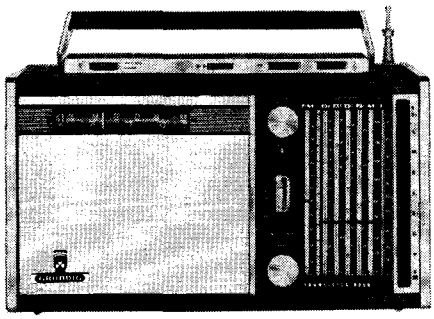

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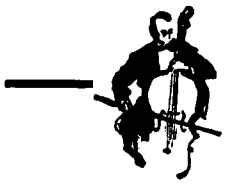

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Isolde without Tristan—Debut of Suliotis

THE METROPOLITAN is venturing *Tristan und Isolde* again after a lapse of three seasons, but the Wagnerian sum of it remains very much what it has been in New York for much too long—Birgit Nilsson's Isolde and very little else. The conductor this time was Georges Prêtre, with the Danish born Ticho Parly in his debut as Tristan. Aside from a commendable Brangaene by Mignon Dunn, the match to the composer's requirements was provided by Nilsson and Nilsson alone.

There have been occasions since her memorable debut in the role in 1959 when an evening of *Tristan* has been a dialogue between Nilsson and such conductors as Karl Böhm, Joseph Rosenstock, or Georg Solti. This time it was rather more of a monologue, for Prêtre's sense of what this score is about tended too often to understate the orchestral values, too rarely to assert the compulsion and leadership implicit in the conductor's function. As in his *Parsifal* of last season, it had a musician's feeling for color and nuance, but neither the weight nor substance to balance the vocal-instrumental equation created by Wagner.

This was, in fact, even more costly to the outcome than the limitations of Parly, whose honorable intentions were without the physical resources to make them meaningful. The first two acts were sustained by the sheer splendor of Nilsson's effort, which is much more varied in quality and searching in emphasis than hitherto. Whereas it was originally extraordinary for abundance and stamina, it is now absorbing, too, for the manner in which she underlines the transition from the vengeful Princess of the first act to the enamored woman of the second act. This was conveyed not merely by a subtle change in physical appearance, but the more difficult alteration in vocal color to suit the inner transformation.

Act III was on another and much lower plane altogether, for here the burden is borne for virtually all its length by the male performers (including the conductor). Earlier, Parly had managed to make his smallish, neutral sound suffice by reserving its modest power for the climaxes. However, by the middle of Act III (abridged though it was) his effort with such passages as "Das Schiff! Das Schiff!" came as gasps of sound rather than as formed projections of tone. To his credit, Parly performs with exact rhythm and intonation through Acts I and II, but the real commentary on the power he commands came not by contrast with Nilsson's—which is more or less on the order of inevitable—but with Ron Bottcher as Melot, whose "Verräther" ("Betrayer") rang out more clearly than Tristan's answer.

By contrast with the Kurvenal of Walter Cassel and the King Mark of Jerome Hines, neither of which had the kind of vocal presence that commended them in the past, Dunn's Brangaene was vastly superior to what it was previously. Her good appearance as well as steadily improving sound need only the authority that comes from performance to measure to the best standards of this role. As for the Teo Otto décor, it was as barren of mood as much of the happenings within it.

THE American Opera Society came closer than would seem possible to a direct hit on a difficult moving target in its latest presentation of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* in Carnegie Hall. Not content with making this the occasion for the debut, in the title role, of the brilliant young soprano Elena Suliotis, director Allen Oxenburg extended himself to bring together such other singers new to opera here as Janet Baker (Smeton) and Carlo Cava (Henry VIII) to form an ensemble with Placido Domingo (Lord Percy) and Marilyn Horne (Jane Seymour) under the direction of Henry Lewis. Not everything was on the same high level, but there were pages at a time, in the ensembles, when one had the sensation of hearing not merely a part of the effect Donizetti intended, but a full five-fifths of it.

That this was possible at all was, in the first place, due to the presence of the exceptional Suliotis, who looks like an angel and sings like a fury. Whether she is a meteor, a shooting star, or one destined to occupy a fixed place in the artistic firmament for years to come, only time can tell. But at twenty-four she has already attained an intensity and magnitude rare in performers of any age. The tone runs somewhat to the veiled, covered quality pioneered (for this era) by Maria Callas, but the youth and strength of the sound, through a range to the piercing top D with which she ended the first act, are uniquely her own.

Even more important was what Suliotis did with the tones in between, most of them squarely on pitch and without

(*Continued on page* 95)

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CHRISTMAS RECORDS FOR THE YOUNG—1966

IN LISTING records for the young it is necessary to remind prospective purchasers that many titles suitable for children may be found in the general listings in the Schwann (or similar) catalogues. Not only will the youngsters enjoy such records, but they will serve to offset the poorer programing on radio or TV. Children are as receptive to quality as nonquality, and hearing the best will condition them to being more discriminating when they choose on their own. For children fortunate enough to have their own record players and record libraries, reissues of first-class recordings are often available at a lower price. Inferior renditions of classical music can do little to develop musical taste and discrimination.

For many years Vox has issued a series known as *Music of the Masters*. These records present the stories of the lives and works of many great composers. The material has been prepared by Ward Botsford and is narrated by Arthur Hannes. (See listing under heading "Music With or Without Comment"—Vox MM 3630, MM 3590, MM 3580, MM 3530, MM 3560, MM 3650, MM 3570, MM 3660, MM 3600, MM 3680, MM 3640, MM 3520, MM 3540, MM 3550, MM 3690, MM 3670.) This reviewer recently met a young woman who is making music her career. In discussing recordings for children, she remembered that at about the age of six she received a gift of one of the Vox *Music of the Masters* records. She feels that it was this recording of Beethoven that aroused her interest and love of music.

A new recording of an ever popular favorite with adults and children is being offered by London Records. Antal Dorati conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Sean Connery is the narrator in Serge Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* (London 55005; stereo, 21007). Benjamin Britten's *Young People's Guide to the Orchestra* is the companion piece. Somewhat similar in scope is *Invitation to Music*, prepared and narrated by Elie Siegmeister with illustrations of musical examples from the masters and from folk music and jazz (Folkways FT 3603).

An unusual album made up of five LP records issued several years ago has just come to our attention. Wheeler Beckett, a composer and conductor of long experience, gives a lecture demonstration of thirty-three instruments. They are heard first in solo passages and then as they sound in orchestral context. The

For Young Children

Chicken Little and other Tales	Prepared by students of Mills College of Education in New York. Read by members of the Mills Theater Workshop under the direction of Dr. Nellie McCaslin. Music composed by Harold Triegg	Record Guild M 46
Mary Martin Sings Walt Disney Favorites	Accompanied by illustrated book	Disneyland S 1394
Why Mommy?	Sung by Tom Glazer; music by Paul Tripp	Columbia Harmony HL 9504
The Lollipop Tree	Folk songs for children sung by Burl Ives	HL 9551
Around the World; Sing Around the World	Told by Lawson Zerbe and Gil Mack; sung by Arthur Melvin and Sing Along Chorus, with Tony Mottola Orchestra. Written and produced by Tom Glazer	RCA Camden CAL 1064
Dr. Seuss Presents: If I Ran the Zoo; Dr. Seuss' Sleep Book	Dramatized by Marvin Miller with Marty Gold and his orchestra	CAL 1078
A Child's Garden of Verses	By Robert Louis Stevenson; read by Nancy Wickwire and Basil Langton	Spoken Arts SA 904/5 (two discs)
Tubby the Tuba; Gulliver's Travels	Told and sung by Jose Ferrer; written by George Kleinsinger and Paul Tripp; MGM Orchestra	MGM Leo CH 1005
ABC-123	Kay Lande and Wade Denning	CH 1012
Dr. Seuss' Horton Hatches the Egg; Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves	Narrated by Marvin Miller Narrated by Lionel Barrymore	CH 1013
Teddy Bears' Picnic **Side 1: Teddy Bears' Picnic Songs** **Side 2: The Bear that Wasn't**	Story by Frank Tashlin; narrated by Keenan Wynn; music by Walter Schumann, with the MGM Orchestra	CH 1020
Children's Stories and Songs	Conceived and performed by Ed McCurdy	Folkways FC 7771
Stories in Words and Music **Over in the Meadow** **The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night** **I Know an Old Lady** **Three Blind Mice**		Weston Wood PBP 114
The Snowy Day **The Cow Who Fell in the Canal** **The Happy Owls** **Norman the Doorman**		PBP 115
Whistle for Willie **The Tom Ten** **Christmas in the Stable** ***Danny the Dinosaur*** **Wheel on the Chimney**		PBP 116

Stories With and Without Music

Babar the Elephant (Music by Francis Poulenc, orchestrated by Jean Francaix, words by Jean de Brunchoff, translated by Rieu); The Little Tailor (Music by Tibor Harsanyi: after a story by Grimm)	Told by Peter Ustinov with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under the direction of Georges Pretre	Angel 36357
Alice in Wonderland; Through the Looking Glass	By Lewis Carroll, adopted by Douglas Cleverdon; Jane Asher as Alice, narration by Margaretta Scott	RG 145/6 (two discs) RG 180/1 (two discs)
Always the Young Stranger	Carl Sandburg reads episodes from his boyhood	Caedmon TC 1209
Tom Sawyer	By Mark Twain; read by Ed Bagley	TC 1205
Edgar Allan Poe (Assorted Tales)	Read by Basil Rathbone	TC 1195
The Scarlet Letter; The Great Stone Face	By Nathaniel Hawthorne; read by Basil Rathbone	TC 1197
The White House Saga	Julie Harris, Hal Holbrook, Kevin McCarthy, Edward Woodward; from the book by Nanette Kulner; music composed and arranged by Hershey Kay	TC 1194/5 (two discs)
Best Poems of Longfellow	Read by Hal Holbrook	TC 1107
Evangeline (abridged)	Written by Longfellow; read by Hal Holbrook	TC 1179
Tell Me a Story (musical arrangements of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade")	Marla Ray and cast; orchestra under George Cole	Decca Vocalion VL 73787

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The 13 Clocks	By James Thurber; read by Lauren Bacall	Pathways of Sound POS 1039/40 (two discs)
You Know Who	John J Plenty, Fiddler Dan, and other poems by John Ciardi	Spoken Arts SA 914
Treasury of English Fairy Tales	Read by Christopher Casson and Daphne Carroll; music by Christopher Casson	SA 920
Vol. I: From the collection of Joseph Jacobs	Christopher Casson, Eve Watkinson; Daphne Carroll narrating	SA 925
Vol. II: From the collection of Joseph Jacobs		
Jungle Books	By Rudyard Kipling; read by Christopher Casson and Eve Watkinson	SA 929
Vol. I: Mowgli's Brother; Rikki-Tiki-Tavi		
Vol. II: Tiger, Tiger; Toome of the Elephants		SA 933
Treasury of Lewis Carroll	Read and sung by Christopher Casson	SA 897
Flipper the King of the Sea	Story by Ivan Tors; starring Luke Halpin; based on characters created by R. Browning and J. Cowden	MGM Leo CH 1001
Dinosaurs	A dramatic version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's The Lost World	CH 1016
Sound of Music	Mary Martin tells and sings Sound of Music with accompanying illustrated book	Disneyland ST 3936
Thailand—Its Music and Its People	Created by Christobel Weerasinghe, with printed leaflet	Desto D 502
India—Its Music and Its People	Created by Christobel Weerasinghe, with printed leaflet	D 500
Japan—Its Music and Its People	Created by Christobel Weerasinghe, with printed leaflet	D 501
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Side 1: William the Conqueror	Booklet enclosed	ERL 305
Side 2: The Magna Charta		
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The Negro Woman	Compiled and edited by Jean M. Brannon; read by Dorothy Washington	Folkways FH 5523/4 (two discs)
The Autobiography of Frederick Douglass	Edited by Dr. Philip Foner; read by Ossie Davis	FH 5522
Padraic Colum (Reading from his Irish Tales and Poems)	Notes by Zack Bowen	FK 9737
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Selections from Russian Poetry and Prose	Read by Marshall Shatz in English and Russian; English-Russian text included	511
To Build A Fire	By Jack London; read by Ugo Toppo	503
Short Stories of O. Henry	Read by Ugo Toppo	509
The Seventh Princess and Other Fairy Tales	Told by Anne Pellowski	502
English Folk and Fairy Tales	Told by Anne Pellowski	504
Star Maiden and other Indian Tales	Told by Anne Pellowski	500
American Indian Tales for Children	Told by Anne Pellowski	501
Norse Folk and Fairy Tales	Told by Anne Pellowski	507
Asian Folk and Fairy Tales	Told by Christine Price	508
Poetry Programs for Children	Created and performed by Elinor Basecu	506

Music With or Without Comment

Music of the Masters	Written by Ward Botsford; narrated by Arthur Hannes	Vox
Paganini; Liszt		MM 3630
Johann Strauss		MM 3590
Johannes Brahms		MM 3580
Felix Mendelssohn		MM 3530
Georg Frederich Handel		MM 3560
Gioacchino Rossini		MM 3650
Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky		MM 3570
Richard Wagner		MM 3660
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Frederic Chopin		MM 3520
Franz Schubert		MM 3540
Prokofiev; Rachmaninoff		MM 3690
Schumann; Grieg		MM 3550
Corelli; Vivaldi		MM 3670
Peter and the Wolf; Young People's Guide to the Orchestra	Sean Connery, narrator; with Antal Dorati conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra	London PM 55005
Invitation to Music	Prepared and narrated by Elie Siegmeister	Folkways FT 3603
The Complete Orchestra (Demonstration of 33 different instruments played solo and then with full orchestral background).	Conducted and narrated by Wheeler Beckett	Music Education Record Corp., P.O. Box 445 Englewood, N.J.

solo artists are first-chair men of the New York Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera, and the former NBC Symphony of the Air. The selections, representing more than 300 works of great composers, are well chosen and ably performed. Of especial value to music students, the records would also provide insight and pleasure to the average young (and adult) listener. The album (priced at $45) can be obtained by writing to the Music Education Record Corporation, P.O. Box 445, Englewood, New Jersey.

An increasing number of discs present stories with and without musical accompaniment. Among them are records designed for young children that will also delight the adults, such as the Dr. Seuss books, *If I Ran the Zoo* and the *Dr. Seuss Sleep Book*, dramatized by Marvin Miller, with music by Marty Gold (RCA Caedmon CAL 1078), and *Horton Hatches the Egg*, also narrated by Marvin Miller with music by Del Castillo (MGM Leo CH 1013).

Spoken Arts, a company with high standards, has issued two records with selections from *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson. They are read by Nancy Wickwire and Basil Langton (Spoken Arts 904/5, two discs). In a very different genre but with great charm and humor is John Ciardi's reading of his collection of poems entitled *You Know Who* (Spoken Arts 914). Weston Woods selects outstanding children's books and develops film strips, records, and motion pictures to enhance their enjoyment. Their complete catalogue, including a capsule review of the books, can be obtained by writing to Weston Woods, Weston, Connecticut. A few of their discs are listed here under "For Younger Children."

A popular book with the younger set is *Babar the Elephant*. This is read, with his customary skill, by Peter Ustinov, with a fine musical score by the late Francis Poulenc and orchestrated by Jean Françaix. Grimm's *Little Tailor* is a companion piece with music by Tibor Harsanyi. Both are performed by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, directed by Georges Prêtre. Musically, the Poulenc content is addressed to older listeners than are the stories themselves, and it tends to dominate, through length alone, Ustinov's excellent reading (Angel 36357; stereo, S-36357).

Both Caedmon and Spoken Arts have several excellent readings suitable for the nine-year-old and older. Carl Sandburg reads episodes of his boyhood, in a voice and with a diction which make his beautifully written and interesting material even more vital in *Always the Young Stranger, Carl Sandburg reads from his Autobiography* (Caedmon TC 1209). Appearing on the Caedmon label are readings from Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* by Ed Bagley (Caedmon TC 1205);

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Folk Music

Tom Glazer Sings	The Ballad of Namu; The Killer Whale and other ballads; with School Bus Singers	United Artists UAL 3540
It's A Small World	18 favorite folk songs; Disneyland Boys' Choir under the direction of Paul Salamunovich, conducted by Camarata	Decca Vocalion
Richard Dyer-Bennet	Stories and songs for children and their parents	Dyer-Bennet 13
New Songs for Children (living Jewish music with English Introduction)	Music by Ella Shurin; lyrics by Nacha Riukin	Collectors Guild CGL 610
Peter LaFarge on the Warpath	With Nick Navarro, Indian drums	Folkways FN 2535
Buffy Sainte-Marie	The American Indian Folk Singer	Vanguard VSO 79211
Tim Mardin	Sing Composer	Verve Folkways FT 3004
Faithful Forever	Marianne Faith	London LL 34821

from Edgar Allan Poe (Caedmon TC 1195) and Nathaniel Hawthorne by Basil Rathbone (Caedmon TC 1197); and poems of Longfellow and an abridged version of *Evangeline*, both read by Hal Holbrook (Caedmon TC 1107 and TC 1179). The Spoken Arts collection contains two volumes from the *Treasury of English Fairy Tales* read by Christopher Casson and Daphne Carroll, with Mr. Casson providing the music. This is a fine selection from the collection of Joseph Jacobs (Spoken Arts 920 and 925). Selections from Kipling's *Jungle Book* are well read by Christopher Casson and Eve Watkinson (Spoken Arts 929 and 933). Mr. Casson also reads and sings a collection of songs and poems from *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. This talented actor-musician renders these old-time favorites with charm, and his excellent diction makes this a delightful record (Spoken Arts 897).

A new recording of James Thurber's *The 13 Clocks*, read by Lauren Bacall, is a current Pathways of Sound release. It is a fine addition to their admired collection (Pathways of Sound POS 1039/40, two discs).

Very few stories have been presented in records without musical accompaniment or background. Some interesting exceptions to this have appeared this year. *The White House Saga* gives a most interesting story of the White House from the first competition for its design to the funeral of John Kennedy. It is based on the book by Nanette Kulner and is sensitively presented by Julie Harris, Hal Holbrook, Kevin McCarthy, and Edward Woodward. The music, composed and arranged by Hershey Kay, does not intrude on the flow of the script but comes in effectively from time to time. The producers make the following statement:

> Believing in the intrinsic drama of authentic history, we have approached the theme not only with respect for original source material (some of it little known until now) but with a profound sense of the spiritual meaning of the House. For, in the words of this narration, "Something of the Nation itself is built into that House. And something of that House is forever built into the nation."

The cover of this fine recording is a copy of the original prize-winning drawing of the White House, 1792, by James Hoban, from the collections of the Maryland Historical Society (Caedmon TC 1194/5).

Folkways has issued two pertinent records. One, entitled *The Negro Woman*, presents a moving but restrained reading of words issued by Phyllis Wheatley, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Frances Ellen Watkins Harper, and Ida B. Wells Barnett—all ex-slaves and active in the underground railroad. The text was prepared by Jean M. Brannon and is contained in a leaflet that accompanies the record. It is read with dignity by Dorothy Washington (Folkways FH 5523). Another record in this area is *The Autobiography of Frederick Douglass*, edited by Dr. Philip Foner and read most effectively by Ossie Davis. The text also is included in a leaflet (Folkways, FH 5522).

A series of well-told tales without musical accompaniment has been issued by a new company called CMS (14 Warren Street, New York, N.Y.). Fine recordings have been made by Anne Pellowski, who was formerly a story-teller for the Children's Division of the New York Public Library. Her diction and timing are excellent as she reads *Folk and Fairy Tales from England* (2 vols.), *The American Indian* (2 vols.), and *Norse Tales*. (See listing "Stories With and Without Music" —CMS 502, CMS 504, CMS 500, CMS 501, CMS 507). Jack London's *To Build A Fire* is excellently presented by Ugo Toppo, a former singer now teaching English in high school (CMS 503). Mr. Toppo also reads stories from O. Henry (CMS 509). Christine Price, an author and illustrator of children's books who has done some readings for the blind and is interested in telling folk tales of the world, offers here *Asian Folk Tales* (CMS 508).

The company is also adventuring in other directions. The traditional Puerto Rican folk tale, *Perez and Martina*, is recorded by Pura Belpre in both English and Spanish. A dual text accompanies the record (CMS 505). *Selections from Spanish Poetry* are read in English and Spanish by Seymour Resnick (CMS 510), and *Selections from Russian Poetry and Prose* are read by Marshall Shatz (CMS 511). Both these records have an accompanying text in English and the second language. A disc entitled *Poetry Programs for Children* (CMS 506), created and performed by Elinor Basecu, is charming and imaginative on Side 1, but Side 2 is over-dramatic and the tempo becomes so rapid it is hard to understand.

From another new source comes three interesting records. Mrs. Christobel Weerasinghe has created and recorded three records for Desto: one on Thailand, one on India, and one on Japan. Each deals with the music and the people of the country. A printed leaflet gives sketches of the instruments used and a brief summary of some facts about each country. Mrs. Weerasinghe, a citizen of Ceylon and wife of Ceylon's Ambassador to the United States, has been alternate representative to the World Federation of the United Nations Associations. The records are sponsored by the World Federation of the United Nations (Desto D 500, D 501, D 502).

Enrichment Records is responsible for a series of dramatic recordings to accompany the Landmark Books published by Random House. They are presented by distinguished artists of the stage and are designed for upper elementary and junior and high school students. Included are records about American history, American documents, world history, and prose and poetry. They also furnish film-strips and teachers' guides, but these records can be enjoyed in and of themselves. (A few sample listings will be found under the heading "Stories With and Without Music.")

—ADELE FRANKLIN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Adele Franklin is the former director of All-Day Neighborhood Schools for the New York City Board of Education.*

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Editorial

Continued from page 26

more we direct the affairs of the Vietnamese, crowd them out of their homes, fraternize with their women, and, in a sense, occupy their country. Inflation has widened the gap between the rich and poor. The black market and the unusually high demands for goods, facilities, and services have brought additional strain to a weak and artificial economy.

The civilian hospitals, their wards overflowing with broken, burned, and bruised people, represent additional tangible evidence of this great tragedy. The cost to these "unrelated civilians" has become a concern of many people, including General Westmoreland, Chief of the United States Forces in Vietnam. He recently said: "By its very nature, war is destructive and, historically, civilians have suffered. But the war in Vietnam is different. It is fought among the people, many of whom are not participants in, or even closely identified with, the struggle. People more than terrain are the objectives of this war, and we will not and cannot be callous about these people."

The million refugees, half of whom live in temporary shelters, are part of the agonizing picture. Those who are refugees and those who may not be classified as such, but who live in contested areas, know full well the devastating impact of living in constant fear. Deep emotional and spiritual needs arise out of cultural and geographic dislocation. The nice-sounding social, economic, and political goals often seem far away for those who suffer most. An American soldier said recently, "The villagers remember better those who drop the bombs than those who put on the bandages." All these factors combine to create a sense of bewilderment and disconnectedness. This may express itself in idleness, vacant withdrawal, or overt hostility.

This war, though undeclared, is hell for those who fight in it, hell for the families and friends of those engaged in it, hell for those thousands of ordinary human beings caught in the devastation and the turmoil. These are the disrupted, the dislocated, and the despairing, and their needs are great.

The swelling response to the Vietnam tragedy comes from many different individuals and groups throughout the world. In the space of several weeks this past summer, contributions for the relief of these people came from a thirteen-year-old American newsboy, a Vietnamese businessman, an international church in Hiroshima, Japan, and from readers of this magazine. These symbolize the concern for the people of this troubled land.

It appears as if the stated objectives of the United States and the Government of South Vietnam are not being reached to any marked degree. The stated objectives of U.S. policy include:

1) To stop the aggression of North Vietnam. The amount of aggression from the North, however, has increased during the period of stepped-up military action. There are no signs at this time that the will to continue the conflict by the North Vietnamese has been weakened. It appears rather to have been consolidated and strengthened.

2) To protect the Vietnamese so that the people can choose their own government, hopefully to build a democracy like ours, and to assist the government in bringing about much-needed social, economic, and political reforms. To accomplish some measure of this during the current conflict and chaotic turmoil under a military dictatorship is a difficult, if not an impossible, task. My informed Vietnamese friends say that Americans should be careful not to overstress the importance of the elections. To do so, they insist, would be a distortion. The strategic hamlet program under the Diem regime and the current sputtering pacification program do not argue for much success along this line. Until the South Vietnamese sense a greater loyalty to their government and to their cause, such efforts will likely not succeed to any great extent.

3) To contain Communism. There have been a number of statements by high government officials that the conflict is essentially one of a political and ideological nature and that it cannot be won in a military sense. Our actions seem to contradict these statements.

What can we do? A bold proposal for a cease-fire, indicating a date and place to begin discussions under the U.N., or the International Control Commission, or under Asian country leadership, would make a big difference. It would help regain some measure of moral and political leadership. Our friends would take us more seriously. The strong need not be afraid of registering concern for humanity and justice. In addition, a pledge from us to use an amount equal to one-third of current military expenditures for economic and social development for a five-year period in Southeast Asia would symbolize our genuine concern for those caught in this tragic situation. Other countries should be invited to join such a massive undertaking. Such a course would give substance to our talk that the primary problems are economic and social in nature. If we succeed in moving the world toward a workable community, we may be in the pre-dawn of a bright new day, and if we fail, we may well be in the twilight of a long dark night. —ATLEE BEECHY.

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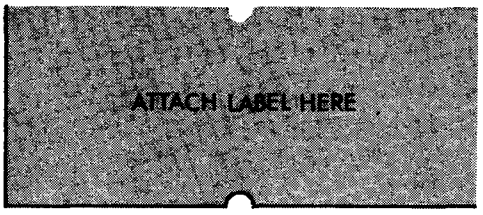

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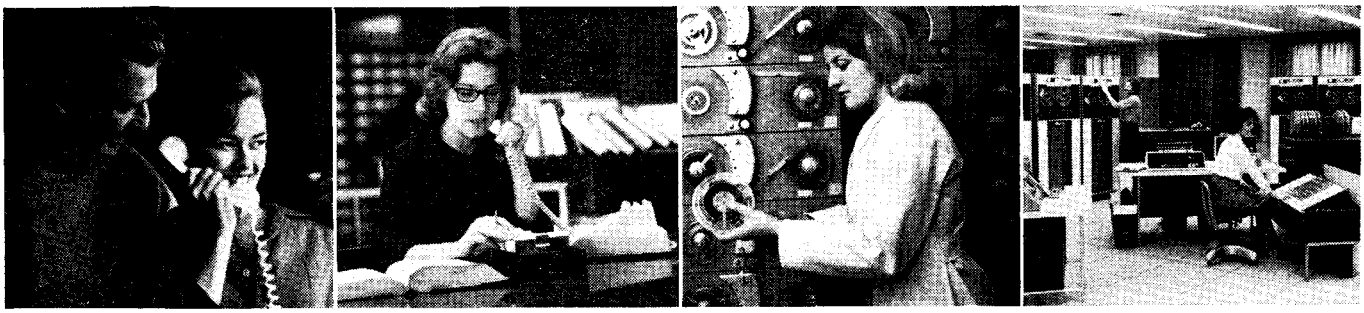
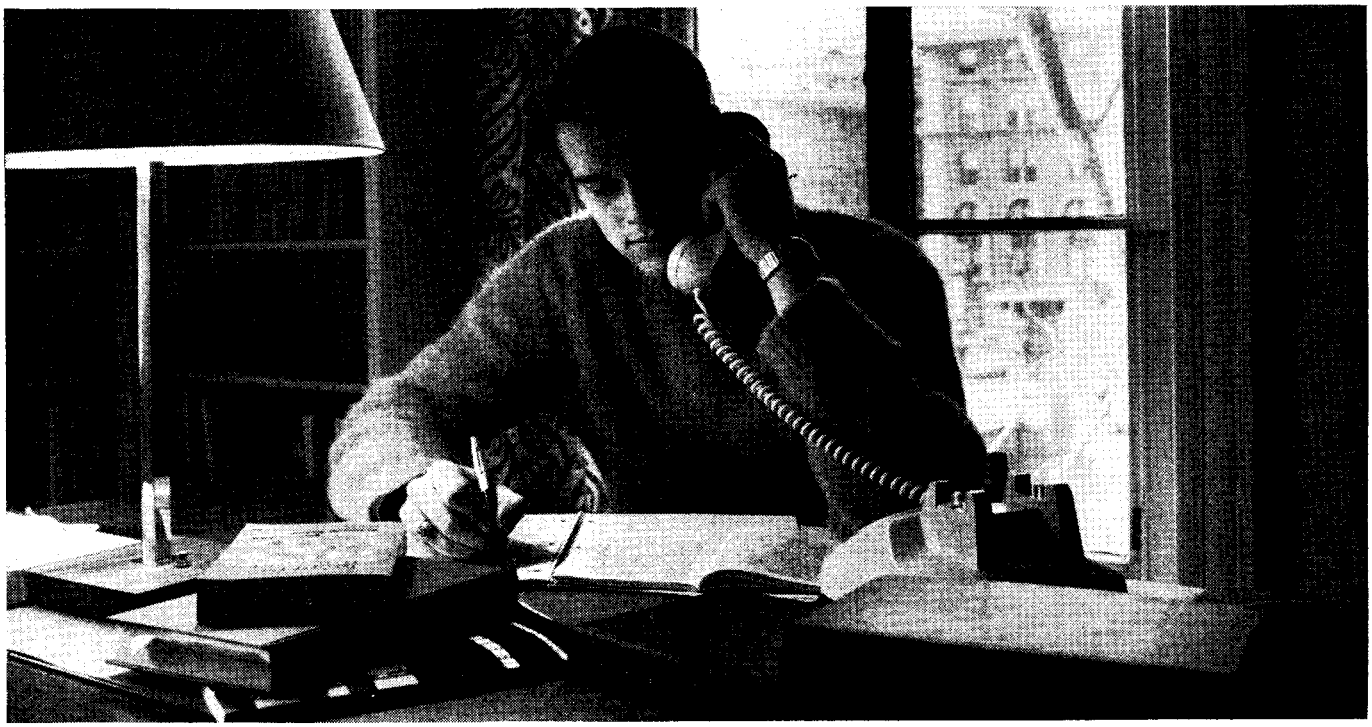


The expanding universe of today's student. His phone gives him easy contact with family and access to information stored in libraries, learning labs and computers.



A new era opens in educational communications

This year dormitory rooms at hundreds of colleges will have their own telephones.

What's happening? A new era in college dormitory life? Yes indeed. Colleges are installing room phones to help today's serious student use his time more prudently . . . to talk with family, friends and others without standing in line at a public phone.

Colleges—and other institutions of learning, too—are facing up to the twin explosions of population and information by looking more and more to communications. On many campuses, for example, the student will use his phone to "attend" language labs and to retrieve other information recorded on tape. More students than ever before will be able to share lab facilities.

Soon the telephone will be used to get information from computers or set up problems for solution. Some colleges and high schools are already using teletypewriters for computer-assisted instruction.

Communications that make the fullest use of our educational resources are under continuing development by the Bell System. They are another way that we serve America's communications needs with imagination and economy . . . providing useful, dependable service of all kinds at low cost.

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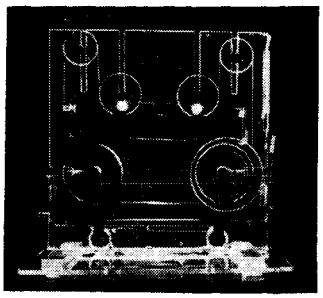
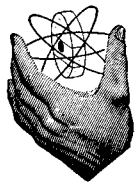


—Rehovoth.

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait CV • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: A New Profession Within Medicine?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MAN'S FIRST ROBOT WITH MUSCLES

REHOVOTH, ISRAEL.

MAN IS A MESSAGE from a star, garbled perhaps in transmission, not yet sure what he means.

Millions of years and billions of transfigurations ago, the first flash of him crossed 93,000,000 miles of space in the almost-no-time of sunglint.

Around that initial signal spark other sparks gathered, like fireflies on riverside trees in the dusk of old Siam, slowly kindling and shaping the glow of human spirit.

The wonder of it is even more transcendent than that. For the same system of energy conversion that enables man to keep in touch with himself and so to move, survive, and reproduce is used by every other of the 1,500,000 recognized species of living organisms on earth. And no species adopts its solar heritage in any other way.

The rhythmic twitch of muscle has conveyed life through so many ages of evolution (at least 3,000 million years of it) in myriad environments that the time of the opening beat is lost in inscrutable distance. The individual cells of which muscle is formed will still contract and expand after being torn from the body, shaken apart, and spread in random layers as they must have been spread before they assembled themselves into the earliest vestiges of earthly animation.

For longer than anyone knows, then, nature has been advertising, over and over, in one way after another: The principle hidden in a muscle's working is unsurpassedly efficient and versatile.

Nature's argument being incontrovertible, the fascinating paradox of man is that in extending the motive power of his own person he has never mimicked the greatest success that he himself embodies. Not one of the multitude of engines he has invented to share his burden of physical exertion is designed to work like a muscle.

Now there is in Jewish literature a legend that reflects ancient concern with this paradox. The legend says a rabbi who once lived in Prague took a box of clay to the attic of his house, molded the clay into human shape, and gave the shape power to behave as a human except for the privilege of speech. The rabbi named his clay slave with the sealed lips, and the name became attached to the legend: "The Golem." The legend is told in several versions, none of which comes to a good end. Whichever version is chosen remains legendary. What brought me from Greece [see *SR*, Nov. 5] to the modern Jewish nation of Israel and the handsome campus of the Weizmann Institute of Science here at Rehovoth, next door to Tel Aviv, was a communication carrying far less extraneous noise than a legend. Early last May I had read, in the British journal *Nature*, a scientific report titled "Mechanochemical Engines." Documented by papers filed with the United States Patent Office in Washington, D.C., this short paper, when translated from the technical phraseology in which it appeared, said a team of Weizmann Institute researchers had put together not only one but a small family of primitive robots moved by muscle power.

I have seen this family at work and have discussed its future with the chief shepherd of the idea from which it sprang: Weizmann Institute Professor Aharon Katchalsky (known locally as Katzir), a native of Russia who came to Palestine from Poland in 1925 at the age of twelve and has been involved in the Jewish intellectual community ever since. Professor Katchalsky's younger brother, Ephraim, is head of the Biochemistry Department of the Weizmann Institute, top science advisor to the Defense Department of the Israeli national government, and a foreign member of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States. Aharon Katchalsky himself is president of the Israel National Academy of Sciences and Humanities in Jerusalem and of the International Union of Pure and Applied Biophysics; he has served as visiting professor at Harvard and at the University of California (Berkeley); most of his muscled-robot research money comes from the U.S. Air Force Office of Scientific Research through USAFOSR's European office at Brussels.

The credentials behind this historic innovation are clearly impeccable. If my report on how it came about is to approach a comparable degree of clarity, I must start by explaining how muscle power differs basically from other types of power.

All engines man has made in the past perform their tasks by converting energy through one or more steps. In a water boiler, heat vaporizes steam, which changes the thermal energy to kinetic energy that moves pistons or wheels. In a motorcar, the heat energy of gasoline explosions is converted to the energy of motion in pistons, which move wheels. The kinetic energy of falling water turns turbines which generate electricity which powers a multitude of devices. In jet engines, the heat energy of expanding air is transferred to the vanes of turbines which generate either electric or motive power. But the energy that moves muscle arises directly from chemicals reacting within the muscle. The reaction causes the muscle to convulse. Hence the name "mechanochemical." The process has to be reversible in order

Report from Abroad

SR's science editor here continues his report of a five-week trip through Europe to the Middle East. Further reports will appear in future issues.

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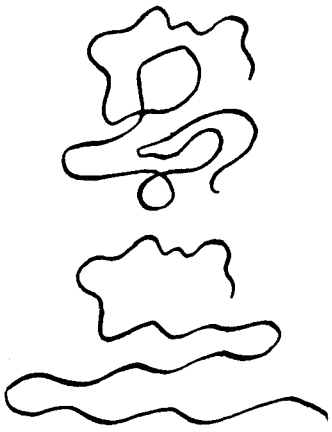
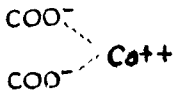
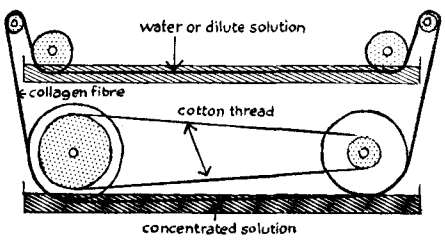


How macromolecule (top) can clog flow of solution by unfolding (second from top) can be seen clearly in these sketches from Professor Katchalsky's blackboard. Immediately below is his symbolic visualization of how refolding is accomplished by adding calcium salt. Bottom-most sketch is working diagram explaining photo on cover of this issue of *SR*.





to maintain life. A vital muscle like the heart is in continuous alternation between contraction and relaxation.

In living organisms, the flip-flop performance is made possible by the flow of a single solution of salts: the blood. The blood carries within it a will-of-the-wisp chemical called ATP (adenosine-5-triphosphate), the most economical package of pure energy known. ATP appears when and where it is needed; a healthy body has just enough of it to meet demands and not a whit more.

No robot has yet been built to run on ATP power or to feed its muscles with synthetic blood. So far as anyone can see, such an eventuality is far enough off to be out of mind as well as out of sight. But a vast amount of research has been done on the nature of muscle fibers, and it was by this route that Professor Aharon Katchalsky came to his present association with muscle-powered robots.

The first discovery could not have been foreseen to have any bearing on the problem. It was German Herman Staudinger's observation, in the early 1930s, that many molecules often are linked in long chains so closely that they function as one molecular unit, or polymer. Later, the Russian V. A. Engelhardt found that the polymers forming muscle fibers contract in response to chemical metabolism within the fibers. In 1947, as an assistant professor at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, Aharon Katchalsky began dissolving polymers in water in order to study the relationship between the electrical properties of the resulting solutions and the viscosity of the solutions. Changes in viscosity obviously must arise from changes in the shapes of the suspended molecules, for viscosity is really the internal friction of a liquid. And the viscosity of the polymer solutions increased (that is, the liquids flowed more turgidly) whenever electric current was introduced into the gels.

The Katchalsky study and others have led to the determination that electric charges are attached to macro-molecules in large numbers, all along the length of the molecules. Together, the charges on a single molecule can add up to a voltage equalling that of man-made lightning bolts. The explosive power under normal conditions is modulated with such exquisite sensitivity, however, that it acts to conserve rather than to destroy, drawing a polymer together in a particularly efficient arrangement of folds. By placing certain enzymes in close proximity to others, the manner of folding facilitates transmission of the genetic code.

What happened when free electricity was put into the polymer gels was this: The incoming electrons, being negatively charged, threw the environment off balance by capturing the positive charges that were present and leaving an array of mutually repulsive negative charges in the polymers. The repulsive force was not sufficiently great to tear the polymers apart, but it did unfold them far enough to turn them into "sticky" obstacles to smooth flow of the fluid containing them (see top two sketches, left). When salt solution was added to the polymer gels, the original electrical attraction inside the polymers was restored through addition of positive charges, which pulled the negatively charged folds in the polymers back together again (see three middle sketches, left).

Thus occurred a pioneering step in elucidation of the mechanochemical process on which the mobility of all life depends. The shape of a molecule had been changed by chemistry. Chemical energy had been converted directly into the energy of motion.

Instead of using the one fluid that bathes the muscles in our bodies—that is, the blood—might it be possible to invent an awkward imitation of nature outside the body by using two fluids, one a concentrated salt bath and the other a dilute water bath?

Affirmative answers have come from a number of laboratories in recent years. The special contribution of Professor Katchalsky's group at the Weizmann Institute has been to show that the activity can be kept going in a cybernetic cycle, which is to say automatically.

Because the functioning of real muscle fibers is still only imperfectly understood and is anyhow subject to individual variations in the fibers, the initial research task at Weizmann was to design synthetic polymers as comparable to muscle as possible. Every one of these artificial fibers was identical to every other, so that the behavior of one could safely be accepted as standard behavior for all.

Ability to contract and expand repeatedly was confirmed. Next, since one fiber alone could not bear a weight, a number of fibers were cross-linked chemically with formaldehyde to create a strong fiber strand. When a seven-gram weight was tied to one end of the strand and a salt solution was dropped on the strand from a small syringe, the cross-linked artificial muscle fibers contracted within one-tenth of a second.

The weight rose appreciably from its starting position. In comparison to the mass of the fibers, the seven grams were equivalent to the weight of a 150-pound man. When sterile water was dropped from the syringe onto the strand of fibers, the weight dropped to its original level. When the salt solution was again applied, the weight rose again.

A methodical search for stronger muscle fiber substitutes ultimately led Professor Katchalsky across Europe and the Atlantic to the state of New Jersey,

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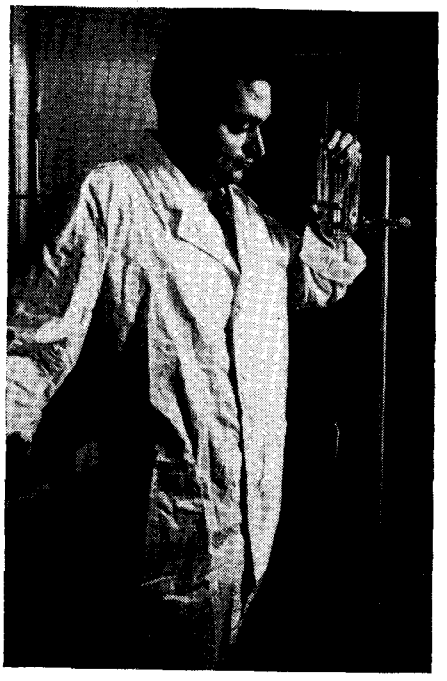
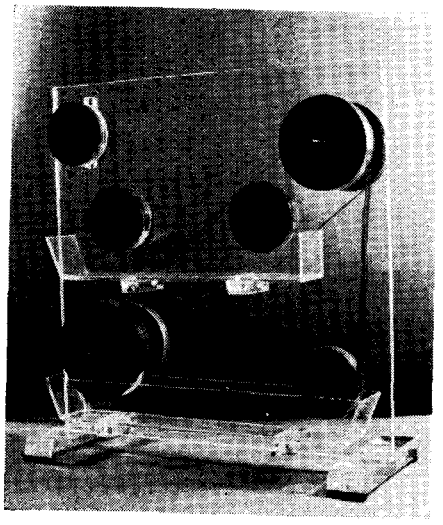
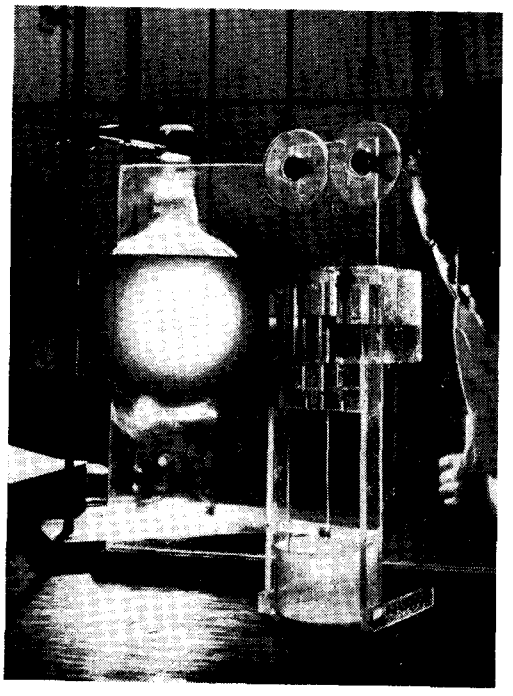
A Versatile Family of Muscled Robots

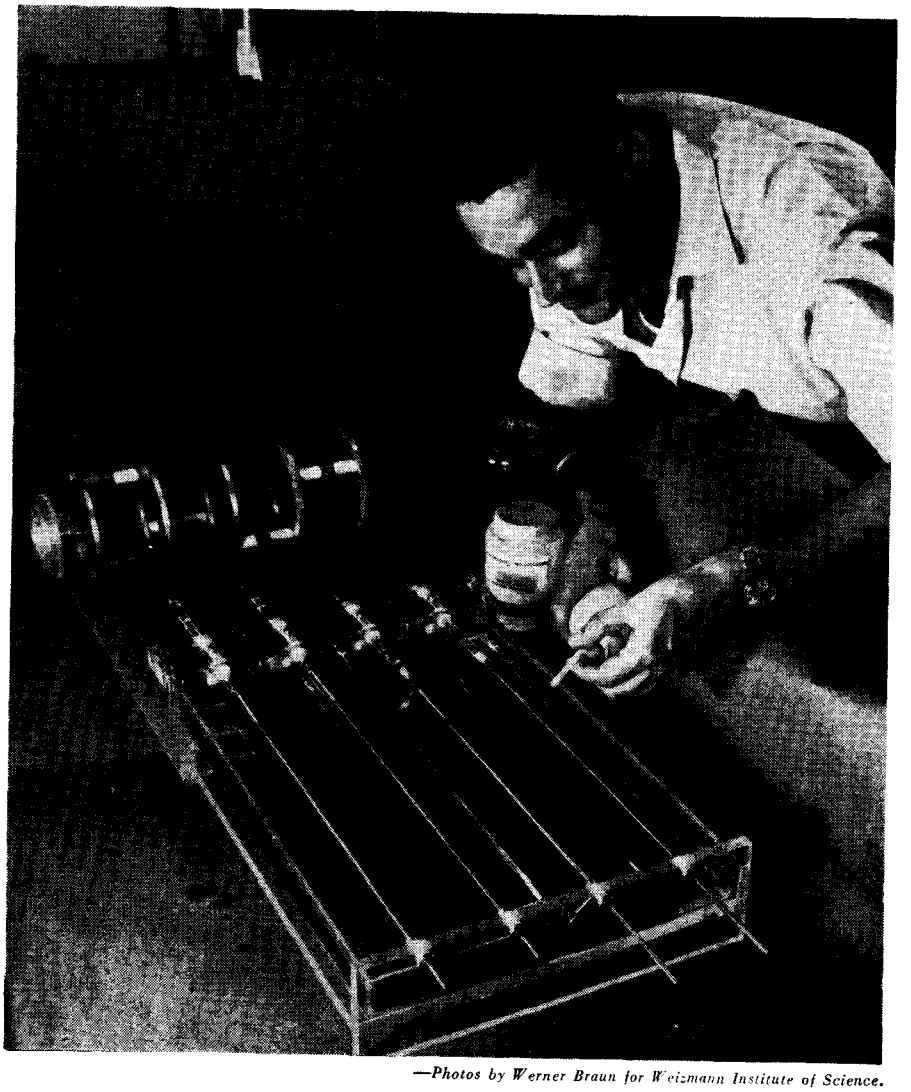






Left, a simple weight-lifter. Above, center, "perpetual motion." Above, right, the automatic lever. Below, the piston-driven crankshaft.

Principle that drives all living muscles is applied to mechanical devices at Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovoth, Israel. In proportion to weight of fiber used, weight equivalent to that of a man is lifted immediately above by dropping strong salt solution on synthetic fiber. Wheels in device shown at center, above, move continuously under pressure of band of pulsating fibers connecting them. *Note that radii of wheels differ,* making cybernetic control possible. Alternating contraction and relaxation of fibers pulling pistons at upper right raise and lower small weight in classic lever motion. In robot at lower right, Weizmann lab technician Maier Feld drops salt water on fiber to cause contraction. Contraction pulls piston, moving crankshaft half a turn. Grooved cam on piston causes rod to revolve at end of piston thrust, flipping fiber out of salt water into plain water bath alongside, *where salt is* removed, allowing fiber to relax and return piston to original position and flip fiber back into salt bath. Two fibers in set of four attached to crankshaft pistons contract together while other two expand. Since each pair of pistons moves crankshank a half turn, alternate pulling and relaxing of the two pairs keeps crankshaft in continuous revolution.



—Photos by Werner Braun for Weizmann Institute of Science.

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where Ethicon, a surgical supply house, makes artificial collagen to supplant catgut in the operating room. Although collagen is not a contractile component in the body, it has survived more stages of biological evolution than most biological substances. Today it accounts for almost a third of the weight of the body, serving as tendons, as the glue that combines cells, and as a matrix for bones and teeth. In the tails of some animals, such as the kangaroo, it has the strength of woven glass.

Ethicon weaves collagen into fabric competent to patch torn body walls. But Professor Katchalsky's team at Weizmann makes the stuff into rubber-like bands capable of indefinite pulsation when the bands are passed alternately through baths of salt solution and water.

IN the photograph on the cover of this issue of *Saturday Review*, the salt bath is colored purple, the water bath amber, the synthetic muscle fiber blue. Once set in motion, the wheels turn continuously under stress of the fiber spasms.

The photographs on the page preceding this page show robots of four different degrees of complexity, one able to raise and lower levers, another able to turn a crankshaft with a piston drive.

In explaining the working of his robot family to me, Professor Katchalsky reminded me of the scientific law of energy conservation. The law says that the amount of energy in nature is constant. New energy cannot appear from nowhere. There must be a source of energy for every use of energy, old or new.

The energy source for the muscle-power robots lies in the gradual dilution of the concentrated salt solution. "*Not* in the salt itself," the professor emphasized, "but in the *concentration* of the salt."

He gave me a copy of a paper he had written for the Weizmann Institute house journal, *Rehovoth*, to clarify this point. I quote from it:

> A glance at the living cell immediately reveals the difference between its mechanical activity, and the work provided by the mechanochemical machine. The first impressive fact is that cells are able to work in a periodic fashion, using a single "reaction bath" for a long time. Muscle cells grown in tissue-culture expand and contract ceaselessly; vertebrate hearts, provided with a suitable nutrient solution, continue beating for hours, while unicellular organisms and spermatozoa continue to dart about—and move their tails in a complicated wave-like motion—when put into a *single* physiological solution. Intra-cellular organelles, such as the mitochondria, also adapt to periodic mechanochemical activity without having to be transferred from one bath to another. The wonderful periodicity of the mechanochemical movements in the organism forms an inseparable part of the periodic phenomena which characterize life, and it is of some interest to examine the connection between this and the behavior of our model. A more careful examination shows, in fact, that the nutrient solution supplying chemical energy to the cells does *not* maintain its concentration but gradually becomes diluted. The law of conservation of energy is thus preserved and even the marvellous living organism cannot create energy from nothing.

A curious aspect of the muscle-power experiments, as Professor Katchalsky observed during our conversation, is that the salt concentration can be renewed repeatedly by evaporating the water containing the salt. This can be accomplished by the light of the sun—one of Israel's most dependable natural resources. The process is not too different from the one built into our bodies, which receive solar energy and excrete water in various ways, including evaporation from our skins.

Because it is the dilution of the concentration of salt that frees the energy for Professor Katchalsky's use, the energy available to him is low in comparison to the energy freed by most chemical reactions, which depend on fixed concentrations. "Therefore," he cautioned, "our mechanical turnover will necessarily be low." But, he added, "if we replace the water and salt solutions with reagents whose interaction liberates larger amounts of energy, and adapt other threads [than the collagen fibers], high mechanical yields will be available."

Some of the salts that have proved workable in Professor Katchalsky's unique but still primitive automatons up to now are cheap. Calcium chloride is an example. More expensive lithium bromide acts more quickly. Magnesium chloride is a third possibility, and it is found in a 14 per cent concentration in the Dead Sea, one of the richest resources of Israel.

Since the Weizmann Institute is under considerable criticism for failing to apply science vigorously to problems of the nation's economic growth and strength—as the late Dr. Chaim Weizmann (a biochemist) intended it to be applied in his namesake institution—a jocular proposal has been made: that a giant muscle-power machine be erected between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, the former body of water to serve as the salt bath and the latter as the dilute bath.

For all its grandiosity, this idea may turn out to be not altogether a joke. For after it was seen that the conversion of chemical into mechanical work was practical, the question of feasibility of the reverse process was raised.

"This reverse process is, indeed, possible," Professor Katchalsky wrote in his *Rehovoth* paper. "Instead of diluting the salt solution and thus obtaining mechanical work, by investing mechanical energy we should cause the passage of salt from a dilute to a concentrated solution. This possibility is of some interest in connection with problems of desalination, since the basis of desalination is essentially the transfer of salt from a dilute to a more concentrated solution."

It is clear from these remarks that Professor Katchalsky is aware of Israel's practical problems. He knows, as does every other scientist at the Weizmann Institute, that new industry must be created if the Israeli nation is to survive independently. He knows, too, that the Weizmann Institute will have to play a major role in the industrialization effort. But suppose his researches should lead to a new, cheap process of desalination—who would develop the process to a technological level where it would become a significant element in Israeli economy?

The country is virtually bare of industrialists who know enough about science to ask the right questions of it, let alone take the initiative in risking capital to back a new technological concept. Professor Katchalsky himself isn't deeply interested in technology. Like most other scientists, his primary attention goes to discovering the hidden laws of nature. Although he has patented the principle that guides operation of his muscle-power robots, he thinks of them less as labor-saving devices than as models to help understand biological mechanisms "immeasurely more intricate." Even in that context the proper emphasis is on the word "help." As he wrote in *Rehovoth*:

> These models help us to understand natural systems but they don't provide an alternative to the study of the systems themselves. . . .
>
> The wonder of cell movement lies in its periodicity, in its behavior as a kind of biological clock which expands and contracts regularly. . . . To understand this . . . , we require theoretical methods far beyond the confines . . . of our [present] knowledge. . . . Further investigation is required to . . . forge new concepts. . . . With the advancement of the study the complex will simplify and the disjoint elements of our understanding will assemble into a . . . unified picture of the phenomenon of life.

The message from the star may sometime become internally coherent. Only then can man be sure what he means.

THERE is much talk about a unified drive by responsible agencies in the federal government to stop pollution of the air we breathe and the water we drink. How well are the agencies organized to proceed with the proposed assault?

The science policy research division of the Library of Congress's legislative

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reference service has just completed a study of the question for the research and technical programs subcommittee of the U.S. House of Representatives Committee on Government Operations. Released for publication by subcommittee chairman Henry S. Reuss, of Wisconsin, the report makes some interesting disclosures. Here are some excerpts:

• • •

The federal government appears to know only approximately how many laboratories it has, where they are, what kinds of people work there, and what they are doing. Equipment is purchased, capitalized, and often forgotten. It seldom appears to re-enter the management purview as a cost of laboratory operation. The laboratories themselves appear to be eternal. As national goals change, as agency missions shift to meet new public needs, and as the public becomes aware of these needs, new laboratories are created and present laboratories expand. Rarely are existing laboratories cut back or terminated. There is little evidence to suggest that federal laboratories are treated as a national resource to be continuously challenged by the assignment of important problems, requiring a continuing appraisal of capabilities and alternative courses of action.

• • •

The problems identified in this study, limited as it may be, are not necessarily problems of policy or coordination or interaction with public purpose. They appear instead to be primarily related to the mechanics of management.

• • •

In this case study it was learned that well in excess of 1,000 projects related to research and development on environmental pollution are being conducted in from 100 to 200 installations in at least nine agencies and departments. In many instances this work was indicated as being unrelated to the primary missions of either the laboratories or the agencies. . . .

Is this tendency toward fragmentation consistent with the most effective utilization of federal research and development resources? In a recent congressional study a related question was raised: "Is federally funded research and development too concerned with short-term, single problem solutions, at the expense of long-range, comprehensive remedies?"

• • •

Although concern has been expressed about the performance, management, etc. of federal contractors and the appraisal devices to make such evaluations on a government-wide basis, there has not been a corresponding concern for the appraisal of the effectiveness of federal installations and their utilization of available resources.

1) Should the same criteria be used to evaluate federal capability as are used for contractors and grantees? Why is this not done . . . ?

2) Who should make such appraisals? Is any organization in the United States staffed and equipped to do so? Is there sufficient management doctrine in existence to form the basis for such appraisals? If not, what programs are being supported or conducted by the federal government to improve the understanding of laboratory management?

3) Should Congress require a periodic report on the status, effectiveness, capability, and activities of the federal laboratory establishment?

A WOMAN IN DENVER recently telephoned the University of Colorado campus in nearby Boulder and asked for the man on the faculty who is supposed to be identifying the unidentified flying objects. After some deft maneuvering on the university switchboard, she was connected with Dr. Edward U. Condon in the Department of Physics and Astrophysics. She told Dr. Condon a UFO had been reconnoitering her house for several days. Apparently the mission was friendly, for the vehicle was at that very moment resting on a bush in her front yard, broadcasting musical notes. She could make out a pair of wings, which were attached to a cigar-shaped body. Two slightly angled legs were suspended below the body. She could also distinguish different colors. Would Dr. Condon please come out and make an identification?

Dr. Condon didn't make the trip to Denver to investigate the happenings in the lady's front yard because he was pursuing some identified but elusive objects—the ballots of the voters of Colorado—in a campaign for election to the university Board of Regents on the Democratic ticket. The pursuit turned out to be fruitless, however, and on the morning of Wednesday, November 9, Dr. Condon began to concentrate on the independent university study of UFOs that the United States Air Force has been seeking since August 1965.

In a long-distance telephone conversation with *SR's* science editor, Dr. Condon described his general plan of operation. First, he would inform himself on the conflicting points of view about UFOs. Already he had talked to the men in the Air Force Blue Book Project office [see *SR*, Aug. 6, Sept. 3, Oct. 1] who have been handling UFO reports for eighteen years, and to Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Northwestern University astronomer who has advised Blue Book over that same time span. Dr. Hynek expressed eagerness to help investigate UFOs that seem to have no conventional explanation.

Next on the Condon interview schedule were representatives of organizations that have been critical of Blue Book, and scientists in laboratories which seem to have special qualifications for analyzing information about UFO sightings. Somewhere along the way, there probably would be at least one symposium, to bring opposing theories and personalities together and perhaps define the real dimensions of the UFO problem.

Although he had been quoted as saying he would receive UFO data only from or through the Air Force, Dr. Condon authorized *SR* to say that UFO information is welcome from whatever source. The Colorado professor—noted among scientists for his courage and candor—stipulated, however, that he did not feel obligated to investigate any particular UFO sighting, no matter what pressures might be exerted, unless that sighting actually appeared to promise better understanding of UFOs.

Because so much bitterness has developed in the argument over whether UFOs are figments of imagination or intelligently guided vehicles from planets other than earth or natural phenomena not yet understood, Dr. Condon and the university with which he is affiliated may have a fairer chance of clearing the air if there is broad public comprehension of the limits within which the UFO study will proceed. To that end, the main burden of the "work statement" contained in the contract between the Air Force Office of Scientific Research and the University of Colorado is here reproduced:

Introduction

The University of Colorado proposes, with Dr. Edward U. Condon, Department of Physics and Astrophysics serving as scientific director, to undertake a systematic study of the physical, psychological, and social phenomena associated with reported observations of unidenti-

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fied flying objects (as defined in AFR [Air Force Regulation] 80-17 of 19 September 1966).

Objectives

The need for, and objectives of, the proposed study may be viewed at two levels. At the most immediate level, the aim is to probe into the physical nature of unidentified flying objects. It would be surprising, however, if unambiguous physical interpretations were found for all cases, or, indeed, if it is found that only physical determinants are relevant. It is more reasonable to expect that the phenomena reflect a variety of perceptual and cognitive processes superimposed on a variety of physical stimuli. If it appears in a given observation or series of observations that physical determinants predominate, the investigation will then concentrate on the physical aspects of the problem. If other than physical factors appear important, however, then a new class of determinants will be considered—namely, the role of the individual in UFO observing.

Can enough be learned about these phenomena and human reactions to them to make any generalizations about the credibility of reports of UFO sightings? Since no sustained or large-scale study of this side of the problem has been attempted, it is difficult to make a forecast of the progress that might be expected. It may, for example, be found that no pattern emerges at all, that no generally applicable conclusions can be drawn. On the other hand, it may be found that this is a rich new scientific field to cultivate.

At a more abstract level, the problem is one of coping with the anxiety about UFOs that is thought to exist in some segments of society. Among responsible and rational citizens, it can be hoped that the study will become the nucleus of a growing community opinion. Others, however, will undoubtedly maintain that, since the investigation has been undertaken, there must be a problem, something not explained or understood by those in authority. If the Air Force goes to the university community to undertake this project, they will say, it must feel troubled; otherwise, the undertaking would be unnecessary. In anticipation of such an interpretation, we should state at this point that we feel the study will not necessarily contribute to the nation's peace of mind.

The work will be conducted under conditions of the strictest objectivity by investigators who, as carefully as can be determined, have no predilections or preconceived positions on the UFO question. This is essential if the public, the Congress, the Executive, and the scientific community are to have confidence in the study. It should be understood, however, since it is impossible to prove a negative proposition, that it is out of the question to demonstrate conclusively that UFOs are non-existent as a physical reality. They do, of course, exist as perceptual phenomena in any event.

One might discover that physical objects of previously unknown nature do indeed contribute substantially to the phenomena observed. On the other hand, or perhaps in addition, one may discover perceptual distortions and belief systems of observers that contribute substantially to the occurrence of reported sightings.

Method

The initial phase of the work, estimated to require approximately three months, will be directed toward defining the substantive problems and methods of study to be followed in the investigation. Indeed, this will be the crucially important phase, especially for the behavioral scientists. Whenever one enters a field in which little work has been done, the first problem is to determine what the problem is. Then one maps out the way in which the problem will be attacked. It needs scarcely to be stressed that this is the key to a successful research effort.

Very little will be said in this proposal about methods. Their development, their working out, is expected to be a result of, rather than antecedent to, the project. Something can, however, be said about the way in which we will approach this phase of the work—that is, about the method of developing the methods. We will examine the records of Project Blue Book [Air Force code name for the Air Force's own UFO study]; talk to members of its staff; consult with authorities and interested citizens' groups (such as The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena); prepare a standard interview schedule to be used in investigating sightings; conduct, if possible, one or two trial examinations of sighting incidents; modify the work done up to that time in the light of preliminary field experience and advice and counsel solicited from the scientific community; and, finally, freeze a method or plan of proceeding (although feedback while the work is in progress will undoubtedly dictate changes). We would expect, all the while, to keep in close touch with staff members of Project Blue Book and the Office of Scientific Research.

We speak of methods rather than method. This is necessary because the behavioral scientists, while they will interact closely with the physical scientists during all phases of the work, will operate very much on their own in terms of objectives and methodology.

Since the work will be done by university persons in a university setting, one can safely predict that the methodology will lean in the direction of quantification and experimentation and away from the effort simply to enlarge the already substantial body of opinion and impression. This is, of course, easier to assert in a proposal than it is to do; but we visualize many fruitful experimental and test situations in which attempts would be made to simulate the physical phenomena and make quantitative determinations of human reactions to them. There is an extensive literature of attempts to reproduce the physical effects, but much work remains to be done. A substantial body of research has, of course, been done by psychologists in visual perception and response; this will form a solid basis for proceeding with the behavioral science phases of the study.

—*University of Colorado.*

Chief UFO-hunter Condon.

Personnel and Cooperating Agencies

The scientific director . . . along with the project coordinator, will carry responsibility for the project. The project coordinator will be Robert J. Low. Condon will serve in the dual role of principal investigator, to be joined in carrying scientific responsibility for the investigation by co-principal investigators Stuart W. Cook, chairman, Department of Psychology, and Franklin E. Roach, on loan from the Environmental Science Services Administration. In addition, David Saunders, William A. Scott, and Michael Wertheimer, Department of Psychology, have expressed a keen interest in the study and expect to devote time to it.

We are counting heavily on the cooperation of the Institutes for Environmental Research of the Environmental Science Services Administration. Their determination to assist is demonstrated by their willingness to lend Dr. Franklin Roach to the project. It is expected that we will also solicit their cooperation in other aspects of the work. Dr. Roach, as an expert in aurora and airglow as well as in the instrumentation for observing

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these phenomena, is well-qualified to supervise a major portion of the effort.

It is expected that members of several other departments will participate, including persons in the following departments and activities in particular: Aerospace Engineering Sciences, Electrical Engineering, Astro-geophysics, Sociology, and the Institute of Behavioral Science. . . .

An essential ingredient of the university's undertaking this investigation is the commitment by Dr. Walter Orr Roberts of the resources of the National Center for Atmospheric Research [located at Boulder, the university's home] to advance the purposes of the study. The center has men with skills—especially in optical meteorology—that are essential if we are to mount a comprehensive and coherent investigation of the subject. These skills cannot be found in the university. . . .

SUBCONTRACTS

We expect to solicit the aid of a number of universities to assist with the work, and, if a substantial effort to investigate current sightings is involved, to conduct investigations in their geographical areas. . . . It is too early to describe in detail the role that these universities may be asked to assume. . . .

BUDGET

Given the uncertainties over methods, which we have discussed at length, the budget must obviously be presented in tentative form. . . . [It calls] for expenditure of $313,000 over a term of fifteen months—beginning November 1, 1966. It is expected that after the approximately three months required to complete the preliminary phase of the work we will submit to OSR a revised budget along with a detailed statement of proposed plans for proceeding with the main body of the investigation.

IN discussing his plans by telephone, Dr. Condon explained that only half his own time could be given to the UFO study. His deputy, Robert Low, will be on the job full-time. Choice of supporting research teams at other schools must await Colorado's first reconnaissance. Fees for their work will come from the $313,000 budget for which Dr. Condon is responsible.

SR's science editor still believes that the single most exciting possibility in scientific study of the UFOs lies in the realm of dying comets [*SR*, Sept. 5, 1959]. Fragments of some comets must occasionally at least enter earth's atmosphere. What happens to them? Why have they never been seen? Or have they been seen without being recognized?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—CV

OTTO THE LUCKY

Chance Nobelist Hahn

—*Fritz Eschen, Berlin.*

IN looking back over my long life, I realize that my scientific career was due in large measure to a series of lucky accidents.

I owe it to the "father of my doctorate," Theodor Zincke, that after two years as his assistant, I was able to go to England and work with Sir William Ramsay—originally because I had to learn English for a promised job in the German chemical industry. Ramsay guided me into the realm of research on radioactivity, of which I knew nothing. There, by accident, I discovered the previously unknown radioactive element radiothorium.

Because of Ramsay's kindness I was able to establish personal ties with Emil Fischer of the Chemical Institute at the University of Berlin. Before going to Berlin, however, I traveled to Canada to work with Professor Ernest Rutherford, who was then the best source of information about radioactivity. And since the field was so new, it was not difficult to make discoveries. The three chains of radioactive decay were not yet well known and could be slowly established by the discovery of additional radioactive "elements" (actually isotopes).

Because the young physicist Lise Meitner joined me in Berlin in 1907, the chemical research work happily could be related to physics. In 1907 I attained professorial rank, but nowhere was there a chair for radiation research. To the physicists I was a chemist, to the chemists a physicist.

But then another lucky accident occurred: In 1911 the Kaiser Wilhelm Society was founded, and through Emil Fischer I was given the opportunity to form a small department for radioactivity research at the first Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, and Lise Meitner was soon allowed to join my department as a member of the scientific staff.

Then things started to expand. The "Department Hahn" became the "Department Hahn-Meitner," then split into "Department Hahn (Chemistry)" and "Department Meitner (Physics)." The Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Chemistry became an Institute for Radiochemistry and Nuclear Physics.

During the year 1938, not long after Lise Meitner had been forced to leave Germany, Fritz Strassmann and I succeeded in interpreting the phenomena that had kept Hahn, Meitner, and Strassmann busy for years. The classification of the countless artificial elements and nuclei was an especially interesting piece of work that lasted until the spring of 1945.

I don't think that I would have been capable of keeping in the forefront of research during the rapid developments that followed the end of the war. The new work involved entirely new means of research and a multitude of researchers. So it was a final lucky accident that I became president of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society in 1946 and instead of continuing research could contribute to the rehabilitation of that society and the development of its successor, the Max Planck Society, during the fourteen years that followed.

—OTTO HAHN.

This incredibly modest autobiographical statement by the man who won the Nobel prize for his discovery of atomic fission is taken from the new book titled *Otto Hahn: A Scientific Biography*, translated and edited by Willy Ley. Copyright 1966 by Charles Scribner's Sons. If lesser scientists could enjoy a perspective like the one expressed above, the communications crisis in science would quickly disappear.

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A NEW PROFESSION WITHIN MEDICINE?

Proposing A Graduate Degree of "Medical Practice"

By JOSEPH STOKES III, M.D.

MY WIFE was recently confined to the maternity floor of our community hospital in La Jolla. I had been presented with an honorary membership on the hospital's medical staff soon after I moved to town two years ago, and I had served for a year as a member of the community advisory committee of the hospital. Nevertheless, my academic duties in planning a new medical school for the University of California campus here in San Diego had not left me time enough to make use of the hospital for patients of my own. For this reason, as soon as I was convinced that mother and baby were doing fine, I started to snoop around.

Since "the pill" has taken some of the bounce out of the baby boom in our enlightened corner of California, the maternity floor itself was quiet and service was good. This turned out to be the exception, to which the other floors of the hospital presented a curious contrast. Two were closed completely, while the remainder were bustling so energetically that I could not avoid some concern for quality of service. The reason for both the closings and the bustling was the same—a shortage of nurses and other hospital personnel.

In the operating room there had been an embarrassment of professional riches: five physicians, all trained as specialists. The two most experienced obstetricians in town were performing a routine Caesarean section. The anaesthesiologist sat at my wife's head with me at his elbow, and the pediatrician accepted our son upon delivery and placed the child in the bassinet.

Only one scrub nurse was present throughout. At regular intervals, another nurse would race in, do something to help, and rush out again. The impression was that she was juggling similar duties in several operating suites.

Here was an excellent example of one

of modern medicine's most critical problems: The health team is top-heavy.

The concept of the health team (made up of doctors, nurses, aides, and technicians) is a relatively recent one. Its growth has been resisted by a strong tradition: that any good doctor should be able to handle any patient's problem without much help from others. This tradition is anachronistic at best and has certainly not governed medical practice in urban areas of this country for the last sixty years. Medicine's professional guild, the American Medical Association, has, however, guarded the relic by deliberately fostering the sanctity of a one-to-one relationship between doctor and patient.

The American dream also works against the health team concept by encouraging those who seek a life of service to the sick to aspire to be physicians. Despite the wasteful battle over Medicare, the medical profession has lost little of its luster; the practice of medicine still carries a measure of prestige and financial reward yet to be matched by any other profession. Small wonder that there are as many as ten qualified applicants for every place in the first-year classes of our medical schools.

The nursing profession faces a different situation. Florence Nightingale's noble concepts have worn thin. In recent years, nursing has experienced increasing difficulty in attracting and holding competent recruits. Efforts have been made to try to solve this problem by upgrading nursing through emphasis on administration and pedagogy. The answer to the nurse who asks how she can earn more than $500 per month on general duty is: Become a head nurse or an instructor. As a result, the nurse is moving farther and farther from the bedside. Her caricature is no longer that of an angel in white laying her gentle hand on a fevered brow, but rather that of a hard-bitten, heavy-handed woman who spends most of her time filling out timesheets and locking up drugs.

After the nurse comes many others —her aides and ward helpers, pharmacists, dieticians, social workers, operating room assistants, and technicians responsible for the host of radiological, biochemical, and microbiological tests on which modern medicine depends.

Despite the importance of each role, there have been few attempts to define them all with care, to project personnel needs realistically, and to plan for the education and training of the health team as an integrated unit. This is probably the most important reason for the high cost of medical care and for the critical shortages that exist.

WHAT then, should be the doctor's role?

The physician should be the captain of the team. He should be able to carry the authority and responsibility that his license from society implies. In order to fulfill this role, however, he must understand as much as possible about human biology and behavior so that he can serve as an effective ally of the patient in the fight against disease. Unfortunately because of the growth of biomedical knowledge, no *one* physician can, any longer, play this part effectively. General practice has become too taxing a specialty to be practiced by any honest man. The result has been the division of labor into specialties. Some, such as ophthalmology, are directed toward an intricate organ such as the eye, while others, such as pediatrics, serve an age group upon which society places great importance.

The plight of the pediatrician is a good example. As is true for any physician, the pediatrician's training usually consists of four years of college followed by four more years in medical school. He then must take either an internship exclusively devoted to pediatrics or one

After serving as dean of the new University of California Medical School in San Diego during the initial period of organization of the school, Dr. Joseph Stokes III on November 1st last left the deanship to become chairman and professor of the school's Department of Preventive Medicine.

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which rotates experience between several services. Only after that is he ready to begin his residency training, which lasts two to five years more and is usually centered mostly at a university hospital. During or immediately following this phase of his training, he is required to serve two more years in military service. As a result he is, on the average, thirty-two-years old before he is qualified to enter practice. And only after two years of practice is he usually ready to take his specialty board examination for final certification. He completes this training finely honed and razor sharp.

During his final years of residency, he may have managed literally dozens of sick children who tend to gravitate to the large teaching hospitals with diabetic acidosis, meningitis, and other serious illnesses. He can quote the latest studies published in each of the major areas of pediatric practice. He is, in essence, the finest flower of a remarkable system designed to produce superb technicians who may also have picked up some wisdom and a sense of values along the way.

Now, as he enters his life's work, he receives a rude shock. Suddenly he wakes up outside the protective walls of his mother institution and in the middle of a new system of community medicine with many practices and mores very different from those he has learned. No longer is he mixing intravenous penicillin for the child with meningitis, but rather he finds himself trying to reassure a young mother that she need not feed her newborn every hour. It may be a year or more before he even sees another child with meningitis. Not only has he been over-trained, but inappropriately trained for his real role in community pediatric practice.

When this realization finally sinks home, the pediatrician will usually have one of two reactions. Either he will beat a fast retreat back to a job at the medical center, or, more commonly, he will reject much of what he has learned and will adjust to his new circumstances through the painful process of trial and error. He now finds that he is called upon to perform personally many tasks which he was in the habit of delegating to other members of the health team in the medical center. He finds that his private patients place far heavier demands on his time and services than did his more dependent patients in the clinic of the medical center, most of whom were grateful for small favors.

NOW he must make the house calls which his teachers scorned. As an individual entrepreneur, he must manage an office, bill his patients, and collect his fees. In all of this, he may find little time to carry out what is, in truth, his most critical job—that of thinking, worrying, and puzzling about his young patients, that they may grow up to fulfill at least some of their youthful hope and promise. Instead, he is kept from this critical task by a stream of minutae much of which could be handled as well or better by a nurse or other assistant. Dr. Henry Silver of the Department of Pediatrics at the University of Colorado School of Medicine, and others, have estimated that as much as 70 per cent of the pediatrician's day-by-day work could be effectively delegated by the doctor to less well-educated aides.

The same story can be told for each of the medical specialities. Surgeons pierce earlobes, obstetricians act as midwives, ophthalmologists do the work of opticians. The physician, in short, is far too often preoccupied with a technical rather than with a professional role.

The physician should be concerning himself primarily with the critical decisions that affect the health of his patients. Other professional and technical members of the health team should be working under the direction of the physician to implement his decisions.

Of course, the physician will never be able to delegate certain special tasks such as the surgeon's role at the operating table, where the critical interplay between thought and action will always require intimate involvement of the physician himself. It is for this sensitive area that the physician is trained. And most of his time and thought should be focused within it.

Many solutions have been proposed for this dilemma. The most obvious one is to train more nurses and other paramedical personnel. And such training should certainly be undertaken. However, if candidates for training are to find personal challenge commensurate with the training, each role must, as noted earlier, be unequivocally defined. Such definition requires better coordination between medical schools and other institutions responsible for teaching. A committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Lowell Coggeshall of the University of Chicago has recently recommended that the Association of American Medical Colleges abandon its traditional role as an exclusive club of medical school deans and expand to include other schools of the health team [see *SR*, June 5, 1965, *et. seq.*]. But even if these recommendations are adopted they alone will not solve the problem.

Others have suggested that there should be at least two classes of medical schools: one for academicians and specialists with heavy emphasis on biomedical research, and the other for generalists with emphasis on teaching. The key fallacy in this suggestion is that it would create an institutional division between research and teaching which, at the university level, would weaken both.

As an alternative, Dr. David D. Rutstein, chairman of the Department of Preventive Medicine at Harvard Medical School, has proposed the encouragement of medical schools in developing two separate curricula leading to the M.D. degree. One curriculum of greater length and sophistication than the other would serve for the hospital-based investigator and specialist, and the shorter curriculum would prepare those medical school students who expect to enter community practice.

Both of these just-mentioned plans run the risk of creating two classes of physicians—one good, the other bad. Both plans would downgrade medicine at the very time when the physician is being given more and more power of life and death. Even today a poorly trained doctor is far more dangerous than no doctor at all.

I believe that we ought to create a new health profession, and that now is the time to take this radical step. Only through creation of a new role with a distinct professional identity will it be possible to effectively fill the widening gap between medicine and nursing. The creation of this new profession would be philosophically more satisfying than would be the upgrading of nursing or the downgrading of medicine to serve the same purpose. Such a profession

---

A PROPOSAL SIMILAR TO THE ONE ADVANCED HERE by Professor Stokes of California has been outlined in a letter to *SR*'s science editor by Dr. John D. Corbit, Jr., chief of the Division of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Lankenau Hospital in Philadelphia. Dr. Corbit wrote:

"It is proposed that college curricula be developed to train professional medical assistants. Men and women would be recruited, trained, and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Medical Science. In addition to the presently required premedical courses, there would be coordinated on-the-job training in hospitals and courses in medical economics. Candidates for this course of training would be of as high or higher quality as those now entering premedical programs, and the courses would be just as strong as those required for matriculation into a good medical school. Graduates would be employed immediately in hospitals under the direct supervision of the medical staff, supplementing and perhaps ultimately replacing the intern.

"These specialized technicians would assume continuous responsibility for the use and calibration of semi-automatic devices designed to deliver potent drugs, isotopes, gases, and electronic impulses, and to monitor the condition of patients."

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might be called "medical practice." Its graduates might be given a "medical practice" degree.

Great Britain and Russia have already met special service needs in medicine by developing training programs somewhat analogous to the one I am suggesting. The Russian *feldshers* fill an important role in the Soviet system for medical care by performing normal obstetrics and other jobs of comparable complexity. Most serve in rural areas and small communities where physicians' services are not easily available. The British, both in Africa and in the South Pacific, have taken natives with the equivalent of a high school education or less and trained them to serve as assistant medical practitioners in areas where little or no medical care is otherwise available.

IN general, the Russian and British practice is much less closely supervised than it would be under my proposal. The program I envision is different from theirs because our need is not to fill a complete void in medical care. My plan is for a land of plenty, not a land of want.

Preparation for this new "medical practice" career in the United States should be similar to the preparation required of medical students, but the length of training should be shorter (three instead of four or five medical

school years). Upon award of the degree, graduates could take apprentice training under supervision of a physician in one of several areas such as pediatrics, surgery, or obstetrics. The apprenticeship might last one year, as compared to the one-year internship and three or more years of residency required of physicians.

THROUGHOUT both the formal training in school and during the year of apprenticeship, emphasis would be placed upon practice rather than upon theory. Curricular material would be distilled with this in mind. For instance, the course in anatomy would not involve many hours of dissection as it does for most medical students.

The "medical practitioners" could be taught to take over many of the functions now performed by physicians, including routine physical examinations, well-child care, operating assistance, and normal deliveries of babies. The "practitioners" would remain under the direct supervision of one or more physicians, however, and their license to prescribe potent drugs and to perform delicate procedures would be limited.

Since the medical gap we are examining lies between the physician and the nurse, and since I cannot hope to escape my own prescription for a clear definition of roles, I am confronted by a logical question: How much will the new "medical practitioner" substitute for the physician, and how much for the nurse?

I expect that in a successful system, the "medical practitioner" would actually spend about 75 to 80 per cent of his time performing services now performed by physicians, while 20 to 25 per cent of his time would go to carrying out tasks now done by certain nurses.

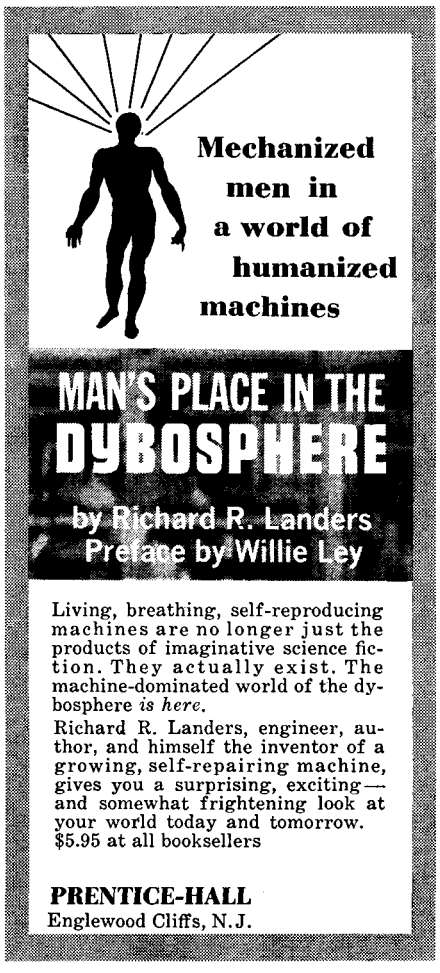
One of the most formidable barriers to the proposal I have made is the attitude of the "medical establishment," which includes the American Medical Association, the Association of American Medical Colleges, and the State Boards of Medical Examiners. In order to avoid undue competition and professional rivalry, it would probably be wise for schools of "medical practice" to develop an organizational structure within the Association of American Medical Colleges and to integrate the new profession closely at each level of organization of physician-colleagues. Thus, meetings of the "surgical practitioners" would take place along with the American College of Surgeons, and so forth.

To succeed, the "medical practice" profession would probably need a formal send-off at four to six schools—virtually simultaneously, with licensure upon appropriate accreditation assured in such populous states as New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Maryland, Illinois, Texas, and California. It is critical to such a plan that professional liability be limited, as it is for nurses, and that physicians accept liability in large measure for acts of negligence by those "practitioners" for whom the physicians were responsible. In other words, the "medical practitioners" would act always within guidelines laid down by the physician, and the physician would remain the ultimate agent of society.

It is my assumption that most "practitioners" would be salaried employees of hospitals or physicians, either in group or in solo practice. The income of a "practitioner" would be well above that of a nurse but below that of a physician; an average "practitioner" would expect to earn, say, between $12,000 and $15,000 a year after five to ten years in practice.

No program like the one I have described should be undertaken lightly. Yet one could be established at most medical centers without much expansion of facilities, and could be taught by many of the same faculty as now teach medical students. Graduates of such a program would do far more to relieve the present crisis in medical manpower than will the addition of the eight or so new medical schools, such as our own, which are now in the course of development in this country.

Success or failure for such a program would almost certainly rest with the public. It is clear that society is not willing to accept anything but the best where health is concerned. As customers we may be willing to deal with a salesgirl rather than with the department manager when buying stockings, but for any illness we have thought it best to start at the top. In reality, medical care has much in common with service industries. Each need of each patient should seek its own level of competence. The physician should be allowed to restrict his personal involvement to that for which his superb training uniquely qualifies him. Only in this way, I think, will he be able to assume the team leadership role which, as yet, he has been neither willing nor able to accept.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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

The Atlantis Hypothesis

MIGHT WE be told just how Professor Angelos Galanopoulos arrived at his dimensions for the sketches of the lost island of Atlantis [The Volcano that Shaped the Western World," *SR*, Nov. 5]?

JOHN BENDER.

Paradise, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The above query was relayed to Professor Galanopoulos in Greece. His reply follows.*

THE DRAWINGS reproduced on page 65 [of *SR*'s issue of Nov. 5] are a straightforward mapping of the Metropolis of Atlantis according to the dimensions given by Plato in *Critias*, quoted in your report on page 58, third column. The calculations are based on the fact that one stadium is equal to 185 meters (about 600 feet).

The dimensions of the Metropolis of Atlantis seem to be fairly accurate. In the story of Atlantis there is, apparently, a mistake only in the symbol or the word for a hundred, taken for the symbol or the word for a thousand. This mistake is understandable if we take into consideration that the story of Atlantis has been translated twice, *i.e.*, from two sources, as stated in *Critias*:

> Since Solon was planning to make use of the story for his own poetry, he had found that those Egyptians who first wrote them down had *translated* them into their own tongue. So he himself in turn recovered the original sense of each name and, *rendering it into our tongue*, wrote it down. And these *very writings* were in the possession of my grandfather and are actually now in mine, and when I was a child I learnt them by heart.

Plato was the first to recognize that there had been a mistake in dimensions (see *Critias*):

> Now, as regards the depth of this trench and its breadth and length, *it seems incredible that it should be so large as the account states*, considering that it was made by hand, and in addition to all the other operations, *but nonetheless we must report what we heard.*

Santorin [Santorini island] was just the Metropolis of Atlantis, not the whole empire of Atlantis. This point was not made clear in your report. The empire consisted of ten cities. Of the ten, Plato describes only the Metropolis and the Royal City.

The description says the Metropolis was a small, sacred, round-shaped island, in the center of which "there stood a mountain that was low on all sides," at a distance of about 50 stades from the sea. Since this mountain was 5 stades in diameter, the radius of the island was 52½ stades, *i.e.*, about 9,700 meters, which fits nicely to the dimensions of Santorin.

The big plain described by Plato was in the Royal City, which was another island, rectangular in shape.

The description of the Royal City reminds of the features of the neogene basin of the central part of Crete, that basin being exactly 300 stades long and 200 stades wide. The plain of the Royal City according to *Critias* was "3,000 stades long on either side and 2,000 stades at its center, reckoning upwards from the sea." It is intuitively evident that there is one zero too many here, as in the case of the date of the destruction of Atlantis.

Unfortunately, Plato does not describe the other states of Atlantis. He mentions only that "the part of the country now called Gadeira, after the name of that region, was *Eumelus* in Greek." This strongly reminds of the island of Melos, from which the Minoans got the obsidian for their implements. The name *Eumelus* has been found in an inscription on the rock in the island of Santorin by the German archaeologist H. von Gaertringen.

All these data indicate that Atlantis was a very prosperous kingdom of islands, which in the Bronze Age disappeared suddenly during an unprecendented geological event. Considering that at that time there was no other kingdom more powerful and more civilized than the Minoan Empire, which declined abruptly under the tremendous effects of a gigantic volcanic explosion, we might be allowed to accept that the empire of Atlantis was nothing else than the big Minoan Empire.

I must not finish without saying that I do not think it is true that Plato quoted Solon as telling a *fantastic story*. Plato, realizing that the story of Atlantis could be considered a fantastic story, repeatedly drew the attention of his audience to the reliability of Solon's story (see *Timaeus*).

> Listen then, Socrates, to a tale which, *though passing strange, is yet wholly true*, as Solon, the wisest of the Seven, once upon a time declared.
>
> But come now, what was this exploit described by Critias, following Solon's report, *as a thing not verbally recorded, although actually performed* by this city long ago?
>
> Tell us from the beginning, said Amynander, what Solon related and how, and who were the informants who *vouched for the truth*.

I do not think that Plato would have emphasized that the story of Atlantis was genuine history if he did not believe it or if he had invented it.

A. G. GALANOPOULOS,
Seismological Institute,
National Observatory of Athens.
Athens, Greece.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *That Santorini island was only the Metropolis of Atlantis was stated at the top of column two, page 66, of SR's November 5 issue. Plato was quoted earlier, on page 57, regarding the extent of "the great and wonderful empire" of Atlantis.*

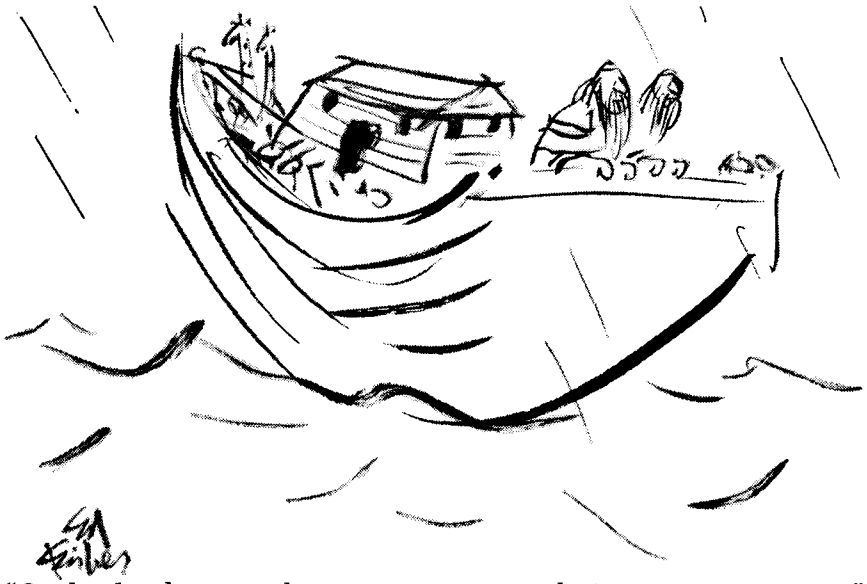
I SHOULD like to comment briefly on the article about the volcanic island of Thera and to point out at least three mistakes it contained.

1) The papyrus which you quoted, but failed to identify, is the so-called "Admonitions of an Egyptian Sage" owned by the Leiden Museum. While the physical document itself may be dated to the XVIII or early XIX dynasty, the text is certainly much older. A late XIII dynasty date is currently accepted for the text, although scholars have argued for even earlier dates (*cf. Journal of Egyptian Archeology*, 50, 1964, 13;51, 1965, 53).

2) The paper which you quoted extensively from incorrectly stated that Linear A had not been deciphered (1965). Dr. C. Gordon has identified the script as a Northwest Semitic language. With the help of the tablets unearthed at Ras Shamra (Ugarit), he has proceeded to offer a plausible decipherment (*cf.* C. Gordon. "The Decipherment of Minoan," *Natural History*, Nov., 1963, 22-31).

3) The map of Mycenaean hegemony in the Aegean does not include the Mycenaean colony on the island of Rhodes.

Dr. Marinatos's thesis about the influence of the Thera volcano on Cretan culture is well known. Less well known are Dr. Galanopoulos's theories about Thera's greater influence on the history of the Near East. You are, of course, aware of another thesis synthesizing biblical, historical, and geophysical sources into a general reconstruction of ancient history. I am referring



"On this date last year, the reservoirs were at only 42 per cent of capacity."

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to the work of Immanuel Velikovsky, who is also an "amateur." While Dr. Galanopoulos's speculations are interesting, the work of Dr. Velikovsky is more comprehensive.

Since 1950, when *Worlds in Collision* first appeared, Dr. Velikovsky's work has received every form of criticism but the objective variety. The synthesis which he develops in his first book and continues in *Ages in Chaos* has lacked proper recognition in academic circles. On the other hand, the methodology of synthesis has become quite fashionable in those same academic circles. Unless the current trend is reversed, the originator of this method, Immanuel Velikovsky, will receive little or no credit for his work.

PAUL E. MURPHY, JR.
New Brunswick, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky is a psychiatrist whose books try to reconstruct history according to the psychiatric principle that any persistent memory must be rooted in fact. He found recorded memories of natural disaster in many languages around the earth, correlated them, and concluded that the earth once narrowly missed collision with a giant comet that later lost its tail and became the planet Venus.*

Astronomers and geophysicists are unable to interpret the laws of celestial dynamics in such a way as to permit a comet to turn into a planet. Because of this honest disagreement, Dr. Velikovsky's theories are not widely accepted among scientists.

Unfortunately, publication of Dr. Velikovsky's first book, "Worlds in Collision," caused other scientists whose works were printed by the same publisher to withdraw from that publisher's list of authors, and the publisher consequently turned Dr. Velikovsky over to another printer rather than lose the better established writers.

Because Dr. Velikovsky refused to modify his theory in regard to the comet that became a planet, less spectacular predictions he made in outlining his "collision" theory have been treated lightly by those scientists who feel that any attention paid to any of his observations would necessarily imply approval of the comet-planet theory—at least in the public mind where sales of the Velikovsky books are determined. However, some scientists who do not accept the comet-planet notion—Princeton University geophysicist Harry Hess among them—have argued in favor of Dr. Velikovsky's right to speak.

The essential difference between Dr. Velikovsky's concepts and those of Dr. Angelos Galanopoulos is that Dr. Galanopoulos does not depart from established geophysical findings.

The letter below comes from a man who believes the earth must have been struck repeatedly in the past by other large heavenly bodies, that the collisions had disastrous effects which are only now beginning to be examined objectively by science, but that none of the colliding bodies survived—they gouged great holes in the earth. In 1953, he co-authored a book, "Target Earth," with Frank Dachille, now an associate professor in the Department of Geochemistry and Mineralogy at Pennsylvania State University.

I WOULD like to add a footnote to "The Volcano that Shaped the Western World."

In the story of Atlantis, Plato has Critias say: 9,000 years before the time of Solon the great catastrophe occurred that caused Atlantis to sink beneath the sea. Later you say: "Simply by dropping a zero from the time interval Plato had placed between the sinking of Atlantis and Solon's hearing of the tale, Professor Galanopoulos reduced an impossible 9,000 years to the 900 years that actually divided the Minoan eruption of Santorini from the date of Solon's visit to Egypt."

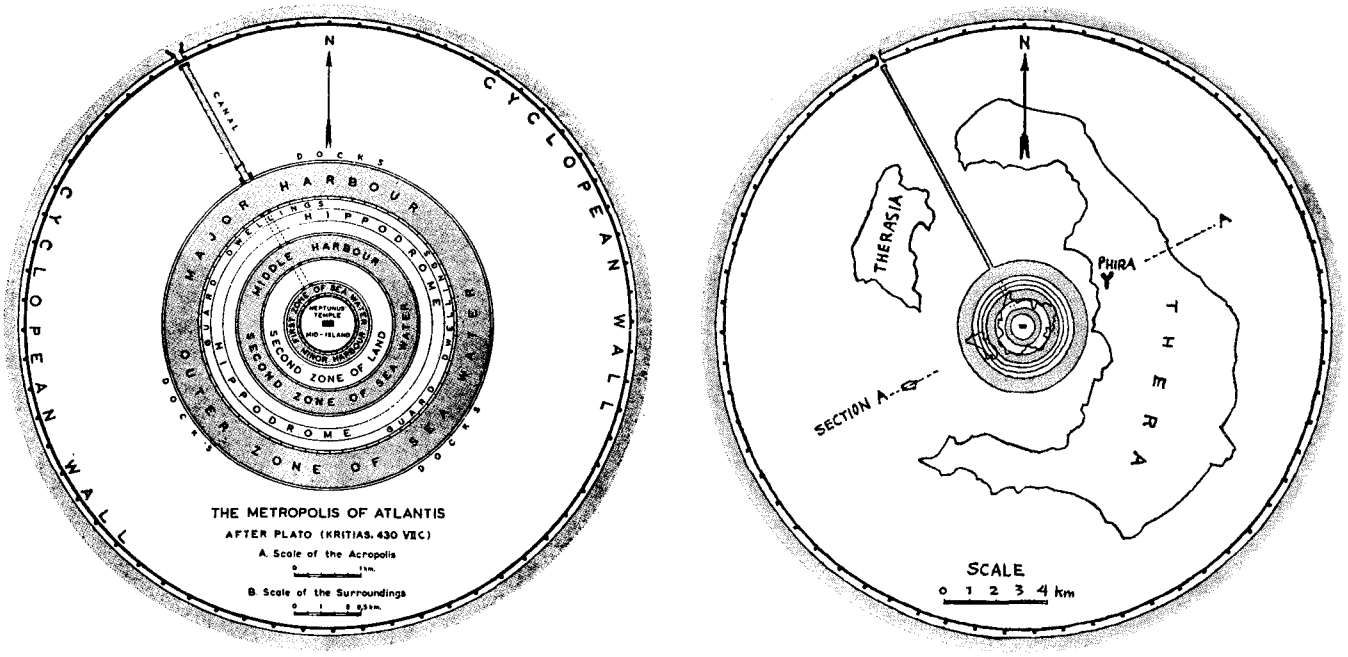
If we do *not* drop the 9,000 years—but add them to the 2,400 years since Plato told the tale—we come out with 11,400 years before present (B.P.). This is the carbon-14 date that keeps popping up all around the world as the time of a great catastrophe. This is the carbon-14 date, plus or minus 200 years, when the Pleistocene [geological epoch during which early man first appeared] came to a close; when the deep sea sediments on the Atlantic floor suddenly changed from warm to cold water deposits; when tens of thousands of Pleistocene animals were buried in Siberia and Alaska and frozen solid within a few days; when billions of tons of boulder gravels were deposited in the most unlikely places in many parts of the world. I could go on and on with lesser examples of catastrophe.

If there was an island of Atlantis beyond the gates of Heracles, this is the date (11,400 B.P.) when it probably sank beneath the sea.

There is evidence, too, that whatever cataclysm occurred about 11,400 B.P. triggered volcanic eruptions all over the world. Santorini probably blew its top at that time. Such an event would not preclude an eruption of Santorini in 1,400 B.C. and the end of the Minoan civilization in Crete, just as you have described it, and at the same time it would account for the double ring in the crater of the Santorini volcano.

The history of the volcano of Santorini must go back millions of years, for it lies on a branch of the African Rift and must be a safety valve along that tremendous fault in the earth's crust [See *SR*, July 3, 1965].

ALLAN O. KELLY.
Carlsbad, Calif.



Do-it-yourself readers can check Professor Galanopoulos's calculations by reading the quotations from Plato's dialogues, *Timaeus* and *Critias*, keeping in mind that a Greek *stadium* was 185 meters, or about 600 feet, long. The diagram at left above is of the metropolis of Atlantis, according to Plato's dimensions. The diagram at right is a simplified version of the same sketch, imposed on a map of the volcanic island of Santorini. Both diagrams are reproduced from a paper Professor Galanopoulos read at the 1960 meeting of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics.

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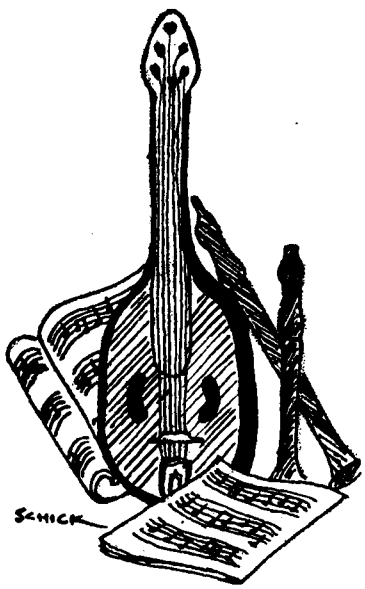
Music to My Ears

Continued from page 76

evidence either of the wear type of tremolo or unsettling vibrato. Words are a meaningful part of the tonal composite for her, and she can mold them expressively either in composure or denunciation. Suliotis is a fresh and vital person on the operatic scene, and her only obstacle to an outstanding career is overexposure. May she be as diligent in preserving what she has as she was in learning to sing so well, so young.

The sparks set off by Suliotis also communicated themselves to Baker, whose warm-textured, full-ranging mezzo was under better control than it has been on some of her records. She filled the part for which she was cast (Page to the Queen) with deft dramatic strokes as well as sound vocal art. Horne's initial episodes as Jane Seymour were somewhat unsteady, but she made much of her opportunities as the evening progressed. Cava's king had more authority of manner than richness of voice, but the vocal promise Domingo has shown in his work with the City Opera company may now be extended to include a surprising adaptability for this style of writing. He should, reasonably soon, be a real asset as Edgardo in Donizetti's best known work. The variable effort of Lewis did not hold the performance together as tightly as it might have.

The best part of William Sydeman's *In Memoriam John F. Kennedy,* which was introduced by Erich Leinsdorf at the latest visit of the Boston Symphony to Philharmonic Hall, was the opening two minutes or so of orchestral prelude. Alerted by the program notes that it began with a reminiscence of the musical phrase identified with "the rockets' red glare," one was nevertheless surprised by the imaginative use to which Sydeman put it, the artful kind of tonal wash in which he immersed this quotation and the succeeding fragments from Beethoven's *Eroica* ("Funeral March").



However, once into the lengthy body of the work, in which excerpts from writings about Kennedy and his own words were woven into a musical texture, Sydeman's resources were less well marshalled. Perhaps the term is induced by the presence, as narrator, of the admired E. G. Marshall (of television repute) but it would apply regardless of whose voice poured from the hall's public address system against the sound of the orchestra. The effect was to convert eulogy into rhetoric and make a public harangue of what should be an intimate emotion. The imbalance was intensified by the position of prominence assigned by Sydeman to the words relative to his music. Though the general method was derived from Aaron Copland's *Lincoln Portrait,* Sydeman did not develop the kind of connective tissue that holds that work together. However, the memory of the opening minutes remain to Sydeman's credit, and may now be posted to his account. Marshall, incidentally, was hardly the happiest choice for this assignment, skillful actor though he is. He read the text like a Republican—a Goldwater Republican at that. Leinsdorf's evening began with the D-major Suite of Bach and ended with the First Symphony of Schumann.

According to tradition, the instrument on which Emil Gilels performed the *Emperor* Concerto of Beethoven at his reappearance with the New York Philharmonic, under Lorin Maazel's direction, was a pianoforte (Steinway, actually). But the kind of control he asserted over its possibilities made it rather more a pianissimo-fortissimo, with a gradation of values in between that elude all but the elect who pursue them.

If one is to cite a parallel for the kind of Beethoven Gilels accomplished, it would, without doubt, have to be the kind professed by Josef Hofmann. Rooted in the conception of the piano as an instrument to be wooed rather than dominated, it made an iridescent, subtly varied panorama of sound to delight the ear. This softened some outlines of the imperious design created by Beethoven, leaving unfulfilled some corners of it investigated by such performers as Schnabel and Backhaus. But it penetrated also to areas of poetry and finesse (especially in the "Adagio") beyond their reach. Maazel's habit of conducting without score might at least be suspended when he performs with a soloist, though this partnership was, on the whole, an equitable one. Salvatore Martirano's *Contrasto* provided another kind of occupation for Maazel, to the advantage of its deft, rather innocuous serial content.

—Irving Kolodin.

That Nations May Know

Continued from page 25

mand is far greater, and should increase still further as trade barriers are reduced or eliminated and as the demand for English and for knowledge of American technology continues to expand.

The second document signed by the President was his "Proclamation" of U.S. membership in the so-called Beirut Agreement, adopted by UNESCO at its 1948 conference in Beirut. This agreement is limited in scope to the removal of all tariffs and other controls on audio-visual materials, and it is further limited to materials which can be certified as being educational, scientific, or cultural in character. Here again the United States is a leading exporter; it is believed to export more such material than all other countries combined. Nevertheless, the agreement means that the United States welcomes additional imports of such materials, and the agreement, of course, foreshadows an ever greater flow across national boundaries everywhere.

The third document signed by the President was an executive order designed to facilitate art exchanges with foreign countries—particularly to allow foreign art works easy entry into the United States for exhibitions.

Last autumn President Johnson made a memorable address at the anniversary celebration of the Smithsonian Institution. He spelled out the determination of the United States to contribute its best to the world-wide development of education. Thus the signing of the three bills assumed added importance as an affirmation of this intention. But the significance of the bills does not end there, for, as the President declared in completing the triple-signing:

> I am particularly pleased that we take these steps in the year of UNESCO's twentieth anniversary. The ideals for which that organization stands are being given fresh vitality and renewed purpose. I hope those ideals will command the support of all forward-looking, enlightened citizens without regard to partisanship. We know that knowledge has no national boundaries and that the instruments of learning should be fully and freely accessible to all. We know that ideas, not armaments, will shape our lasting prospects for peace.

When, as in these three documents, the United States is willing to stand and be counted with specific enlightened actions on behalf of international understanding, there is no measuring the good that can result.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1704

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Priest of Midian who was *Moses' father-in-law.*	65 104 163 138 149 129
B. Two positions in lacrosse, nearest the opponents' goal (2 wds.)	36 66 132 47 13 105 81 115
C. Followed by WORD E, familiar exercise in speech training (2 wds.)	177 120 159 26 83 86
D. Arctic explorer who worked for repatriation of World War I prisoners, etc., awarded Nobel Peace Prize, 1922.	52 29 161 67 182 143
E. See WORD C (2 wds.)	181 4 113 42 107 35 22 175
F. Enthusiastic popular homage.	158 37 151 101 133 109 185
G. *Somewhat jocular question* formerly often asked by the cop who stopped a speeding motorist (3 wds.)	176 28 166 39 106 136 49 43 174 110 98 75 48
H. Residential town near Chicago, where at least four important educational institutions are located.	131 140 126 45 117 6 12 59
I. One of six divisions of the Hebrew Mishnah, which treats of marriage and divorce.	112 162 92 125 119 147
J. English poet who used Spenserian stanzas to celebrate his teacher (18th cent.)	70 50 44 2 34 167 148 121 76
K. Prudent only in unimportant matters (comp.)	18 38 170 179 93 3 1 56 31
L. Starry feature of his father's face, which Hamlet describes to his mother (3 wds.)	91 157 150 19 27 142 60 130 169 165 122
M. Brought from elsewhere.	55 41 30 178 99 89 171 64 5 144 164 128
N. Principality on Persian Gulf where all important caravan routes converge.	85 154 145 69 33 68
O. During a specific period (3 wds.)	180 146 187 80 77 127 46 137 156 116
P. Neonatus (2 wds.)	8 135 82 95 184 114 21
Q. Mountain pass in India; also river landing with stairs up to the street level.	183 168 111 79
R. Deferential, even obsequious.	123 152 141 186 118 20 173 61
S. White mule belonging to Mohammed (not the illicit liquor of the U.S.).	23 102 32 57 63
T. Real person of early 19th cent., supposed founder of Victoria colony, Australia.	11 10 155 78 139 72
U. Either of two kings of Bohemia, 13th cent.	153 124 103 96 172 87 84
V. Dynasty of caliphs in the East, 661-750.	15 134 94 51 73 74
W. Scott's novel (1827) in which Amy Robsart figures, rather inaccurately acc'g to history.	14 25 160 7 97 54 58 16 108 62
X. Roughest, most unkempt.	100 90 17 9 53 71 40 88 24

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 K	2 J		3 K	4 E	5 M	6 H	7 W	8 P	9 X		10 T		11 T	12 H	13 B
14 W		15 V	16 W		17 X		18 K	19 L	20 R	21 P		22 E	23 S	24 X	25 W	26 C
	27 L		28 G	29 D	30 M	31 K		32 S	33 N	34 J	35 E	36 B	37 F	38 K	39 G	40 X
41 M		42 E	43 G	44 J	45 H		46 O	47 B	48 G		49 G	50 J	51 V	52 D	53 X	
54 W	55 M	56 K		57 S	58 W	59 H	60 L		61 R	62 W	63 S	64 M		65 A	66 B	67 D
68 N		69 N	70 J		71 X	72 T		73 V		74 V	75 G	76 J	77 O	78 T		79 Q
80 O	81 B		82 P	83 C	84 U	85 N		86 C	87 U	88 X		89 M	90 X	91 L		92 I
93 K	94 V	95 P	96 U	97 W	98 G	99 M		100 X	101 F	102 S	103 U	104 A	105 B	106 G	107 E	108 W
	109 F	110 G		111 Q	112 I		113 E	114 P	115 B	116 O	117 H	118 R	119 I	120 C	121 J	
122 L	123 R		124 U	125 I	126 H	127 O		128 M	129 A	130 L	131 H	132 B	133 F	134 V	135 P	136 G
	137 O		138 A	139 T	140 H	141 R		142 L	143 D	144 M	145 N	146 O		147 I	148 J	149 A
150 L		151 F	152 R	153 U	154 N	155 T		156 O	157 L		158 F	159 C	160 W		161 D	162 I
163 A	164 M	165 L	166 G		167 J	168 Q	169 L	170 K		171 M		172 U	173 R	174 G	175 E	
176 G	177 C	178 M	179 K		180 O		181 E	182 D	183 Q	184 P	185 F		186 R	187 O		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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